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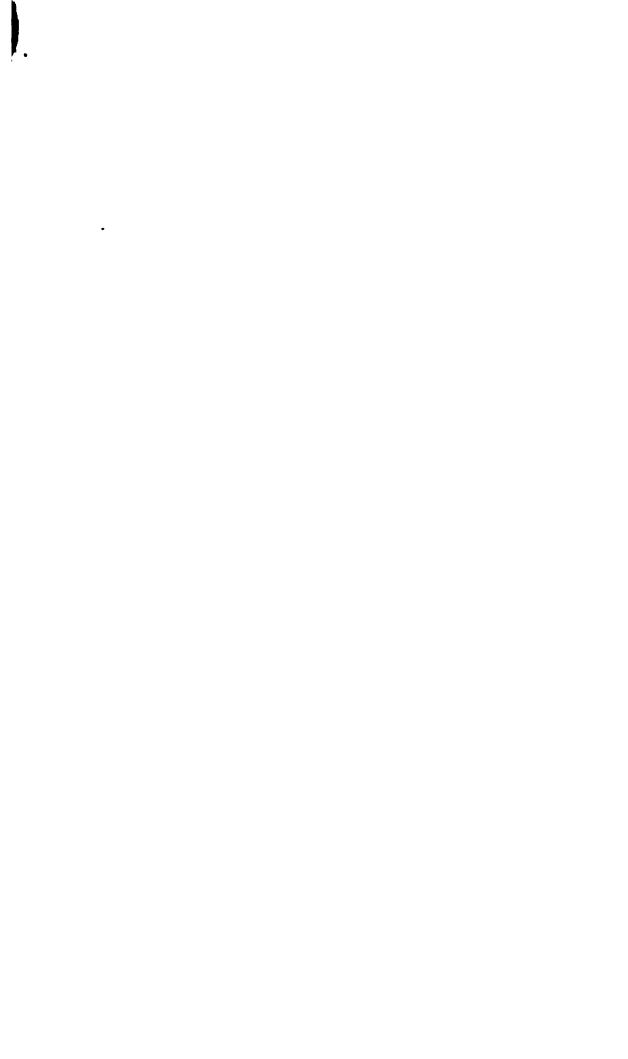
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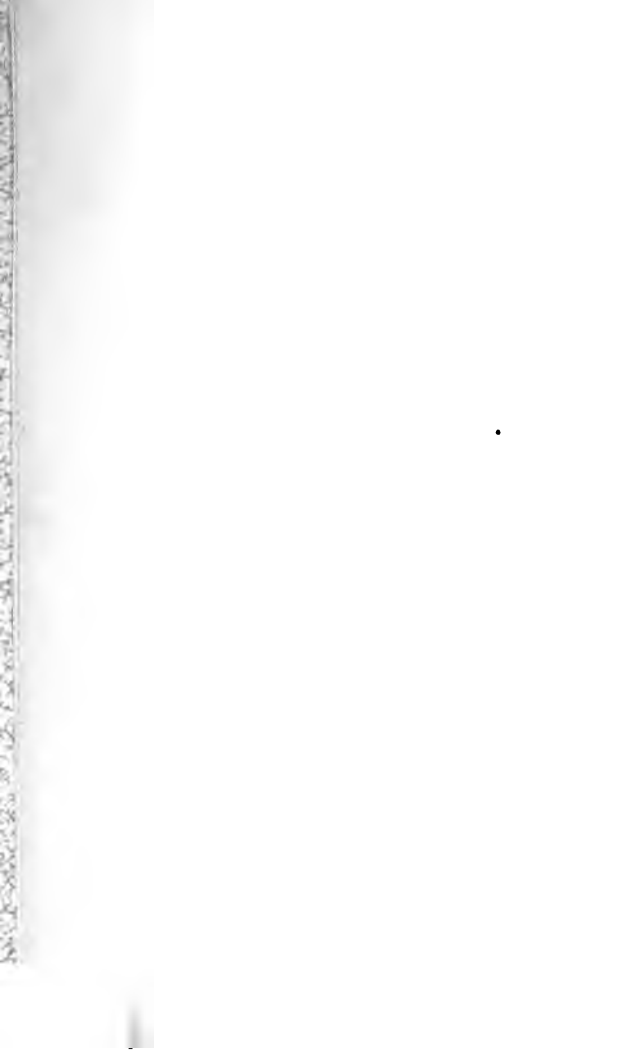


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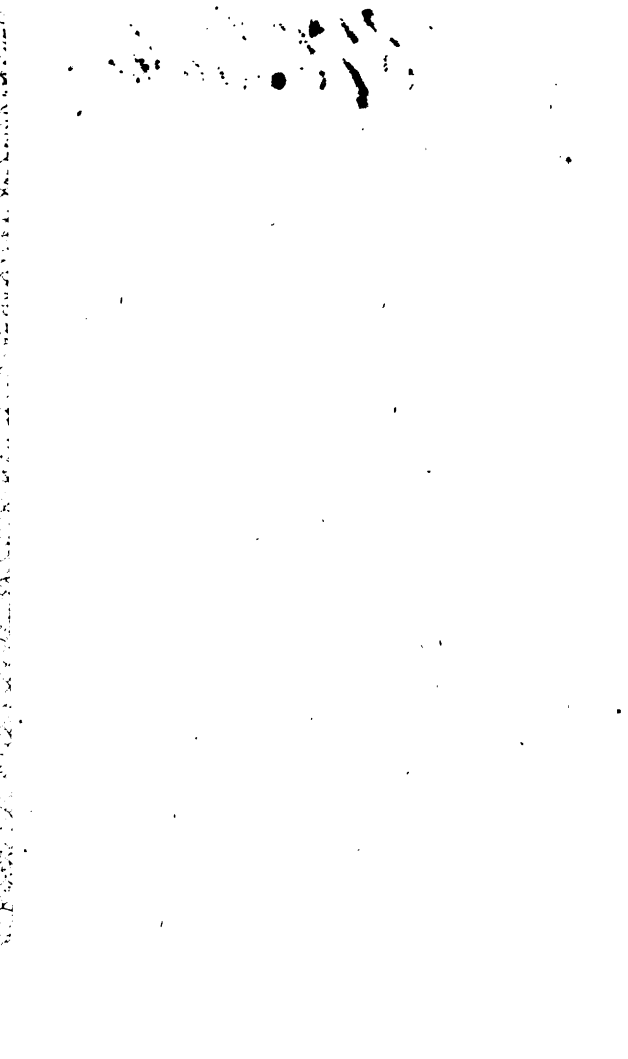




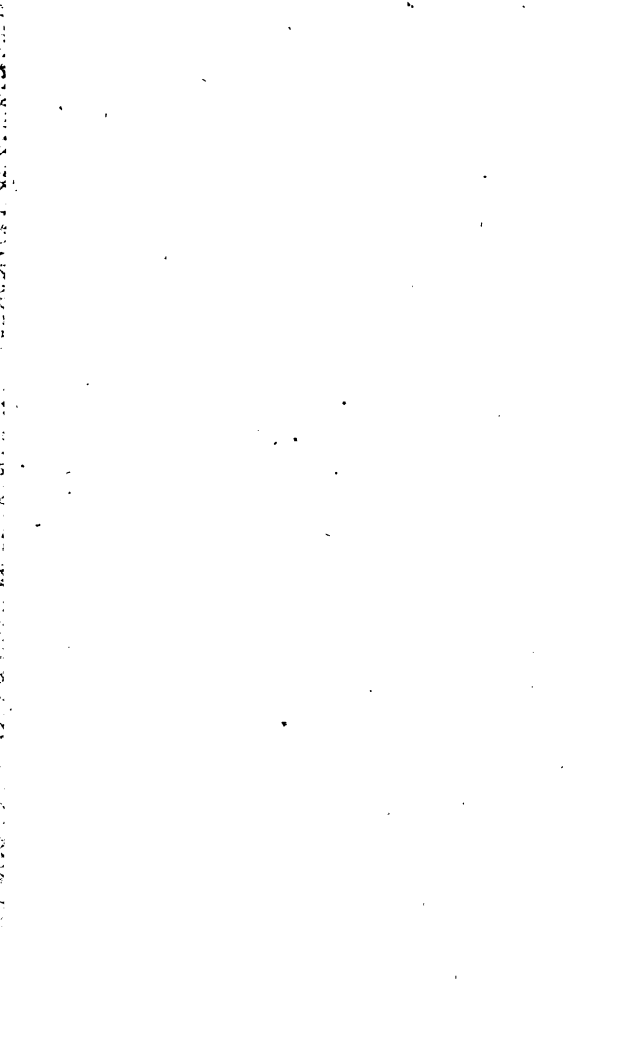
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LETTERS
FROM
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BY

DON MANUEL ALVAREZ ESPRIELLA. *1860*

of N. Gauthier
TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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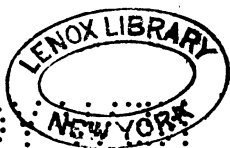
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ESPRIELLA'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

LETTER XLV.

York City and Minster.—Journey to Lincoln.—Travellers imposed upon.—Inn-keepers.—Ferry over the Trent.—Lincoln.—Great Tom.—Newark.—Alconbury Hill.

Wednesday.

FROM Borough-Bridge, which is a little town full of good inns, we took chaise in the morning for York. The road was a straight line over a dead flat; the houses which we passed were of red brick roofed with tiles, uglier than common cottages, and not promising more comfort within. York is one of the few English cities with the name of which foreigners are familiar. I was disappointed that its appearance in the distance was not finer,—we saw its huge cathedral rising over the level,—but that was all; and I found that the second city in England was as little imposing as the metropolis upon a first view. We drove under an old gate way and up a narrow street, ordered dinner at the inn, and set out to see the cathedral here called the minster.

Though I had seen the cathedral churches of Exeter, Salisbury, Westminster and Worcester, my expectations were exceeded here: for though on the outside something, I know not what, is wanting, the interior surpasses any thing to be seen elsewhere. It is in magnitude that York minster is unrivalled; it is of the best age of Gothic, and in admirable repair,—this praise must be given to the English heretics, that they preserve these monuments of magnificent piety with a proper care, and do not suffer them to be disfigured

by the barbarism of modern times. Here indeed we felt the full effect of this wonderful architecture; in which all the parts are highly ornamented, yet the multiplicity of ornaments contributes to one great impression. We ascended the tower by such a wearying round of steps that I was compelled to judge more respectfully of its height, than we had done when beholding it from below. The day was hazy; we saw however sufficiently far into a flat country; and the city, and the body of the immense building below us with its towers and turrets, its buttresses and battlements, were objects far more impressive than any distant view.

Having satisfied our curiosity here, we strolled in search of other objects; saw the castle, which is converted into a prison; and found our way to a public walk beside the river Ouse, a sluggish and muddy stream, which, however, as it is navigable, the people of York would be loth to exchange for one of the wild Cumberland rivers which we could not but remember with regret. There is a bridge over it of remarkable architecture, whose irregular arches with the old houses adjoining form a highly picturesque pile. While we were looking at it, we heard some one from the ships sing out, "There he goes!" and this was repeated from vessel to vessel, and from shore to shore, chiefly by boys and children, in a regular tone, and at regular intervals almost like minute guns. It was some time before we paid any attention to this; but at last it was repeated so often that it forced itself upon our notice, and we inquired of a woman, whose little girl was joining in the cry, what it meant. She told us it was a man, then crossing at the ferry, whom the children always called after in this way:—she could give no further account, and did not know that he had done any thing to provoke it. He was a man in years, and of decent appearance. It is possible that he may have committed some offence which drew upon him the public notice,—but it is equally possible that this was begun in sport; and if so, as the woman indeed understood it to be, it is one of the strangest instances of popular persecution I ever witnessed. Age and de-

formity, I may here remark, are always objects of ridicule in England ; it is disgraceful to the nation to see how the rabble boys are permitted to torment a poor idiot, if they find one in the streets.

Thursday.

At five in the morning we left York. I could not but admire the punctuality of the old coachman. He was on his box, we on the roof,—every thing ready to start. One church clock struck, another followed, house clocks all around us,—“ All but the minster,” said the old man,—for the minster was his signal. Presently that began with its finer tone,—and before the first quarter had ended, crack went his whip and we were off. It was a cloudy morning ; we passed through Tadcaster and a few smaller places not worth naming, because not worth remembering, till we reached Ferry-bridge to breakfast. The bridge is new and handsome, yet our bridges are in a better taste than those of the English ;—the river, a slow stream as dull and uninteresting as a canal. On to Doncaster, one of the handsomest towns I have ever seen, the country around is as insipid as the plains of Old Castile, though perhaps the Doncastrians are of a different opinion, as their race ground is one of the best in England. The scenery improved when we entered the province of Nottinghamshire, and the sun came out and brightened every thing ; here we saw a few hop gardens. Our places were taken to an inn called Markham Moor, from whence we expected to reach Lincoln time enough to see it easily that evening. It was nineteen miles from the inn : they told us they had no chaise at home, and must send for one from Tuxford, therefore we had better go on to Tuxford, which was two miles further, and then we should be one mile nearer Lincoln. To this we readily agreed ; but our coach dined at this Markham Moor ; here would be an hour lost, ill to be spared when we were prest for time : another stage passed us while we were deliberating, and by the landlord’s special advice we mounted this and advanced. Lincoln cathedral was distinctly in sight at this distance.

At Tuxford we ordered chaise for Lincoln, which we had been told was eighteen miles distant,—the waiter said it was twenty, the landlady that it was twenty-one. “Why have they no *Corregidores* in England,” said I to my companion, who wished as heartily but as vainly as myself for summary redress. The woman knew that we knew we were imposed on, and expressed it in her countenance and manner. There was no remedy but the never-failing panacœa of patience. Mark the complication of roguery.—Instead of taking a cross road which would have cut off two miles, we were driven back to Markham Moor, by which excellent manœuvre we had to pay for twenty-one, instead of nineteen, and an additional turnpike into the bargain. We called at this inn, and asked for the landlord, meaning to tell him our opinion of his conduct, but he did not chuse to appear. No class of people in England require the superintendence of law more than the inn keepers. They fix their own prices, without any other restriction than their own conscience, and uniformly charge the fraction of a mile as a whole one, so that the traveller pays for a mile, in almost every stage, more than he travels. False weights and measures are punishable here, why should this kind of measure be exempted?

When we had proceeded about half a league further, the driver dismounted to open a gate. Just on the other side was a little bridge over a ditch of clear and slowly-flowing water: the wall of this bridge was continued far enough, as might have been supposed, for security; and then sloped aside from the road, and ended. By the side of the road was a steep bank, not higher than with a bound one might spring up; at the bottom of this was a young hedge fenced with rails on both sides, at right angles with the ditch stream. Our horses went on before the driver could remount, and they chose to bend this way; the chaise was soon in such a situation that it was prudent for us with all speed to alight; he held the horses and out we got: but to get them into the road was not easy. Both were spirited beasts, indeed we had been admiring them;—both were startlish, and the mare vicious;—

she had lately run with a chaise into the river at Newark and drowned the post-boy. They began to plunge,—the weight of the chaise, which was on the declivity, pressed upon them, the horse leapt at the rails and broke them down, the mare fell into the bottom and had the bank been in the slightest degree steeper the chaise must have rolled upon her. As it was we expected to see her killed, or her bones broken at least. D. called to the driver to cut the traces instantly and let the horse lodge, or he would frighten the mare still more, and make bad worse: he hesitated to do this till after more plunging the mare got into the ditch; however the traces were loosed and the beasts got into the road with little other hurt than the violent agitation they were in. We now exerted all our strength to drag up the chaise, but to no purpose. D. went one way for help, the driver another, while I sate upon the wall of the bridge and looked at the stream. D. brought with him a man and two boys, and the driver a cart-horse, who soon did the business,—and we proceeded not without some apprehensions of another accident, from the fear of the horses, but thanks be to God all went on well.

We came presently to Dunham Ferry; the interruption and expense of crossing here were well compensated by the beauty of the scene. The Trent at this place is the largest fresh-water river I have seen in England; indeed I believe it rolls a greater body of fresh water to the sea than any other. Two of its huge arms, which embraced a long island, met just above the ferry like two large rivers. The opposite bank was high and broken. The island terminated in a sharp point, to which the stream had worn it, and just at this point were about a score or five and twenty remarkable large willow trees as tall as elms. Some man of taste must have planted them two centuries ago; the rest of the island as far as we could see was fine meadow land,—and a colony of rooks had established their commonwealth in the trees. The country up the river was a dead flat, with a handsome church in the distance and another on the shore which we were leaving; many little islands, with a bush or two upon

them, in the stream below : the price at the ferry was half a crown, which we thought exorbitantly dear.

The road now ran between plantations of birch, oak, beech and hazel, with ditches of clear weedy water on each side, which sometimes spread into little pools, in which the overhanging boughs and bank weeds were reflected : a complete contrast to the mountain streams, and yet beautiful. It opened upon a marsh, and we once more beheld the cathedral upon its height, now two leagues distant. This magnificent building stands at the end of a long and high hill above the city. To the north there are nine windmills in a row. It has three towers, the two smaller ones topped with the smallest spires I have ever seen ; they were beautiful in the distance, yet we doubted whether they ought to have been there, and in fact they are of modern addition, and not of stone, so that on a near view they disgrace and disfigure the edifice. Imagine this seen over a wide plain, this the only object,---than which the power of man could produce no finer. The nearer we approached the more dreary was the country---it was one wide fen---but the more beautiful the city, and the more majestic the cathedral. Never was an edifice more happily placed ; it overtops a city built on the acclivity of a steep hill ; its houses intermingled with gardens and orchards. To see it in full perfection, it should be in the red sunshine of an autumnal evening ; when the red roofs, and red brick houses would harmonize with the sky and with the fading foliage.

Our disasters had delayed us till it was too late to see the church. So we sate down to a late dinner upon some of the wild fowl of the fens.



Friday.

The exterior of Lincoln cathedral is far more beautiful than that of York, the inside is far inferior. They have been obliged in some places to lay a beam from one column to another, to strengthen them ; they have covered it with Gothic work, and it appears at first like a continuation of the passages above. It is to be wished that in their other modern works there had been the same approximation to the taste of better

times. A fine Roman pavement was discovered not many years ago in the centre of the cloister; they have built a little brick building over it to preserve it with commendable care; but so vile a one as to look like one of those houses of necessity which are attached to every cottage in this country—and which it is to be hoped will one day become as general in our own. A library forms one side of the cloister-quadrangle which is also modern and mean. Another vile work of modern times is a picture of the Annunciation over the altar.

Most of the old windows were demolished in the days of fanaticism; their place has not been supplied with painted glass,—and from the few which remain the effect of the colored light crowning the little crockets and pinnacles, and playing upon the columns with red and purple and saffron shades of light, made us the more regret that all were not in the same state of beauty. We ascended the highest tower, crossing a labyrinth of narrow passages; it was a long and wearying way; the jackdaws who inhabit these steeples have greatly the advantage of us in getting to the top of them. How very much must these birds be obliged to man for building cathedrals for their use. It is something higher than York, and the labor of climbing it was compensated by a bird's eye view all around us.

We ascended one of the other towers afterwards to see Great Tom, the largest bell in England. At first it disappointed me; but the disappointment wore off, and we became satisfied that it was as great a thing as it was said to be. A tall man might stand in it, upright; the mouth measures one and twenty English feet in circumference, and it would be a large tree of which the girth equalled the size of its middle. The hours are struck upon it with a hammer. I should tell you that the method of sounding bells in England is not by striking, but by swinging them: no bell however which approaches nearly to the size of this is ever moved, except this; it is swung on Whitsunday, and when the judges arrive to try the prisoners, —another fit occasion would be at executions, to

which it would give great solemnity, for the sound is heard far and wide over the fens. On other occasions it was disused, because it shook the tower; but the stones have now been secured by iron cramps.—Tom, which is the familiar abbreviation of Thomas, seems to be the only name which they give to a bell in this country.

Only one coach passes through Lincoln on the way to London, and that early in the morning, we were therefore obliged to return again into the great north road, which we did by taking chaise to Newark; the road is a straight line, along an old Roman way. A bridge over the Trent and the ruins of a castle, which long held out for the king in the great civil war, are the only remarkable objects in this town,—except indeed that I saw the name *Ordoyno* over a shop. The day ended in rain; we got into a stage in the evening, which took us through the towns of Grantham, Stamford and Stilton, and dropt us in the middle of the night at a single inn called Alconbury Hill, where after a few minutes we succeeded in obtaining admittance and went to bed.

LETTER XLVI.

Cambridge.—Republican Tendency of Schools counteracted at College.—College a useful Place for the debauched Students, a melancholy one for others.—Fellowships.—Advantage of a University Education.—Not so necessary as it once was.

Wednesday.

FROM Alconbury Hill to Cambridge is two short stages,—we passed to Huntingdon, the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, and travelled over a dismal flat the country northward being one great fen. The whole of these extensive fens is said once to have been dry and productive ground, reduced to this state by some earthquake or deluge unremembered in history. Tools found beneath the soil, and submersed forests are the

proofs. A century and half ago they began to drain them, and the draining still proceeds. In old times they were the favorite retreat of the religious: the waters were at that time carried off by great rivers through the level, about twenty leagues long, which formed innumerable lakes, many of them of considerable size; and on islands in these a hermitage or a convent was placed in safety from the sudden attack of the Northern Sea Kings, and in that solitude which its holy inhabitants desired. The greater number of the old English saints flourished in this district.

A singular custom prevailed here about fourscore years ago, and perhaps may not yet be wholly discontinued. The corpse was put into the ground a few hours after death, and about a week afterwards they buried an empty coffin with funeral ceremonies. Possibly this strange peculiarity may have been introduced upon occasion of some pestilence, when it would have been dangerous to keep the body longer. The body is always kept some days in England, usually till signs of decay appear.

At length we came in sight of Cambridge,—How inferior to the first view of Oxford! yet its lofty buildings and old trees gave it a characteristic appearance, and were more beautiful because in the midst of such a dreary land. The streets are narrow, and the greater number of the colleges mean brick buildings; there is however one edifice, the Chapel of Kings College, which exceeds anything in Oxford and probably in the world. This unrivalled edifice is dedicated to Mary the most pure and to St. Nicholas. It was finished by the arch apostate Henry VIII when he had just effected his adulterous marriage with Anne Boleyn, and here their names appear twined together with true lovers' knots the only place where his initials remain joined with hers.

In this university are twelve colleges, and four halls. The principal one is dedicated to the most Holy Trinity, it consists of two handsome squares or quadrangles as they are called; the larger of which the Cantabrigians would fain believe to be finer than the great quadrangle of Christ Church at Oxford, of which they may

perhaps persuade those who have never been at Oxford. The Library, the Chapel, and the Refectory were shown to us ; the two latter are little curious, but in the anti-chapel is a statue of the great Newton by Roubiliac, a name of great eminence in this country. It is a good example of Vandyke in marble, and that will give you the best idea of its style and excellence. The sculptor has endeavored to make it picturesque, by representing the texture and the light and shade of silk in the drapery ; and as the vulgar can always comprehend dexterity of hand, and can seldom apprehend any thing above it, the statue has obtained much admiration for its faults.

The Library is a most magnificent room, about an hundred paces in length, with a painted window at the end of which it would not be easy to say whether the design or the execution be most faulty : in this Minerva, Bacon, George III, and Newton are all brought together in their respective costumes. Besides a splendid collection of books, there is a cabinet of medals here, but they are seldom shown lest they should be stolen as books frequently have been. It is singular that in the public libraries and collections of England there are more precautions taken against thieves than in any other country in Europe. It is not often I understand when an offender is discovered that the law is enforced against him ; but now and then, the librarian said, they were obliged to make an example ; and he turned to a MS. Catalogue, and showed us a record that a member of the University had been degraded for seven years for this offence. In the University library we were shown several books which had been stolen and the title pages nearly cut out, in order to avoid detection. Offences of this kind, though in their consequences so truly abominable, seem to be little thought of. Indeed it should appear that the English scarcely think it any crime to plunder the public in any way.

I had an introduction to a resident member of — ; it proved a very valuable one—and there are few of my English friends from whose conversation I have derived so much instruction. The objects of curiosity in

Cambridge were soon seen, but we remained a few days there, for the pleasure of his society. The University was almost empty, it being now the vacation time. There is a greater variety of dresses here than at Oxford; the colleges not dressing all alike, and some wearing purple instead of black. The privileged class also wear a hat instead of the academical cap. A round church of the Templars, built after the Holy Sepulchre, is one of the most remarkable things in this University. I was pleased too with the sight of a huge concave celestial globe, in the midst of which you stand and it revolves round you. The Cam, a lazy stream, winds behind the town and through the college walks; collecting filth as it goes. "Yonder," said our friend, "are the Gomagog hills;"—in spite of their gigantic appellation they are so very like a plain, that I looked all around to see where they were.

'What a happy life,' said I to our Cambridge friend, 'must you lead in your English universities! You have the advantages of a monastery without its restrictions, the enjoyments of the world without its cares,—the true *otium cum dignitate*.' He shook his head and answered, 'It is a joyous place for the young, and a convenient place for all of us,—but for none is it a happy one:' and he soon convinced me that I was mistaken in the favorable judgment which I had formed. I will endeavor to retrace the substance of a long and interesting evening's conversation.

It is a joyous place for the young,—joy and happiness however are not synonymous. They come hither from school, no longer to be treated as children; their studies and their amusement are almost at their own discretion, and they have money at command. But as at college they first assume the character of man, it is there also that they are first made to feel their relative situation in society. Schools in England, especially those public ones from which the universities are chiefly supplied, are truly republican. The master perhaps will pay as much deference to rank as he possibly can, and more than he honestly ought; it is however but

little that he can pay ; the institutions have been too wisely framed to be counteracted, and titles and families are not regarded by the boys. The distinctions which they make are in the spirit of a barbarous, not of a commercial calculating people ; bodily endowments hold the first, mental the second place. The best bruiser enjoys the highest reputation ; next to him, but after a long interval, comes the best cricket-player ; the third place, at a still more respectful distance, is allowed to the cleverest who in the opinion of his fellows always takes place of the best scholar. In the world—and the college is not out of it like the cloister—all this is reversed into its right order ; but the gifts of fortune are placed above all. Whatever habits and feelings of equality may have been generated at school are to be got rid of at college—and this is soon done. The first thing which the new student perceives on his arrival is, that his schoolfellows who are there before him pass him in the street as if they knew him not ; and perhaps stare him full in the face, that he may be sure it is not done through inadvertency. The ceremony of introduction must take place before two young men—who for years have eaten at the same table, studied in the same class, and perhaps slept in the same chamber—can possibly know each other when they meet at college.

There is to be found every where a great number of those persons whom we cannot prove to be human beings by any rational characteristic which they possess ; but who must be admitted to be so, by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*, because they cannot possibly be any thing else. They pass for men, in the world, because it has pleased God for wise purposes, however inscrutable to us, to set them upon two legs instead of four ; to give them smooth skins and no tail, and to enable them to speak without having their tongues slit. They are like those weeds which will spring up and thrive in every soil and every climate, and which no favorable circumstances can ever improve into utility. It is of little consequence whether they shoot water-fowl, attend horse-races, frequent the brothel, and encourage

the wine trade in one place or another ; but as a few years of this kind of life usually satisfy a man for the rest of it, it is convenient that there should be a place appointed where one of this description can pass through his course of studies out of sight of his relations, and without injuring his character ; and from whence he can come with the advantage of having been at the University, and a qualification which enables him to undertake the cure of souls. The heretical bishops never inquire into the moral conduct of those upon whom they lay their unhallowed hands ; and as for the quantity of learning which is required, M. Maillardet who exhibits his *Androcles* in London could put enough into an automaton.

Such men as these enjoy more happiness, such as their happiness is, at the University than during any other part of their lives. It is a pleasant place also for the lilies of the world, they who have neither to toil nor to spin ; but for those who have the world before them, there is perhaps no place in their whole journey where they feel less at ease. It is the port from whence they are to embark,—and who can stand upon the beach and look upon the sea whereon he is about to trust himself and his fortunes, without feeling his heart sink at the uncertainty of the adventure. True it is that these reflections do not continue long upon a young man's mind, yet they occur so often as insensibly to affect his whole feelings. The way of life is like the prospect from his window ; he beholds it not while he is employed, but in the intervals of employment, when he lifts up his eyes the prospect is before him. The frequent change of his associates is another melancholy circumstance. A sort of periodical and premature mortality takes place among his friends : term after term they drop off to their respective allotments, which are perhaps so distant from his own, that years may elapse, or the whole lease of life be run out, before he ever again meets with the man whom habits of daily and intimate intercourse had endeared to him.

Let us now suppose the student to be successful in his collegiate pursuits, he obtains a fellowship—and

is, in the opinion of his friends, provided for for life. Settled for life he would indeed have been according to the original institution, and it still is a provision for him as long as he retains it; but mark the consequences of the schism,—of altering the parts of an establishment without considering their relations to the whole. A certain number of benefices belong to the college, to which as they become vacant the fellows succeed according to seniority, vacating their fellowships by accepting a benefice or by marrying. Here one of the evils of a married clergy is perceived. Where celibacy is never regarded as a virtue, it is naturally considered as a misfortune. Attachments are formed more easily perhaps in this country than in any other, because there is little restraint in the intercourse between the sexes, and all persons go so much from home into public. But the situation of the college-fellow who has engaged his affections is truly pitiable. Looking with envious eyes at those above him on the list, and counting the ages of those who hold the livings for which he is to wait, he passes years after year in this disquieting and wretched state of hope. The woman in like manner wears away her youth in dependant expectation, and they meet at last, if they live to meet, not till the fall of the leaf;—not till the habits and tempers of both are become fixt and constitutional, so as no longer to be capable of assimilating each to the other.

I inquired what were the real advantages of these institutions to the country at large, and to the individuals who study in them. 'They are of this service,' he replied, 'to the country at large, that they are the great schools by which established opinions are inculcated and perpetuated. I do not know that men gain much here, yet it is a regular and essential part of our system of education; and they who have not gone through it always feel that their education has been defective. A knowledge of the world, that is to say of our world and of the men in it, is gained here; and that knowledge remains when Greek and geometry are forgotten.' I asked him which was the best

of the two universities ; he answered that Cambridge was as much superior to Oxford, as Oxford was to Salamanca. I could not forbear smiling at his scale of depreciation : he perceived it and begged my pardon, saying, that he as little intended to undervalue the establishments of my country as to overrate the one of which he was himself a member. 'We are bad enough,' said he, 'heaven knows, but not so bad as Oxford. They are now attempting to imitate us in some of those points wherein the advantage on our part is too notorious to be disputed. The effect may be seen in another generation,—meantime the imitation is a confession of inferiority.'

'Still,' said I, 'we may regard the universities as the seats of learning and of the Muses.' 'As for the Muses, sir,' said he, 'you have traversed the banks of the Cam, and must know whether you have seen any nine ladies there who answer their description. We do certainly produce verses both Greek and Latin which are worthy of gold medals, and English ones also after the newest and most approved receipt for verse making. Of learning, such as is required for the purposes of tuition there is much ; beyond it, except in mathematics, none. In this we only share the common degeneracy. The Mohammedans believe that when Gog and Magog are to come, the race of men will have dwindled to such littleness that a shoe of one of the present generation will serve them for a house. If this prophecy be typical of the intellectual diminution of the species, Gog and Magog may soon be expected in the neighborhood of their own hills.'

'The truth is, sir,' he continued, 'that the institutions of men grow old like men themselves, and, like women, are always the last to perceive their own decay. When universities were the only schools of learning they were of great and important utility ; as soon as there were others, they ceased to be the best, because their forms were prescribed, and they could adopt no improvement till long after it was generally acknowledged. There are other causes of decline. We educate for only one profession : when col-

leges were founded that one was the most important ; it is now no longer so ; they who are destined for the others find it necessary to study elsewhere, and it begins to be perceived that this is not a necessary stage upon the road. This might be remedied. We have professors of every thing, who hold their situations and do nothing. In Edinburgh, the income of the professor depends upon his exertions ; and in consequence the reputation of that university is so high, that Englishmen think it necessary to finish their education by passing a year there. They learn shallow metaphysics there, and come back worse than they went ; inasmuch as it is better to be empty than flatulent.

LETTER XLVII.

Newmarket.—Cruelty of Horse-racing.—Process of Wasting.—Character of a Man of the Turf.—Rayton.—Buntingford.—Cheshunt.—Return to London.

THREE leagues from Cambridge is the town of Newmarket, famous for its adjoining race-ground the great scene of English extravagance and folly. They who have seen the races tell me it is a fine sight : the horses are the most perfect animals of their kind, and their speed is wonderful ; but it is a cruel and detestable sport. The whip and the spur are unmercifully used. Some of the leading men of the turf, as they are called, will make their horses run two or three times in as many days, till every fibre in them is sore and they are disabled for ever by over exertion. Whatever pleasure, therefore, a man of clean conscience might lawfully have taken in beholding such sports when they were instituted, if such was their origin, for the sake of improving the breed, and were purely trials of swiftness, is at an end. The animal who evidently delights in the outset, and ambitiously strains himself to his full length and speed, is lashed and gored till his blood mingles with his foam because his owner has

staked thousands upon the issue of the race : and so far is this practice from tending to the improvement of the breed that at present it confessedly injures it ; because horses are brought to the course before they have grown to their full strength, and are thereby prevented from ever attaining to it.

It is hardly less hurtful to the riders ; their sufferings, however, would rather excite mirth than compassion ; if any thing connected with the degradation of a human being could be regarded without some sense of awe and humiliation. These gentlemen are called jockeys. Jockeyship is a particular trade in England : I beg its pardon—a profession. A few persons retain one in their establishment, but in general they go to Newmarket and offer their services for the occasion. Three guineas are the fee for riding a race ; if much be depending upon it, as is usually the case, the winner receives a present. Now in these matches the weight which the horses are to carry is always stipulated. Should the jockey be too light, he carries something about him to make up the due number of pounds ; but if unhappily he exceeds this number, he must undergo a course of wasting. Had Procrustes heard of this invention he would have made all travellers equal in weight, as well as in measure, and his balance would have been as famous as his bed. In order to get rid of this supererogatory flesh they are purged and sweated ; made to take long walks with thick clothing on ; then immediately on their return drink cold water, and stew between two featherbeds, and in this manner melt themselves down to the lawful standard. One of the most eminent of these jockeys lately wasted eighteen pounds in three days ; so violent a reduction that it is supposed he will never recover from it.

Our friend here once heard the character of one of the great Newmarket heroes from a groom. Mr. —, said the man, was the best sportsman on the turf ; he would bet upon any thing and to any sum, and make such matches as nobody else could ever have thought of making ; only it was a pity that he was such a fool—he was a fool to be sure. It was difficult to say whether

the fellow was most impressed by the absolute folly of his hero, or by his undaunted love of gambling; the one he could not speak of without admiration, and he laughed while he was bemoaning the other: for certain, he said, there was nobody like him for spirit—he was ready for anything; but then unluckily he was such a cursed fool. To be sure he was losing his fortune as fast as it could go. But his comfort was, he used to say, that when all was gone his friend Lord —— had promised to make him his whipper-in.

The pedigree of the horse is as carefully preserved as that of the master; and can in many instances be traced further back. In general the English horses are less beautiful than ours, and they are disfigured by the barbarous custom of mutilating the tail and ears. Dogs suffer the same cruel mutilation. It is surprising how little use is made of the ass here; it is employed only by the lowest people in the vilest services; miserably fed and more miserably treated. Mules are seldom seen: in Elizabeth's days a large male ass which had been brought from France into Cornwall began a fabric of them, and the people knocked them on the head for monsters as soon as they were foaled.

Had it been the racing season I should have gone to Newmarket; the ground itself, celebrated as it is, did not tempt me. Our friend was going to the immediate vicinity of London; so having his company we travelled by chaise, the expense for three persons not materially exceeded that of going by stage. Royston was our first post. In this neighborhood there was a man lately who believed himself entitled to a large estate which was wrongfully withheld from him; he worked at some daily labor; and his custom was to live as penuriously as was possible and expend the savings of the whole year in giving a dinner upon his birth day at a public house upon the estate, to which he invited by public notices all persons who would please to come. D. remembers in his childhood a man, who under the same feeling had vowed never to put on clean linen,

wash himself, shave his beard, comb his hair, or cut his nails, till he had recovered his right; a vow which he kept during the remainder of his life and died in his dirt. They called him Black John, and he was the terror of children.

At Buntingford is a mansion house built about two centuries ago, of which they say that when the house was built the staircase was forgotten; a common story this of all those old houses which have the winding turret staircase; something more remarkable is that it has a room to which there is no entrance. By Ware we saw the New River: a canal which begins there and supplies great part of London with water;—sufficiently filthy it must needs be for it is open the whole way, and, as it approaches the suburbs, is the common bathing-place of the rabble—yet the Londoners are perfectly contented with it! We passed through Cheshunt; a village memorable as being the place where Richard Cromwell lived in peace and privacy to a good old age, and died as he had lived,—a happier man than his more illustrious father. Here also was the favorite palace of James I. It has been demolished; but a moss walk under a long avenue of elms, a part of his garden, is still preserved. Near this is a cross at Waltham, one of those which Edward I erected at every place where the body of his excellent queen was halted on the way to its burial. It is a beautiful monument of pious antiquity, though mutilated and otherwise defaced by time. Nothing else worthy of notice occurred upon the road, which lay through the province of Hertfordshire. The country, though tame, is beautiful; far more so than any which we had seen since our departure from the land of Lakes.

Widely different were the feelings with which I arrived at J—'s door from what they had been that evening when it was first opened to me. Then I came as a stranger; now I was returning as if to my own house. My reception, indeed, could hardly have been more affectionate in my own family. J—— and his wife welcomed me like a brother, Harriet climbed my

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 ,” says the agent of the
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knee, and John danced about the room for joy that Senior Manuel was come home again.

LETTER XLVIII.

Middlesex Election.—Nottingham Election.—Seats in Parliament how obtained.—Modes of Bribery.—Aylesbury.—Ilchester.—Contested Elections.—Marriages at Bristol.—Want of Talent in the English Government accounted for.

DURING my travels I have missed sight of a popular election. That for Middlesex has been carried on with uncommon asperity ; it is the only instance wherein the ministry have exerted their influence ; for, contrary to the custom of all their predecessors, they have fairly trusted themselves to the opinion of the people. Here, however, they have taken a part ; and here they have been beaten, because they stood upon the very worst ground which they could possibly have chosen.

The English have a law, called the habeas corpus, which they regard with good reason as the main pillar of their freedom. By this law it is the right of every person, who is arrested upon a criminal charge, to be tried at the first sessions after his arrest ; so that while this law continues in force, no person can be wrongfully detained in prison ; but his guilt or innocence must be fairly proved. It was thought expedient to suspend this statute during the late revolutionary ferment. The place chosen for the suspected persons was a prison in the immediate suburb of the metropolis ; being one of the new buildings upon the fashionable plan. Complaints were made by the prisoners of cruel usage ; and Sir Francis Burdett, a young man who has warmly espoused the popular party, brought the business forward in parliament. A wise minister would have listened to the complaint, examined into it, and redressed the grievance ; even ostentatiously ; for the object of government being to secure these men, and

It being also notorious that there was no legal proof of guilt against them, as if there had they would have been brought to trial; all rigor, not absolutely necessary for the purpose of confinement, appeared like a determination to punish them in every way they could and consequently as an act of arbitrary and cruel power. But pride and obstinacy are the predominant parts of Mr. Pitt's character; right or wrong he never yields; and he now chose to show his power, by protecting the gaoler in defiance of public opinion.

Repeated complaints were made; and it was affirmed on oath that a Colonel Despard, one of these prisoners, had been confined there in a cell without windows and without fire, till his feet were ulcered with the frost. At length a deputation was named to inspect the prison:—it consisted chiefly of persons disposed to see every thing with favorable eyes; and, as you may well suppose, the prison was prepared for their visitation. When they came into the cell where a sailor was confined who had been concerned in the great mutiny, one of the deputies noticed a bird which hopped about him, and said how tame it was. "Aye, sir," said the man, "this place will tame any thing!" and though a hardy English sailor, he burst into tears. The report was in favor of the prison. Complaints, however, were still continued. The place acquired the name of the Bastille; and merely upon the ground of having raised his voice in parliament against this new species of punishment, Sir Francis Burdett has become the most popular man in England. He offered himself as candidate for Middlesex. The ministry acted unwisely in opposing him; and still more unwisely in supporting against him a man who had no other possible claim to their support, than that he was implicated in the charges against the management of the prison; because he was one of the magistrates whose duty it was to inspect it, and he had given it his full approbation. By this impolicy they made the question of the Middlesex election to be this, Whether this system of imprisonment was approved of by the people or not; and the answer has been most undeniably given against them.

Electioneering, as they call it, is a game at which every kind of deceit seems to be lawful. On these occasions men who at other times regard it as a duty to speak truth, and think their honor implicated in their word, scruple not at asserting the grossest and most impudent falsehoods if thereby they can obtain a momentary advantage over the hostile party. A striking instance of this has occurred with respect to the election for Nottingham, a considerable town in the middle of England, where the contest has been violent because party spirit has always been carried to a great degree there. Some years ago the mob ducked those who were most obnoxious to them, and killed some in the operation. This was not forgotten. The opposite party had the ascendancy now, and those who were noted as having been active in this outrageous cruelty were severely handled. In such cases of summary justice the innocent are liable to suffer with the guilty, and the rabble when they had got the power abused it. Whoever voted for the obnoxious candidate had the skirts of his coat cut off, and it was well if he escaped without further injury. It might have been thought that the plain statement of these facts would have sufficed to show that the election was not a fair one; but instead of being satisfied with a plain tale, a gentleman comes forward as the advocate of the unsuccessful party, accuses all the other party of the most violent jacobinism, and asserts that at the triumph of the winning candidate the tree of liberty was carried before him, and that a naked woman walked in the procession as the Goddess of Reason. The history of the tree is that as the candidate's name happened to be Birch, a birch bough was borne in his honor: the other falsehood is so apparent that no person supposes this writer can possibly believe it himself. It is a pious fraud to answer a party purpose, and on such occasions no frauds pious or impious are scrupled.

Any thing like election in the plain sense of the word is unknown in England. Members are never chosen for parliament as deputies were for a Cortes, because they are the fittest persons to be deputed. Some seats are private property; that is the right of voting be-

longs to a few house holders, sometimes not more than half a dozen, and of course these votes are commanded by the owner of the estate. The fewer they are, the more easily they are managed. Great part of a borough in the west of England was consumed some years ago by fire, and the lord of the manor would not suffer the houses to be rebuilt for this reason. If such an estate be to be sold, it is publicly advertised as carrying with it the power of returning two members; sometimes that power is veiled under the modest phrase of a *valuable appendage to the estate, or the desirable privilege of nominating to seats in a certain assembly*. Government hold many of these boroughs, and individuals buy in at others. The price is as well known as the value of land, or of stock, and it is not uncommon to see a seat in a certain house advertised for in the public newspapers. In this manner are a majority of the members returned. You will see then that the house of commons must necessarily be a manageable body. This is as it should be*; the people have all the forms of freedom, and the crown governs them while they believe they govern themselves. Burleigh foresaw this, and said that to govern *through* a parliament was the securest method of exercising power.

In other places where the number of voters is something greater, so as to be too many for this kind of quiet and absolute control, the business is more difficult and sometimes more expensive. The candidate then, instead of paying a settled sum to the lord of the borough, must deal individually with the constituents who sell themselves to the highest bidder. Remember that an oath against bribery is required! A common mode of evading the letter of the oath is to lay a wager. "I will bet so much," says the agent of the candidate, "that you do not vote for us." "Done," says the voter freeman,—goes to the hustings, gives his voice, and returns to receive the money; not as the price of his suffrage, but as the bet which he has won.

* Spaniard! But is he wishing to recommend a Cortes by insinuating that it would strengthen the power of the crown?—TR.

As all this is in direct violation of the law, though both parties use the same means; the losing one never scruples to accuse his successful opponent of bribery, if he thinks he can establish the charge; and thus the mystery of iniquity is brought to light. It is said that at Aylesbury a punch-bowl full of guineas stood upon the table in the committee room, and the voters were helped out of it. The price of votes varies according to their number. In some places it is as low as forty shillings, in others, at Ilchester for instance, it is thirty pounds. "Thirty pounds," said the apothecary of the place on his examination, "is the price of an Ilchester voter." When he was asked how he came to know the sum so accurately, he replied, that he attended the families of the voters professionally and his bills were paid at election times with the money. A set of such constituents once waited upon the member whom they had chosen, to request that he would vote against the minister. "D—m you!" was his answer: "What! have I not bought you? And do you think that I will not sell you?"

It is only in large cities that any trial of public opinion is made; for in the counties the contest, if any there be, lies between the great families; and a sort of hereditary influence is maintained, which is perhaps unobjectionable. But in large cities public opinion and faction have their full scope. Every resource of violence and of cunning, is here brought into play. A great portion of the inferior voters are necessarily under the absolute control of their employers; but there are always many who are to be influenced by weighty arguments applied to the palm of the hand; and the struggle for these, when the parties happen to be well balanced, leads to a thousand devices. The moment one party can lay hold on a voter of this description, they endeavor to keep him constantly drunk till the time of election, and never to lose sight of him. If the others can catch him and overbid them, they on their part are afraid of a rescue; carry their prize out of town and coop him in some barn or out-house, where they stuff him day and night with meat and drink till they bring him up to the place of polling, oftentimes so

intoxicated that the fellow must be led between two others ; one to hold him up while he gives his voice, while the other shows him a card in the palm of his hand with the name of the candidate written in large letters lest he should forget for whom he is to vote.

The qualification for voting differs at different places. At Bristol a freeman's daughter conveys it by marriage. Women enter into the heat of party even more eagerly than men, and when the mob is more than usually mischievous are sure to be at the head of it. In one election for that city, which was violently disputed, it was common for the same woman to marry several men. The mode of divorce was, that as soon as the ceremony was over and the parties came out of church, they went into the church-yard and shaking hands over a grave, cried, Now "death us do part ;" —away then went the man with his new qualification to vote, and the woman to qualify another husband at another church.

Such tricks are well understood, and practised by all parties : but if an appeal be made against a return as having been thus obtained by illegal means, the cause is tried by a committee chosen from the house of commons ; and these are perhaps the only subjects which are decided there with strict impartiality. Bribery is punished in him who gives, by the loss of his seat, and he may be prosecuted for heavy fines : he who receives, falls under the penal laws—the heaviest punishment ought to fall upon the tempter ; and as government in England is made a trade, it seems hard that the poor should not get something by it once in seven years when they are to pay so much for it all the rest of the time.

These abuses are not necessarily inherent in the nature of popular election ; they would effectually be precluded by the use of the ballot.* The popular par-

* Theorists seldom foresee the obstacles which will impede the attempt to realize a favorite system. Office hunters supplied with tickets, or ballots, always infest the polls during an election. In this city, one

ty call loudly for reform, but they are divided among themselves as to what reform they would have, and

of the *sovereign* people applied to one of these for tickets to distribute, adding "I have had nothing to drink to-day:" he was plentifully supplied with tickets and a few shillings for drink. The *great* man was no sooner lost in the crowd than the same man applied to another *great* man of the opposite party; the same conversation ensued, and the result was the same. Thus it is that the knowing ones are frequently outwitted. While the candidate flatters himself he is gulling the voter, he in fact is the person duped.

It is not uncommon that a voter going up to the polls is furnished with tickets from both parties; both therefore calculate upon his vote. Probably the vote by ballot induces most knavery.

In New-Jersey it has been the practice for females to vote; and their dress favoring disguise, it is said that some have repeated their vote without detection. Between the towns of Newark and Elizabeth, an unextinguishable spirit of rivalry and contention for superiority has long existed. The legislature lately passed an act permitting the inhabitants of Essex to decide, in the manner of an election, where a new court-house should be erected. The Newarkites wished to retain it, the Elizabethites equally anxious to move it: but, the latter, being assured that it could not be accomplished in favor of Elizabeth, fixed on the geographical centre of the county; supposing this would, by its plausibility, lure the votes of the majority who might not recollect the geographical centre was not the centre of their interests. This election was to be general, and all the polls were to open and close at one time throughout the county: certain arrangements were made that cheating should not extend beyond certain limits.

Accordingly the polls opened, and at it they went, heart and hand; with exertions unexampled. Both parties were sanguine: both calculated on the superior skill of their *riders*. Men, women and children;

the aristocracy of the country, as they have every thing in their own hands, will never consent to any which would destroy their own influence.

One evil consequence results from this mode of representation which affects the rulers as well as the people. The house of commons has not, and cannot have, its proportion of talents : its members are wholly chosen from among persons of great fortune. The more

children, women and men ; all voted—old and young, young and old : those who could not walk were carried, and those who were carried generally voted *only* once. Horsemen and footmen, horses, carriages, waggons, carts and wheel-barrows ; all were employed, all running helter skelter, pell mell. The wind blew, the dust flew, the whiskey flowed, and all was confusion. At length night came, and the tumult subsided. The ballots were canvassed, and the result was that the Newarkites had gained the election by a great majority : how great is not now recollected ; but some said it exceeded the number of legal votes in the county : this however is supposed rather an exaggeration ; but it was admitted on all hands that *some* finesse had been used. The Elizabethites charged the Newarkites with having cheated beyond the contract. This was rebutted by the Newarkites, who charged the Elizabethites with having began first, and that the scandal was greatly magnified by the attempt being made at a distant and obscure poll, under the idea, from that circumstance, that it would not be detected ; but that they, being on the alert, and knowing *how such things were done*, had kept up so good a look out as to turn it to their own advantage. The conclusion was that the losers, after much altercation in which they acknowledged they had done their best but that the Newarkites were more expert in *these* kinds of election, petitioned the legislature to set this aside on account of its being corrupt ; a counter petition set forth that both parties had done their best. The legislature annulled the election, and determined to interfere no farther.—AM. EP.

limited the number out of which they are chosen, the less must be the chance of finding able men: there is therefore a natural unfitness in having a legislative body composed wholly of the rich. It is known both at schools and at universities, that the students of the privileged classes are generally remiss in their studies, and inferior in information for that reason to their contemporaries;—there is, therefore, less chance of finding a due proportion of knowledge among them. Being rich, and associating wholly with the rich, they have no knowledge of the real state of the great body for whom they are to legislate, and little sympathy for distresses which they have never felt: a legislature composed wholly of the rich is therefore liable to lay the public burthens oppressively upon the inferior ranks.

There are two ways in which men of talents who are not men of fortune find their way into parliament. The minister sometimes picks out a few promising plants from the university, and forces them in his hot-bed. They are chosen so young that they cannot by any possibility have acquired information to fit them for their situations; they are so flattered by the choice, that they are puffed up with conceit, and so fettered by it that they must be at the beck of their patron. The other method is by way of the law. But men who make their way up by legal practice, learn, in the course of that practice, to disregard right and wrong and to consider themselves entirely as pleaders on the one side. They continue to be pleaders and partisans in the legislature, and never become statesmen.

From these causes it is, that while the English people are held in admiration by all the world, the English government is regarded in so very different a light; and hence it is, that the councils of England have been directed by such a succession of weak ministers, and marked by such a series of political errors. An absolute monarch looks for talents wherever they are to be found, and the French negotiators have always recovered whatever the English fleets have won.

Long peace is not more unfavorable to the skill of an army, than long security to the wisdom of a government. In times of internal commotion, all stirring spirits come forward; the whole intellect of a nation is called forth; good men sacrifice the comforts of a wise privacy to serve their country; bad men press on to advance themselves; the good fall a sacrifice and the government is resigned into the hands of able villains. When on the contrary every thing has long been safe, as is the case in England, politics become an established trade; to which a certain cast are regularly born and bred. They are bred to it as others are to the navy, to the law, or to the church; with this wide difference, that no predisposing aptitude of talents has been consulted and no study of the profession is required. It is fine weather; the ship is heavy laden; she has a double and treble allowance of officers and supernumeraries—men enough on board, but no seamen; still it is fine weather, and as long as it continues so the ship sails smoothly, and every thing goes on as well as if Christopher Columbus himself had the command. Changes are made in the equipage; the doctor and the pilot take each other's places; the gunner is made cook, and the cook gunner; it may happen, indeed, he may charge the guns with peas, and shot them with potatoes,—what matters it while there is no enemy at hand?

LETTER XLIX.

Fashion.—Total Change in the English Costume.—Leathern Breeches.—Shoes.—Boots.—Inventors of new Fashions.—Colors.—Female Fashions.—Tight lacing.—Hair dressing.—Hoops.—Bustlers.—Rumps.—Merry-Thoughts and Pads.

THE caprice of fashion in this country would appear incredible to you, if you did not know me too well to suspect me either of invention or exaggeration. Every

part of the dress, from head to foot, undergoes such frequent changes that the English costume is, at present, as totally unlike what it was thirty years ago as it is to the Grecian or Turkish habit. These people have always been thus capricious. Above two centuries ago a satirist here painted one of his countrymen standing naked, with a pair of shears in one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, saying :

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear,
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
And now I will wear I cannot tell what.

When J. was a school-boy every body wore leathern breeches, which were made so tight that it was a good half-hour's work to get them on the first time. The maker was obliged to assist at this operation:—observe, this personage is not called a tailor, but a maker of breeches,—tailors are considered as an inferior class, and never meddle with leathier. When a gentleman was in labor of a new pair of leathern breeches, all his strength was required to force himself into them and all the assistant-operators to draw them on : when it was nearly accomplished the maker put his hands between the patient's legs, closed them, and bade him sit on them like a saddle, and kick out one leg at a time as if swimming. They could not be buttoned without the help of an instrument. Of course they fitted like another skin ; but woe to him who was caught in the rain in them !—It was like plucking a skin off to get out of them.

The shoes—I am not going back beyond a score of years in any of these instances—were made to a point in our unnatural method ; they were then rounded, then squared, lastly made right and left like gloves to fit the feet. At one time the waistcoat was so long as to make the wearer seem all body ; at another time so short that he was all limbs. The skirts of the coat were now cut away so as almost to leave all behind bare as a baboon, and now brought forward to meet over the thigh like a petticoat. Now the cape was laid flat up-

on the shoulders, now it stood up straight and stiff like an implement of torture, now was rounded off like a cable. Formerly the half-boot was laced: the first improvement was to draw it on like a whole-boot; it was then discovered that a band at the back was better than a seam, and that a silken tassel in front would be highly ornamental and no doubt of essential use. By this time the half-boot was grown to the size of the whole one. The Austrians, as they were called, yielded to the Hessians, which having the seams on each side instead of down the back, were more expensive and therefore more fashionable. Then came an invention for wrinkling the leather upon the instep into round folds, which were of singular utility in retaining the dirt and baffling the shoeblack. At length a superior genius having arisen among boot-makers the wheel went completely round; and at this present time every body must be seen in a pair of whole-boots of this great man's making.

"Almost all new fashions offend me," says Feyjoo, "except those which either circumscribe expense, or add to decency." I am afraid that those reasons are practically reversed in England, and that fashions are followed with avidity in proportion as they are extravagant and indecorous; to use the lightest term. The most absurd mode which I have yet heard of was that of oiling the coat and cold-pressing it: this gave it a high gloss, but every particle of dust adhered to it, and after it had been twice or thrice worn, it was unfit to be seen. This folly, which is but of very late date, was too extravagant to last, and never I believe extended into the country. I asked my tailor one day, who is a sensible man in his way, who invented the fashions. "Why, sir," said he, "I believe it is the young gentlemen who walk in Bond-street. They come to me, and give me orders for a new cut; and perhaps it takes, and perhaps it does not. It is all fancy, you know, sir." This street serves as a Prado or Alameda for all the fops of rank, and happy is he who gets the start in a new cut; in the fall of a cape, the shape of a sleeve, or the pattern of a button. This emulation

produces many abortive attempts, and it is amusing to see the innovations which are daily hazarded, without ever attaining to the dignity of a fashion.

Color as well as shape is an affair of fashionable legislation. Language is no where so imperfect as in defining colors: but if philosophical language be deficient here, the creative genius of fashion is never at a loss for terms. What think you of the Emperor's eye, of the Mud of Paris, and *Le soupir étouffé*,—the sigh suppress? These I presume were exotic flowers of phraseology, imported for the use of the ladies; it is however of as much importance to man, as to woman, that he should appear in the prevailing color. My tailor tells me I must have pantaloons of a reddish cast; 'all on the reds now, sir!' and reddish accordingly they are, in due conformity to his prescription. It is even regulated whether the coat shall be worn open or buttoned; and if buttoned, whether by one button or two and by which. Sometimes a cane is to be carried in the hand, sometimes a club, sometimes a common twig? at present the more deformed and crooked in its growth the better. At one time every man walked the streets with his hands in his coat pocket. The length of the neck-kerchief, the shape, the mode of tying it, must all be in the mode. There is a professor in the famous Bond-street, who, in lessons at half a guinea, instructs gentlemen in the art of tying their neck-kerchiefs in the newest and most approved style.

The women have been more extravagant than the men; to be more foolish was impossible. Twenty years ago the smaller the waist the more beautiful it was esteemed. To be shaped like a wasp was therefore the object of female ambition; and so tight did they lace themselves, or rather so tight were they laced, for it required assistant strength to fasten their girths, that women have frequently fainted from the pressure, and, some actually perished by this monstrous kind of suicide. About this time they all wore powder; the hair at the sides was stuck out in stiff curls, or rolls, tier above tier, fastened with long double black pins; behind it was matted with pomatum

into one broad flat mass, which was doubled back and pinned upon a cushion, against which the toupee was frizzed up, and the whole frosted over with powder white, brown, pink or yellow. This was the golden age of hair-dressers; the ladies were completely dependent upon them and obliged to wait, patiently or impatiently, for their turn. On important occasions, when very many were to be drest for the same spectacle, it was not unusual to submit to the operation over night, and sit up all night in consequence; for to have lain down would have disordered the whole furniture of the upper story. The great hoop, which is now confined to the court, was then commonly worn in private parties. Besides this there were protuberances on the hips called bustlers, another behind which was called in plain language a rump, and a merry thought of wire on the breast to puff out the neckerchief like a pouting pigeon. Women were obliged to sip their tea with the corner of their mouths, and to eat sideways. A yet more extraordinary costume succeeded; that of pads in front, to imitate what it must have been originally invented to conceal.

All these fashions went like the French monarchy, and about the same time: but when the ladies began to strip themselves, they did not know where to stop.

And these follies travel where the science and literature and domestic improvements of the English never reach! Well does Anguillesi say in his address to Fashion:

Non perchè libera e indubre
 Grande è in pace è grande in guerra,
 Or tra noi sì chiara e illustre
 E la triplice Inghilterra;
 Non perchè del suo Newtono
 Và quel suol fastoso e lieto,
 E del Grande per cui sono
 Nomi eterni Otello e Amleto;
 Ma perchè ti nacque idèa
 D' abbigliarti a foggia inglese,
 Oggidi, possente Dea,
 Parla ognun di quel paese.

Quindi in bella emulazione
 Quasi *Mylord* vestir noi vedi,
 E l'italiche matrone
 Come l'angliche *Myledi*.*

 LETTER L.

Lady Wortley Montagu's Remark upon Credulity.—Superstitions of the English respecting the Cure of Diseases.—Sickness and Healing connected with Superstition.—Wesley's Primitive Physic.—Quacks.—Dr. Graham.—Tractors.—Magnetic Girdles.—Quoz.—Quack-Medicines.

LADY Mary Wortley Montagu, the best letter-writer of this or of any other country, has accounted for the extraordinary facility with which her countrymen are duped by the most ignorant quacks, very truly and very ingeniously. 'The English,' she says, 'are more easily infatuated than any other people by the hope of a panacœa; nor is there any other country in the world where such great fortunes are made by physicians. I attribute this to the foolish credulity of mankind. As we no longer trust in miracles and relics, we run as eagerly after recipes and doctors, and the money which was given three centuries ago for the health of the soul, is now given for the health of the body, by the same sort of people; women and half-witted men. Quacks are despised in countries where they have shrines and images.'

* Not because she is free and industrious, great in peace and great in war, is triple England now so dear and so illustrious among us; not because that land proudly rejoices in her Newton, and in that great one by whom Othello and Hamlet are become immortal names. But because it has pleased thee, O powerful goddess, to attire thyself after the English mode,—every one speaks of that country. Hence it is that in fine emulation we are seen to dress like My-lord, and Italian matrons like the English My-lady'.—TR.

How much to be lamented is the perversion of a mind like hers, which, had it not been heretical, would have been so truly excellent ! She perceivés the truth ; but having been nursed up in a false religion, and afterwards associated with persons who had none, she does not perceive the whole truth and confounds light and darkness. The foolish credulity of mankind !—To be without faith and hope is as unnatural a state for the heart, as to be without affections. Man is a credulous animal ; perhaps he has never yet been defined by a characteristic which more peculiarly and exclusively designates him, certainly never by a nobler one : faith and hope are what the heretics mean by credulity. The fact is as she states it. Infidelity and heresy cannot destroy the nature of man, but they pervert it ; they deprive him of his trust in God, and he puts it in man ; they take away the staff of his support, and he leans upon a broken reed.

In the worst sufferings and the most imminent peril, a true catholic never needs despair ; such is the power of the saints and the infinite mercy of God and the most holy Mary : but the heretics in such cases have only to despair and die. They have no saint to look to for every particular disease, no faith in relics to make them whole. If a piece of the true cross were brought to a dying Englishman, though its efficacy had been proved by a thousand miracles, he would reject it, even at the last grasp : such is the pride and obstinacy of heresy, and so completely does it harden the heart.

There are a thousand facts to verify the remark of lady Wortley. The boasted knowledge of England has not sunk deep ; it is like the golden surface of a lackered watch which covers, and but barely covers, the base metal. The great mass of the people are as ignorant, and as well contented with their ignorance, as any the most illiterate nation in Europe ; and even among those who might be expected to know better, it is astonishing how slowly information makes way to any practical utility. In domestic medicine for instance ; a defluxion is here called a cold, and therefore for its name's sake must be expelled by heat. Oil is employed to soften a hard cough, and lemon juice to

cut it; because, in English, sourness is synonymous with sharpness, and what is sharp must needs cut. But it is of superstition that I am to speak, and perverted credulity.

The abracadabra of the old heretics was lately in use as a charm for the ague; and probably still is where the ague is still to be found, for that disease has almost wholly disappeared within the last generation. For warts there are manifold charms. The person who wishes to be rid of them takes a stick, and cuts a notch in it for every wart, and buries it, and as it rots the warts are to decay. Or he steals a piece of beef and rubs over them, and buries it in like manner. Or stealing dry peas or beans, and wrapping them up one for each wart, he carries the parcel to a place where four roads meet, and tosses it over his head not looking behind to see where it falls; he will loose the warts, and whoever picks it up will have them. But there are gifted old women who have only to slip a thread over these excrescences, or touch them with saliva, and they dry away.

It is a truth that we have but too many superstitious follies; with us however there is always some mixture of devotion in them, and the error, though it be an error, and as such deservedly discouraged, is at least pious. He who psalms a sick man, or fancies that the oil from his saint's lamp will heal him of all his complaints, errs on the safe side. Here none of these palliations are to be found; the practices have not merely no reference to religion; but have even the characters of witchcraft. The materials for the charm must be stolen to render them efficacious, secrecy is enjoined, and it is supposed that the evil is only to be got rid of by transferring it to another. In catholic countries, the confessor commands the thief to make restitution;—here the person who has been robbed repairs to a witch or wizard to recover the loss, or learn who the criminal is, by means of a familiar spirit! A Cunning-Man, or a Cunning-Woman, as they are termed, is to be found near every town; and though the laws are occasionally put in force against them, still it is a gainful trade. This is to deprive credulity of its proper food.

None suffer so severely from this as they who are laboring under diseases; if money is to be gotten, such is the spirit of trade, neither the dying nor the dead are spared; and quackery is carried to greater perfection of villainy here than in any other part of the world. Sickness humbles the pride of man; it forces upon him a sense of his own weakness, and teaches him to feel his dependence upon unseen powers: that therefore which makes wise men devout, makes the ignorant superstitious. Among savages the physician and the conjurer are always the same. The operations of sickness and of healing are alike mysterious, and hence arises the predilection of many enthusiasts for quackery, and the ostentation which all quacks make of religion or of some extraordinary power in themselves. The favorite assertion formerly in all countries was that of an innate gift, as a seventh son; I know not on what superstition founded, and of course augmented seven fold in due proportion; if the father had been a seventh son also, or even the mother a seventh daughter, for in this case there is no Salic law. Another has claimed the same privilege because he was born deaf and dumb, as if nature had thus indemnified him for the faculties of which he was deprived. The kings of England long since the schism, though the practice is now disused, have touched for the evil; and used to appoint a day in the Gazette for publicly doing it. Where this divine property has not been ascribed to the physician, it has been imputed to the medicine. The most notorious of these worthies who flourishes at present calls his composition the Cordial Balm of Gilead, and prefaces every advertisement with a text from Jeremiah, "Is there no Balm in Gilead; is there no physician there! why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Thus the Arabs attribute the virtue of their balm to the blood of those who were slain at Beder. We see among ourselves but too many scandalous proofs of this weakness. A Cistercian historian assures us that he was cured of an obstinate illness by taking a pill of the earth of the pit in which God made Adam: and at this day the rinsings of the cup are eagerly sought after by

the sick, notwithstanding the prohibition of the church.

Perhaps we are indebted to the Jews for the vulgar feeling of the divine origin of the healing art. They will have it that Adam had an intuitive knowledge of medicine, and that Solomon's Book of Trees, 1 King's, iv, 33, and Herbs was written by inspiration. The founder of the Quakers was in danger of taking to the practice of physic for a similar notion. He fancied that he was in the same state as Adam before the fall, and that the nature and virtues of all things were opened to him; and he was at a stand, as he says, whether he should practice physic for the good of mankind.

Wesley went beyond him, and published what he called Primitive Physic; fancying himself chosen to restore medicine as well as religion, and to prescribe both for body and soul, like St. Luke. The greater number of his remedies are old women's recipes, neither good nor ill; but others are of a more desperate nature. For a cold in the head he directs you to pare an orange very thin, roll it up inside out, and put a plug in each nostril: for the wind colic, to eat parched peas; for the gout, to apply a raw beef steak to the part affected; for raving madness, to set the patient with his head under a great waterfall as long as his strength will bear it; and for asthma and hypochondriasis, to take an ounce of quicksilver every morning! If all his prescriptions had been like this last, his book might have been entitled, after the favorite form of the English, Every Man his own Poisoner. In general they are sufficiently innocent, which is fortunate, for I have selected these instances from the twenty-first edition of his work, and no doubt the purchasers place in it implicit confidence.

Any scientific discovery is immediately seized by some of the numerous adventurers in this country, who prey upon the follies and the miseries of their fellow-creatures. The most eminent quack of the last generation was a Doctor Graham, who tampered with electricity in a manner too infamous to be reported; and for which he ought to have received the most exemplary public punishment. This man was half mad;

and his madness at last, contrary to the usual process, got the better of his knavery. His latest method of practice was something violent; it was to bury his patients up to the chin in fresh mould. J— saw half a score of them exhibited in this manner for a shilling: a part of the exhibition was to see them perform afterwards upon shoulders of mutton, to prove that when they rose from the grave they were as devouring as the grave itself. The operation lasted four hours; they suffered, as might be seen in their countenances, intensely from cold for the first two, during the third they grew warmer, and in the last perspired profusely, so that when they were taken out the mould reeked like a new dunghill. Sailors are said to have practised this mode of cure successfully for the scurvy. The doctor used sometimes to be buried himself for the sake of keeping his patients company: one day, when he was in this condition, a farmer emptied a watering-pot upon his head to make him grow. When J— saw him he was sitting up to the neck in a bath of warm mud, with his hair powdered and in full dress. As he was haranguing upon the excellent state of health which he enjoyed from the practice of earth bathing, as he called it, J— asked him, Why then, if there was nothing the matter with him, he sate in the mud? The question puzzled him. Why, he said,—why—it was—it was—it was to show people that it did no harm,—that it was quite innocent—that it was very agreeable: and then brightening his countenance with a smile at the happiness of the thought, he added, “It gives me, sir, a skin as soft as the feathers of Venus’s dove.” This man lived upon vegetables, and delighted in declaiming against the sin of being carnivorous, and the dreadful effects of making the stomach a grave and charnel house for slaughtered bodies. Latterly he became wholly an enthusiast, would madden himself with ether, run out into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar whom he met.

Galvanism, like electricity, was no sooner discovered than it was applied to purposes of quackery. The credit of this is due to America; and it must be admitted that the inventor has the honor of having levied

a heavier tax upon credulity than any of his predecessors ever dared attempt; in this respect he is the Mr. Pitt of his profession. For two pieces of base metal not longer than the little finger, and not larger than a nail, he is modest enough to charge five guineas. These tractors, as they are called, are to cure all sores, swellings, burns, tooth-ache, &c. &c. : and that the purchasers may beware of counterfeits, which is the advice always given by this worshipful farternity, a portrait of the tractor is engraved upon his hand-bills, both a front view and a back one, accompanied with a striking likeness of the leathern case in which they are contained. Many cures have certainly been performed by them, and how those cures are performed has been as certainly exemplified by some very ingenious experiments which were made at Bath and Bristol. Pieces of wood, and others of common iron, shaped and colored like the tractors, were tried there upon some paralytic patients in the Infirmary. The mode of operating consists in nothing more than in gently stroking the part affected with the point of the instrument, and so, according to the theory, conducting off into the atmosphere the galvanic matter of pain ! It is impossible that where there is no sore this can give any pain whatever, yet the patients were in agonies. One of them declared that he had suffered less when pieces of the bone of his leg had been cut out, and they were actually enabled to move limbs which before were dead with palsy.---False relics have wrought true miracles.

Another gentleman quacks with oxygen, and recommends what he calls vital wine as a cure for all diseases. Vital wine must be admitted to be something extraordinary; but what is that to a people for whom solar and lunar tinctures have been prepared ! Another has risen from a travelling cart to the luxuries of a chariot by selling magnetic girdles; his theory is, that the magnetic virtue attracts the iron in the blood, and makes the little red globules revolve faster, each upon its own axis, in the rapidity and regularity of which revolutions health consists; and this he proves to the people by showing them how a needle is set in motion by his girdles. But magnetism has been made the ba-

sis of a far more potentous quackery; which is in all its parts so extraordinary that it merits a full account, not merely in a picture of England, but also in the history of the century which has just expired. My next shall develope this at length.

The reason why these scoundrels succeed to so much greater an extent in England than in any other country, is because they are enabled to make themselves so generally known by means of the newspapers; and, in consequence of the great internal commerce, to have their agents every where, and thus do as much mischief every where as if the Devil had endowed them with a portion of his own ubiquity. Not only do the London papers find their way over the whole kingdom, but every considerable town in the provinces has one or more of its own, and in these they insert their long advertisements with an endless perseverance which must attract notice, and make them and their medicines talked of. How effectually this may be done, I can illustrate by an odd anecdote. Some twelve or fifteen years ago a wager was laid between two persons in London, that the one would in the course of a few weeks make any nonsensical word which the other should choose to invent, a general subject of conversation. Accordingly he employed people to write in chalk upon all the walls in London the word *Quoz*. Every body saw this word wherever they went staring them in the face, and nobody could divine its meaning. The newspapers noticed it,—What can it be? was the general cry, and the man won his wager.

Upon this system the quacks persist in advertising at an enormous expense, for which however they receive ample interest; and which indeed they do not always honestly pay. Part of their scheme is to advertise in newspapers newly set up, and which therefore insert their notices at an under price; and one fellow, when he was applied to for payment, refused, saying that his clerk had ordered the insertion without his knowledge. To go to law with him would have been a remedy worse than the disease.

El vencido vencido,
Y el vencedor perdido,*
is true here, as well as in other countries.

These wretches know the sufferings and the hopes of mankind, and they mock the one and aggravate the other. They who suffer, listen gladly to any thing which promises relief; and these men insert such cases of miraculous cures, signed and sworn to, and attested, that they who do not understand how often the recovery may be real and the cure imaginary,—the fact true and the application false,—yield to the weight of human testimony, and have faith to the destruction of their bodies, though they will have none to the salvation of their souls.

Attestations to these cases are procured in many ways. A quack of the first water for a long time sent his prescriptions to the shop of some druggists of great respectability. After some months he called there in his carriage, and introduced himself, saying that they must often have seen his name, and that he now came to complain of them, for unintentionally doing him very serious mischief. "Gentlemen," said he, "you charge your drugs too low. As medical men yourselves, you *must* know how much depends upon faith, and people have no faith in what is cheap,—they will not believe that any thing can do them good unless they pay smartly for it. I must beg you to raise your prices, and raise them high too, double and treble what they now are at least,—or I really must send my patients elsewhere." This was strange, and what they were requested to do was not after the ordinary custom of fair trading;—but as it did not appear that there could be any other advantage resulting to him from it than what he had stated, they at last promised to do as he desired. This visit led to further acquaintance; and after another long interval, they were persuaded one day to dine with their friend the Doctor. During dinner the servant announced that a person from the country wished to see the Doctor, and thank him for having

* He who loses, loses, and he who wins is ruined.—TR.

sured him. 'Oh,' said he, 'don't you know that I am engaged? These people wear me out of my life! Give the good man something to eat and drink, tell him I am very glad he is got well, and send him away.' The servant came in again,—'Sir, he will not go,—he says it is a most wonderful cure,—that you have raised him from the dead, and he cannot be happy till he has seen you and thanked you himself. He is come a long way from the country, sir.' 'Gentlemen,' said the Doctor, 'you see how it is. I do not know how to get rid of him, unless you will have the goodness to allow him just to come in, and then he will be satisfied and let us alone. This is the way I am plagued!' In came the countryman, and began to bless the Doctor as the means under God of snatching him from the grave; and offered him money tied up in a leathern bag, saying it was all the compensation he could make; but if it were ten times as much it would be too little,—the Doctor crying 'Well, well, my friend, I am glad to see you so well,' and refusing to take his money. Still the man persisted, and would tell the company his case,—he could not in conscience be easy if he did not,—and he began a long story, which the Doctor first attempted to stop, and then affected not to listen to,—till at length by little and little he began to give ear to it, and seemed greatly interested before he had done, and interrupted him with questions. At last he called for pen and ink, saying—'This is so very extraordinary a case that I must not lose it;' and making the man repeat it as he wrote, frequently said to his visitors, 'Gentlemen, I beg you will take notice of this; it is a very remarkable case:' and when he had finished writing it, he said to them you have heard the good man's story, and I am sure can have no objection to subscribe your names as witnesses.' The trick was apparent, and they begged leave to decline appearing upon the occasion. 'Why, gentlemen,' said he, 'you and I had better continue friends. You must be sensible that I have been the means of putting very great and unusual profits into your hands, and you will not surely refuse me so trifling a return as that of attesting a case which you have heard from the man himself,

and can have no doubt about !' There was no remedy: they were caught, felt themselves in his power, and were obliged to submit to the mortification of seeing themselves advertised as witnesses to a cure which they knew to be a juggle.

This same man once practised a similar trick in such a way that the wit almost atones for the roguery. Some young men of fashion thought it would be a good joke to get him to dinner and make him drunk, and one of them invited him for this purpose. The Doctor went, and left his friend the countryman to follow him and find him out: of course it was still better sport for them to hear the case. But the next morning it appeared in the newspapers with the names of the whole party to attest it.

Government gives an indirect sort of sanction to these worst of all impostors. They enter the receipt of their medicines as a discovery, and for the payment of about 100*l.* sterling, take out a privilege, which is here called a patent, prohibiting all other persons from compounding the same; then they announce their discoveries as by the king's authority, and thus the ignorant are deceived. The Scotch* universities also sell them degrees in medicine without the slightest examination,—this trade in degrees being their main support,—and they are legally as true Doctors in medicine as the best of the profession. This infamous practice might soon be put a stop to. Their medicines may be classed under three heads: they are either such as can do no good, but produce immediate exhilaration, because they contain either laudanum or spirits; or they are well known drugs given in stronger doses than usual, so as to be sure of producing immediate good at the probable chance of occasioning after mischief; or they are more rarely new medicines introduced before the regular practitioners will venture to employ them. In this way arsenic was first employed. The famous fever powder of Dr. James is of this des-

* Don Manuel should have said some of the Scotch universities, and not have involved Edinburgh and Glasgow in the censure.—Tz.

cription; he knew it would be adopted in general practice, and, to secure the profits to his representatives after the term of his privilege should have expired, had recourse to means which cannot be justified. Every person upon taking out a patent is obliged to specify upon oath the particular discovery on which he grounds his claim to it. He entered a false receipt: so that, though the ingredients have been since detected by analysis, still the exact proportions and the method of preparation are supposed to be known only to those who have succeeded to his rights, and who in consequence still derive an ample income from the success of this artifice.

There is yet another mystery of iniquity to be revealed. Some of the rascals who practise much in a particular branch of their art are connected with gamblers. They get intimate with their young moneyed patients and, as they keep splendid houses, invite them to grand entertainments, where part of the gang are ready to meet them, and when the wine is done with the dice are produced.

LETTER LI.

Account of Animal Magnetism.

I SHALL devote this letter to a full account of the theory of Animal magnetism, which was put a stop to in France by the joint authority of the church and state; but had its fair career in England. The Lectures of Mainauduc, who was the teacher in this country, were published, and from them I have drawn this detail;

Leggilo*, che meno

Leggerlo a te, che a me scriverlo costa.

According to this new system of physics the earth, its atmosphere, and all their productions are only one,

* Read it; for it will cost you less to read it than it did me to write it. TR.

and each is but a separate portion of the whole, occasionally produced and received back into itself for the purpose of maintaining a continual and regular rotation of animate and inanimate substances. An universal connection subsists between every particle and mass of particles of this whole, whether they be comprehended under the title of solids or fluids: or distinguished by the particular appellation of men, beasts, birds, fish, trees, plants or herbs; all are particles of the same original mass, and are in perpetual cycle, employed in the work of forming, feeding, decomposing and again re-forming bodies or masses. A regular attachment universally exists between all particles of a similar nature throughout the whole; and all forms composed in and of any medium of particles, must be influenced by whatever effects that medium, or sets its particles in motion; so that every form in the earth, and atmosphere, must receive and partake of every impulse received by the general medium of atoms in which, and of which, they are formed.

All forms are subject to one general law; action and re-action produce heat, some of their constituent atoms are rendered fluid by heat, and form streams, and convey into the form atoms for its increase and nourishment; this is called composition by vegetation and circulation. Circulation not only brings in particles for growth and nourishment, but it also carries off the useless ones. The passages through which these particles pass in and out, are called pores. By a pore we are to understand a space formed between every two solid atoms in the whole vegetating world, by the liquefaction of the atom, which, when solid, filled up that space. As circulation, vegetation, and consequently animal life arise from the formation of pores, so the destruction of them must terminate every process of animal existence, and each partial derangement of porosity induces incipient destruction of the form or what is called disease.

By the process of circulation atoms of various kinds are carried in, deposited, and thrown out of each part of every form; and every form is surrounded and pro-

ected by an atmosphere peculiar to itself, composed of these particles of circulating fluids, and analogous to the general atmosphere of the earth. This is the general atmosphere of the form. The solid parts of the body throw off in the same manner their useless particles, but these pass off and become blended with those of the general atmosphere of the earth. These are called the emanations of the form. Thus then earth and atmosphere are one whole, of which every form is but a part; the whole and all its parts are subject to the same laws, and are supported by action; action produces re-action; action and re-action produce heat; heat produces fluidity; fluidity produces pores; pores produce circulation; circulation produces vegetation; vegetation produces forms: forms are composed of solids and fluids; solids produce emanations; fluids produce atmospheres; atmospheres and emanations produce partial decomposition; total decomposition is death; death and decomposition return the atoms to the general mass for re-production.

The whole vegetating system is comprised in miniature in man. He is composed of pipes beyond conception numerous, and formed of particles between which the most minute porosity admits, in every direction, the passage of atoms and fluids. The immense quantity of air which is continually passing in and out through every part and pore of the body, carries in with it such atoms as may become mixed with the general atmosphere, and these must either pass out again or stop in their passage. If they should be of a hurtful nature, they injure the parts through which they pass, or in which they stop; if on the contrary they should be healthy and natural, they contribute to health and nourishment. Butchers, publicans, cooks, living in an atmosphere of nutritious substances, generally become corpulent, though they have slender appetites; painters, plumbers, dyers, and those who are employed in atmospheres of pernicious substances, become gradually diseased, and frequently lose the use of their limbs long before decomposition takes place for their relief.

Hence it appears that the free circulation of healthy atoms through the whole form is necessary, and that obstructions of its porosity, or stoppage of its circulating particles, must occasion derangement in the system and be followed by disease. To obviate this evil, innumerable conductors are placed in the body, adapted by their extreme sensibility to convey information of every impression to the sensorium ; which according to the nature of the impression, or the injury received, agitates, shakes, or contracts the form to thrust forth the offending cause. This is Nature's established mode of cure, and the efficacy of the exertion depends on the strength of the system ; but these salutary efforts have been mistaken for disease.

As every impression is received through one medium disposed over the whole form for that purpose, it may be asserted that there is but one sense, and that all these impressions are only divisions of the sense of feeling. The accuracy of any of these divisions depends on the health of the nervous system in general. This nervous or conducting system is only a portion of a much greater one, similar in its nature, but far more extensive in its employment.

There are in the general atmosphere innumerable strings of its component atoms ; the business of these strings is to receive and convey, from and through every part of the atmosphere, of the earth and of their inhabitants, whatever impulses they receive. These conductors are to be called atmospherical nerves ; the nerves of the human body are connected with these, or rather are a part of them.

This is elucidated by the phenomena of sound. Theorists agree that sound is produced in a bell by the tremulous motion of its component atoms, which alternately changes its shape from round to oval a million times in one instant ; as is proved by horizontally introducing a bar into the aperture, which counteracting one of the contractions, the bell splits. The conveyance of sound they account for, by saying that the atoms of the atmosphere are displaced by the alternate contractions of the bell. Place a lighted candle near the bell, and this

theory is overthrown : if the general atmosphere is agitated, wind must result ; but the flame of the candle remains steady. Let us substitute the true process.

Every impression in nature has its own peculiar set of conductors ; and no two sets interfere with, or impede, each other. The stroke of the bell affects the nearest atom of the nerves of sound, and runs along them in every direction. Human nerves are continuations of the atmospherical ; all animated beings being only as warts, or excrescences, which have sprung up amidst these atmospherical nerves and are permeated by them in every direction. The atmospherical nerves of sound are parts of the auditory nerves in man ; the atmospherical nerves of light are continued thro' man to form his optic nerves ; and thus the auditory and optic nerves of one man are the auditory and optic nerves of every animated being in the universe ; because all are branches sent off from the same great tree in the parent earth and atmosphere.

It may be asked, what prevents the derangement of these innumerable strings, when the atmosphere is violently agitated ? Aerial nerves are like those of animated bodies, composed of atoms but the atoms are in looser contact. When a ray of sunshine comes through the hole in a window-shutter the atoms are visible, and the hand may pass through them ; but they instantly resume their situations by their attractive connection.

Every inanimate substance is attached to its similar ; all animate and inanimate substances are attached to each other by every similar part in each of their compositions ; all animate beings are attached to each other by every similar atom in their respective forms, and all these attachments are formed by atmospherical nerves. If two musical instruments perfectly in union be placed one at each end of the same apartment, whatever note is struck upon the one will be repeated by the other. Martial music may be heard by a whole army in the field ; each note has its peculiar conductor in the general atmosphere, and each ear must be connected with the atmospherical conductor of each note ; so that every note has not only its separate conductor in the at-

mosphere, but also its separate conductor in every ear.—We have got through the hypothesis, now to the application.

The mind is the arbitrator over the bones, the muscles, the nerves and the body in general, and is that something which the anatomists knife can neither dissect, discover, nor destroy. But to define what that something is, we must apply to the words of our Saviour,—“It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.” The decisions, adoptions, and commands of this spirit are man’s volition; but we are not accustomed to investigate the means by which volition is exerted, nor to seek for the privilege of improving it beyond the common necessary avocations of life. Yet, if it be properly sought for, a power of volition may be called forth in man, in a far more exalted degree than what he now exerts; a power subordinate to a far superior one, by whom it is portioned out to individuals according to the purposes for which they exert it, and which is partially or totally recalled when neglected or abused. The accomplishment of any purpose of the will depends physically on the length of time required for its performance, and on the undisturbed continuance of the act of volition during that time. The least interruption, or the change of the will to any other subject before the first intention is accomplished, totally destroys the influence. This axiom is unalterable in this new science of healing, that to produce salutary effects the suggestion must be pure and moral, the attention steadily determined, the intention single and fixed, and volition vigorously exerted, continuing unvaried and unrelaxed either till the purpose is effected or relinquished.

On the pretensions to inspiration which are implied here, I shall remark elsewhere, nor will I interrupt the account with any comments upon the impudent hypocrisy with which it is seasoned to the public taste. To proceed then;—the atmospherical part of the human body is capable of contraction, of distention, and of direction; it may be attracted from, or distended

to, any unlimited distance ; and may be so directed, as to penetrate any other form in nature.

The rejected atoms from the fluid, and emanations from the solid parts of bodies, when rightly understood, are the only and unerring criterion by which the obstructions and diseases of each part can be ascertained ; and when judiciously employed they become material instruments for the removal of every malady. They are subject to the influence of volition ; and may be forced out of their natural course, or attracted into the pores of the operator ; and the human body, which in many respects resembles a sponge, is adapted to receive such emanations and atmospheres as a skilful practitioner may propel into any part of it, and to afford them a free passage wherever he directs them. The countless number of universal nerves which combine with, and are regular continuations of, those similar conductors called nerves in animal forms, are subject to the influence of man's spiritual volition, and are affected or influenced if we strike one or more of them with the atoms which are continually flowing from us ; that affection is conveyed on to such parts of the body as those conductors are attached to, and the nature and degree of the impulse will be according to the nature of the intention and the energy of the volition.

To determine the situation, nature and extent of derangement or disease, recourse must be had to the atoms which proceed from the patient ; for the rejected atoms resemble in their healthy or diseased qualities the parts from which they pass. These particles of matter are so immediately subject to the influence of combined spiritual volition, that the established system by which they are mixed with the universal medium gives way during our exertion, and they follow the course which we prescribe ; and whatever may be the direction or medium through which we propel them, they remain unalterably the same, and continue passive and unchanged either by distance, direction or contact, until we withdraw that influence, and discharge them from our service.

To judge of the state of the part from whence these

atoms proceed, they must be attracted to some part of the examiner's body, and must strike his nerves; this process is called receiving impressions or sensations from the patient. Every substance in nature will afford some impression to that part of his body which the experienced examiner opposes to receive it, but professors usually prefer the hands and especially the fingers. The roots of the nails most commonly announce the first impressions, because the cuticle is thinnest in that part and the pungent emanations more readily arrive at the nerves. No part perhaps of this astonishing science, says the lecturer, creates more jealousy among students than their susceptibility of sensations. Some enjoy that privilege to a great degree of accuracy, even at the first essay, whilst others are in pursuit of it for months. This difference is at first constitutional; but when the science has produced a proper influence on the mind and morals, the impressions insensibly grow into accuracy. It sometimes happens that they who are most susceptible at first become totally deprived of that blessing until they approve themselves more worthy servants. It is essentially necessary to render the process of receiving the atoms emitted from every object familiar; this will be effected by habitually seeking for them. For this purpose students should frequently receive the emanations from salt, sugar, water, fire, and in short from every substance which occurs; by this means they soon become expert.

There are two modes of Examination; the first is that which should accurately be attended to by newly initiated students, as it affords a catalogue of sensations which become a regular standard to judge of all diseases by, and to reduce examination to accuracy and perfection. This mode consists in opposing one or both hands towards the patient. The examiner should sit or stand in an easy position, cautiously avoiding all pressure on his body or arms, least he should suspect the impressions to proceed from that cause rather than from the disease. He should fix on some particular part of the patient, external or internal; then turning the backs of his hands he must vigorous-

ly and steadily command the emanations and atmospheres, which pass from that part to strike his hands, and he must closely attend to whatever impressions are produced on them. He must not permit his attention to wander from the object: if he should his labor is intirely lost. To render the process more steady, the eyes of the examiner should be fixed on the part to which he is attending with the unvaried intent of directing the effluent atoms towards his hands; it might naturally be supposed that his eyes should be open, but is better they were shut, as all extraneous objects are by that means excluded, and the porosity of the eyelids removes the idea of impediment. It is perfectly immaterial what may be the distance between the examiner and the patient; the process and the impressions will be exactly the same—provided he calls forth in himself the requisite exertion.

The second mode of examination is by opposing the whole body to that of the patient. In this the operator must not seek to know where the patient is, but recollecting that all human beings are connected to each other by innumerable atmospherical nerves, and that the whole medium in which they are placed is composed of loose atoms, he must fix his attention on the patient as if he stood before him. Thus situated, he must vigorously exert his power to attract all the emanations and atmospheres proceeding from the patient to himself. The atoms then which proceed from each particular part of the patient run to the same parts of the examiner, who feels in every part of his own person whatever the patient feels in his, only in a less degree, but always sufficiently to enable him to describe the feelings of the patient, and to ascertain the very spot in which the derangement exists, and the consequences resulting from it. If the examiner's attention is directed only to one particular viscus, that same viscus alone will receive information in himself: but if it be generally directed, every part of his body will give an account of its own proceedings. It is to be remarked that undiseased parts will not convey

any remarkable impression to the examiner, as nothing results from health but gentle, soft, equable heat.

The mode of healing is termed Treating;—it is a process made use of by the operator to create, if partially obliterated, or to increase if become languid the natural action and re-action in any part of the body; and to assist nature by imitating and re-establishing her own law, when she is become inadequate to the task. This process is the opposite to the last; in that the examiner attracted the atoms from the patient to himself, but in this he must propel the atoms from himself to the patient. By a steady exertion of compound volition we have it in our power to propel the particles which emanate from our own body, against and into whatever part of any other form we fix our intention upon, and can force them in any direction and to any distance. Thus by a continued and regular succession of particles, directed vigorously in a rapid stream against those atoms which are stopt in their passage and accumulated into a heap, we break down the impediments, push off those atoms which we detach, direct them into the circulating currents for evacuation, and save the system from all the evil consequences which its impeded functions were occasioning. This is like throwing handfuls of shot at a heap of sand in a rivulet which, as the grains of sand are separated from each other, washes them along before it. As all obstructions are not equally hard or compact, they are not all destroyed with the same facility. A single look will often prove sufficient for a recent accumulation of particles; for an accidental contraction or a sudden distention; whereas those of a long standing and of a more serious nature demand frequent, long, and judiciously-varied treatment.

The general process of treatment is an influence of mind over organized matter, in which unorganized matter is the occasional instrument. The mind should be able to perform this work without any particular motions of the body or of its extremities. But, says the professor, inexperience, and the frequent disturbances which occur to divert the attention induces us to a-

adopt some mode of action ; the constant repetition of which may attract, rouse, or recall the mind to its subject, when it becomes languid or diverted from its employment. Hence, he adds, we generally employ our hands in the act of treating ; and write, as it were, our various intentions on each part of the motions we make towards it ; or, in fact, we trace on the diseased part with our current of emanations the various curative intentions of our mind or spirit.

The pathology is soon explained. The impressions produced upon the fingers of the examiner by the stone will be heaviness, indolence, and cold. Burns and scalds produce heavy dull pricking at first ; when inflammation has taken place great heat and sharp pricking, but indolent numbness from the centre. Rheumatic head-ache occasions pricking, numbness and creeping or vermicular motion, heat if the patient be strong, cold if he be relaxed. Inflammation caused by confined wind produces intense heat, pricking and creeping ; the heat is occasioned by the inflammation, the pricking by the wind acting against the obstructed pores, and the creeping by the motion of the wind from one part to another. Pus communicates to the hand of the examiner such a feeling of softness as we should expect from dipping the hand in it, but combined with pricking from the motion which the wind contained in it makes in its endeavours to escape. Diseased lungs makes the fingers feel as if dough had been permitted to dry on them, this is called clumsy stiffness. Pleurisy occasions creeping, heat, and pricking ; deafness ; resistance and numbness. Contracted nerves announce themselves to the examiner by a pressure round his fingers, as if a string was tightly bound round them ; cases of a relaxed habit by a lengthened debilitated sensation ; diseased spleen, or ovaries, by a spinning in the fingers ends, as if something were twirling about in them. The impression which scrofula produces upon the practitioner is curious and extraordinary : at every motion which he makes the joints of his fingers, wrists, elbows and shoulders crack. Worms excite creeping and pinching ; bruises ; heaviness in the hands and numbness in the fingers.

The Modus Operandi must now be exemplified; premising according to the professor's words, that the operator's own emanations become for him invisible fingers, which penetrate the pores and are to be considered as the natural and only ingredient which are or can be adapted to the removal of nervous or of any other affections of the body.

Instead therefore of lithotomy the stone may thus be cured without danger or pain. This invisible power must be applied to the juices which circulate in the vicinity of the stone; and they must be conducted to the stone and applied to its surface, that the stone may be soaked in them for the purpose of dissolving the gum which makes the particles of sand cohere. If the hands are employed in this process the mind must conceive that the streams of atoms, which continually rush forth from the fingers, are continued on; and lengthened out into long invisible fingers which become continuations of our natural ones; and which, being composed of minute particles, are perfectly adapted to pass through the pores of another form; and to be applied, as we should apply our visible fingers, to the very part on which it is intended to act. The last process is action: by striking those very emanating particles that constitute that invisible elongation of the part of our own body which it is intended to employ, whether it be the hand, the eye, or any other part,—by striking them forcibly in constant and rapid succession against the stone, the particles of sand, having been rendered less tenacious by the soaking, loosen and fall apart, and are washed out of the body by the natural evacuation.

One instance more will suffice. In cases of indigestion the sensations produced by the ropy humor in the stomach are a thick gummy feel on the fingers; and when they are gently moved they meet with a slight degree of resistance. To judge of the depth of this slimy humor the fingers must be perpendicularly dipt in it to the bottom of the stomach; the consequence will be the impression of a circular line as if a string surrounded each finger, marking the depth to which

they had sunk. Now to remove this derangement the coat of the stomach must be cleared, which is done by the invisible fingers scraping all the internal surface.

You have here the whole sum and substance of a secret for which a hundred guineas were originally paid by aspirants, and which was afterwards published at five guineas by subscription. The list of subscribers contains the names of some nobles, and of one bishop; but it is short, and for that reason I suppose the second and third parts, which were to contain new systems of anatomy and midwifery as improved by this new science, were never published.

It follows incontrovertibly from the principles which have been advanced, that as the practitioners in this art heal diseases so they can communicate them; that they can give the itch by shaking with invisible hands, and send a fit of the gout to any person whom they are disposed to oblige. The Indian jonglurs, who, like these English impostors, affect to sell the same pain as the patient lay claim to this power; but it did not answer the purposes of imposture here to pretend to a power of doing mischief.

LETTER LII.

Blasphemous Conclusion of Mainauduc's Lectures.—The Effects which he produced explained.—Disappearance of the Imposture.

THE conclusion of the extraordinary book from whence I have condensed the summary of this prodigious quackery, is even more extraordinary and more daring than the quackery itself. It may be transcribed without offence to religion, for every catholic will regard its atrocious impiety with due abhorrence.

"I flatter myself," says this man at the close of his lectures, "you are now convinced that this science is of too exalted a nature to be trifled with or despised ;

and I fondly hope that even the superficial specimen which you have thus far received, has given you room to suppose it not a human device held out for the sportive gratification of the idle moment, but a divine call from the affectionate creating Parent, inviting his rebellious children by every persuasive, by every tender motive, to renounce the destructive allurements of earthly influence : and to perform the duties which he sent his Beloved Son into the world to inculcate, as the only and effectual conditions on which the deluded spirit in man should escape future punishment. The apostles received and accepted of those terms : disciples out of number embraced the doctrine ; and by example, by discourse, and by cures, influenced the minds of the unthinking multitude absorbed in sin, and rioting in obstinate disobedience.—Again the Almighty Father designs to rouse his children from that indifference to their impending fate, into which the watchful enemy omits no opportunity of enticing them. To lead our Saviour from his duty, the tempter showed and offered him all this world's grandeur ;—so he daily in some degree does to us. Our Saviour spurned him with contempt, and so must we. Our blessed Saviour whose spirit was a stranger to sin, cured by perfect spiritual and physical innocence, and by an uninterrupted dependence on his Great, Omnipotent, Spiritual Father. He never failed. His chosen apostles cured by relinquishing this world and following him. We have but one example, that I can recollect, of their having failed ; and then Christ told them what was necessary to ensure success. The disciples and the followers of the apostles performed many cures, but how far they were chequered by failures I am not informed. Paracelsus, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Robert Fludd and several others, experienced sufficient power in themselves to verify the words of our Saviour ; but were soon deprived of what was only lent to urge them to seek for the great original cause ‘Verily, verily,’ said Christ, ‘the works which I do shall ye do also ; and greater works than these shall ye do, for I go unto my Father.’ Valentine Greatrakes, by obeying the

Instructions imparted to him in visions, performed many cures; but ceasing to look up to the source, and giving way to medical importunity, he administered drugs and could not expect success. Gasner, a moral and religious man, performed many cures; he was shut up in a convent, through the ignorance of his superiors and the superstitious blindness of the age he lived in; thence his progress was trivial, though his dawns seemed to promise much. Mesmer pillaged the subject from Sir Robert Fludd, and found to a certainty the existence of the power: undisciplined to attend to our Saviour's information, he preferred loadstones and magnetic ideas to the service of the Great Author; and after performing several accidental cures, his magnetism and his errors shared the fate of his predecessors. Doctor D'Eslon, his partner, though a man of strong reason and impartiality, ascribed the power which he experienced to the physical will of man; and after performing some cures, he fell asleep. At length, after so many centuries of ignorance, it has graciously pleased the Almighty Father to draw aside the veil, and disclose his sacred mysteries to this favored generation. And when I shall be called home it will, I hope, appear that for a bright and happy certainty of serving my God, and living with my Saviour I pointed out to you, my brethren, the Almighty's real science and that path to Heaven, which Christ, *the only perfect and successful one of this list*, left to mankind as his last testament and inestimable dying gift*."

* The translator thought the daring impiety of this whole extract so truly extraordinary, that he determined to seek for it in the original work, instead of retranslating it from D. Manuel's Spanish. With much difficulty he succeeded in finding the book; it is a large thin quarto volume, printed in 1798, with a portrait of Mainauduc from a picture by Cosway. From this the technical language of the summary has been corrected, and the exact words of this extract copied, so that the reader may rely upon their perfect accuracy.—Tr.

This protentous blasphemy shows to what excess any kind of impiety may be carried in this country, provided it does not appear as a direct attack upon religion. So infamous an impostor would in our country quickly have been silenced by the holy office or, to speak more truly, the salutary dread of the holy office would have restrained him within decent bounds. Was he pure rogue, undiluted with any mixture of enthusiasm; or did he, contrary to the ordinary process, begin in rogue and end in enthusiast?

It is a common observation, that a man may tell a story of his own invention so often that he verily believes it himself at last. There is more than this in the present case. Mainauduc pretended to possess an extraordinary power over the bodily functions of others; it was easy to hire patients at first who would act as he prescribed, and much was to be expected afterwards from credulity; but that it should prove that he actually did possess this power in as great a degree as he ever pretended over persons not in collusion with him, nor prepared to be affected by their previous belief, but unprejudiced, incredulous, reasonable people, philosophical observers who went to examine and detect the imposition, in sound health of body and mind, was more than he expected, and perhaps more than he could explain. This actually was the case; they who went to hear him with a firm and rational disbelief, expecting to be amused by the folly of his patients, were themselves thrown into what is called *the crisis*: his steady looks and continued gesticulations arrested their attention, made them dizzy, deranged the ordinary functions of the system, and fairly deprived them for a time of all voluntary power and all perception,

How dangerous a power this was, and to what detestable purposes it might be applied, need not be explained. The solution is easy and convincing, but it by no means follows that he himself comprehended it. If we direct our attention to the involuntary operations of life within us, they are immediately deranged. Think for a minute upon the palpitation of the heart, endeavor to feel the peristaltic motion,

or breathe by an act of volition, and you disturb those actions which the life within us carries on unerringly and as far as we can perceive unconsciously. Any person may make the experiment, and satisfy himself. The animal magnetists keep up this unnatural state of attention long enough by their treatment to produce a suspension of these voluntary motions, and consequent insensibility.

In a country like this where the government has no discretionary power of interfering to punish villany, and of course where whosoever can invent a new roguery may practise it with impunity till a new law be made to render it criminal, Mainauduc might have gone on triumphantly and have made himself the head of a sect, or even a religion, had the times been favorable. But politics interfered, and took off the attention of all the wilder or busier spirits. He died, and left a woman to succeed him in the chair. The female caliph either wanted ability to keep the believers together, or having made a fortune thought it best to retire from trade. So the school was broken up. Happy for some of the disciples, who could not exist without a constant supply of new miracles to feed their credulity, Richard Brothers appeared; who laid higher claims than Mainauduc, and promised more wonderful things. But of him hereafter.

LETTER LIII.

Methodists.—Wesley and Whitfield.—Different methods of attacking the Establishment.—Titles.—Methodism approaches Popery, and paves the way for it.—William Huntington, S. S.

IN the year 1729 a great rent was made in the ragged robe of heresy. Wesley and Whitfield were the Luther and Calvin of this schism which will probably, at no very remote time, end in the overthrow of the Established Heretical Church.

They began, when young men at Oxford, by collec-

ting together a few persons who were of serious dispositions like themselves, meeting together in prayer, visiting the prisoners, and communicating whenever the sacrament was administered. Both took orders in the establishment, and for a while differed only from their brethren by preaching with more zeal. But they soon outwent them in heresy also, and began to preach of the inefficacy and worthlessness of good works, and of the necessity of being born again a doctrine which they perverted into the wildest enthusiasm. The new birth they affirmed was to take place instantaneously, and to be accompanied with an assurance of salvation; but throes and agonies worse than death were to precede it. The effect which they produced by such a doctrine, being both men of burning fanaticism and of that kind of eloquence which suited their hearers, is wonderful. They had no sooner convinced their believers of the necessity of this new birth, than instances enough took place. The people were seized with demoniacal convulsions; shrieks and yells were set up by frantic women; men fell as if shot through the heart; and after hours of such sufferings and contortions as required the immediate aid either of the exorcist or the beadle, they became assured that they were born again and fully certain that their redemption was now sealed.

There may have been some trick in these exhibitions, but that in the main there was no wilful deception is beyond a doubt. *Dux res, says St. Augustine, faciunt in homine omnia peccata, timor scilicet et cupiditas: timor facit fugere omnia quæ sunt carni molesta; cupiditas facit habere omnia quæ sunt carni suavia.* These powerful passions were excited in the most powerful degree. They terrified their hearers as children are terrified by the tales of apparitions, and the difference of effect was according to the difference of the dose, just as the drunkenness produced by brandy is more furious than that which is produced by wine. All those affections which are half mental, half bodily, are contagious; yawning, for instance, is always, and laughter frequently so. When one person was thus violently affected, it was like jarring a string in a room

full of musical instruments. The history of all opinions evinces that there are epidemics of the mind.

Such scenes could not be tolerated in the churches. They then took to the streets and fields, to the utter astonishment of the English clergy, who in their ignorance cried out against this as a novelty. Had these men happily for themselves been born in a catholic country, it is most probable that they might indeed have been burning and shining lights. Their zeal, their talents, and their intrepid and indefatigable ardor, might have made them saints instead of heresiarchs ; had they submitted themselves to the unerring rule of faith, instead of blindly trusting to their own perverted judgments. It was of such men, and of such errors, that St. Leo the Great said : *In hanc insipientiam cadunt, qui cum ad cognoscendam veritatem aliquis impediuntur obscuro, non ad Propheticas voces, non ad Apostolicas literas, nec ad Evangelicas auctoritates, sed ad semetipsos recurrunt ; sed ideo magistri erroris existunt, quia veritatis discipuli non fuerunt.*

Thousands, and tens of thousands, flocked to hear them ; and the more they were opposed the more rapidly their converts increased. Riots were raised against them in many places, which were frequently abetted by the magistrates. There is a good anecdote recorded of the mayor of Tiverton, who was advised to follow Gamaliel's advice, and leave the Methodists, as they are called, and their religion to themselves. 'What, sir!' said he : 'Why, what reason can there be for any new religion in Tiverton? another way of going to heaven when there are so many already? Why, sir, there's the Old Church and the New Church, that's one religion ; there's Parson Kiddle's at the Pitt meeting, that's two ; Parson Westcott's in Peter-street, that's three ; and Old Parson Terry's in Newport-street, is four. Four ways of going to heaven already ! and if they wont go to heaven by one or other of these ways, by — they sha'n't go to heaven at all from Tiverton while I am mayor of the town.'—The outrages of the mob became at length so violent that the sufferers appealed to the laws for protection, and from that time they have remained unmolested.

The two leaders did not long agree. Wesley had deliberately asserted that no good works can be done before justification, none which have not in them the nature of sin;—the abominable doctrine which the Bonzes of Japan preach in honor of their deity Amida! Whitfield added to this the predestinarian heresy, at once the most absurd and most blasphemous that ever human presumption has devised. The Methodists divided under these leaders into the two parties of Arminians and Calvinists. Both parties protested against separating from the Church, though they were excluded from the churches. Wesley, however, who was the more ambitious of the two, succeeded in establishing a new church government of which he was the heretical pope. There was no difficulty in obtaining assistants; he admitted lay preachers, and latterly administered ordination himself. The economy of his church is well constructed. He had felt how greatly the people are influenced by novelty, and thus experimentally discovered one of the causes why the established clergy produced so little effect. His preachers, therefore are never to remain long in one place. A double purpose is answered by this; a perpetual succession of preachers keeps up that stimulus without which the people would relapse into conformity, and the preachers themselves are prevented from obtaining in any place that settled and rooted influence which would enable them to declare themselves independent of Wesley's Connection, as the sect is called, and open shop for themselves. An hundred of these itinerants compose the conference, which is an annual assembly, the cortes or council of these heretics; or like our national council, both in one; wherein the state of their numbers and funds is reported and examined, stations appointed for the preachers, and all the affairs of the society regulated. The authority of the preachers is strengthened by the system of confession—confession without absolution, and so perverted as to be truly mischievous. Every parish is divided into small classes, in which the sexes are separated, and also the married and the single. The members of each class are mutually to confess to and question

each other, and all are to confess to the ^{ut} ^A st ^{est}; to whom, also the leader of each class is to report the state of each individual's conscience. The leader also receives the contributions, which he delivers to the stewards. The whole kingdom is divided into districts, to each of which there is an assistant or bishop appointed, who oversees all the congregations within his limits; and thus the conference, which is composed of these assistants and preachers, possess a more intimate knowledge of all persons under their influence than ever was yet effected by any system of police how rigorous soever.

While Wesley lived his authority was unlimited. He resolutely asserted it, and the right was acknowledged. It was supposed that his death would lead to the dissolution of the body, or at least a schism; but it produced no change. The absolute empire which he had exercised passed at once into a republic, or rather oligarchy of preachers, without struggle or difficulty; and their numbers have continued to increase with yearly accelerating rapidity. He lived to the great age of eighty-eight, for more than fifty years of which he had risen at four o'clock, preached twice and sometimes thrice a day, and travelled between four and five thousand miles every year being seldom or never a week in the same place; and yet he found leisure to be one of the most voluminous writers in the language. The body lay in state for several days, in his gown and band in the coffin, where it was visited by forty or fifty thousand persons, constables attending to maintain order. It was buried before break of day, to prevent the accidents which undoubtedly would else have taken place. For many weeks afterward a curious scene was exhibited at his different chapels, where the books of the society are always sold. One was crying 'The true and genuine life of Mr. Wesley!' another bawling against him, 'This is the real life!' and a third vociferating to the people to beware of spurious accounts, and buy the authentic one from him.

Wesley had no wish to separate from the establishment; and for many years he and his preachers open-

ed their meeting-houses only at hours when there was no service in the churches. This is no longer the case, and the two parties are now at open war. The Methodists gain ground; their preachers are indefatigable in making converts: but there is no instance of any person's becoming a convert to the establishment;—waifs and strays from other communities fall into it; such as rich Presbyterians who are tempted by municipal honors, and young Quakers who forsake their sect because they chuse to dress in the fashion and frequent the theatre; but no person join it from conviction. The meeting-houses fill by draining the churches, of which the Methodists will have no scruple to take possession when they shall become the majority, because they profess to hold the same tenets and to have no objection to the discipline.

The Witfield party go a surer way to work. They assert that they hold the articles of the Church of England, which the clergy themselves do not; and therefore they cry out against the clergy as apostates and interlopers. The truth is, that the articles of this Church are Calvinistic; and that, heretical as the clergy are, they are not so heretical as they would be if they adhered to them. The Whitfield Methodists therefore aim, step by step, at supplanting the Church. They have funds for educating hopeful subjects, and purchasing church-livings for them, simony being practised with little or no disguise in this country where every thing has its price. Thus have they introduced a clamorous and active party into the Church, who under the self-assumed title of Evangelical or Gospel Preachers, cry out for reform—for the letter of the articles; and are preparing to eject their supiner colleagues. In parishes where these conforming Calvinists have not got possession of the church they have their meetings; and they have also their country rovers, who itinerate like their Wesley-brethern. The Calvinistic dissenters are gradually incorporating with them, and will in a few generations disappear.

The rapidity with which both these bodies continue to increase may well alarm the regular clergy; but they, having been panic-struck by the French Revolu-

tion and Dr. Priestley, think of nothing but Atheists and Socinians, and are insensible of the danger arising from the domestic enemy. The Methodists have this also in their favor, that, while the end at which they are aiming is not seen, the immediate reformation which they produce is manifest. They do, what the Clergy are equally pledged to do but neglect doing;—they keep a watchful eye over the morals of their adherents, and introduce habits of sobriety, order and honesty. The present good, which is very great, is felt by those who do not perceive that these people lay claim to infallibility, and that intolerance is inseparable from that awful attribute which they have usurped.

The establishment is in danger from another cause. For many years past the farmers have murmured at the payment of tithes;—a sin of old times, which has been greatly aggravated by the consequences of the national schism: since the gentry have turned farmers these murmurs have become louder; and associations have been formed for procuring the abolishment of tithes, on the ground that they impede agricultural improvements. Government has lent ear to these representations; and it is by no means improbable that it will one day avail itself of this pretext to sell the tithes, as the land-tax has already been sold, and fund the money; that is make use of it for its own exigencies, and give the clergy salaries,—thus reducing them to be pensioners of the state. The right of assembling in a house of their own they have suffered to lapse; and they have suffered also without a struggle, a law to be passed declaring them incapable of sitting in the House of Commons;—which law was enacted merely for the sake of excluding an obnoxious individual. There will therefore be none but the bishops to defend their rights,—but the bishops look up to the crown for promotion. If such a measure be once proposed, the Dissenters will petition in its favor, and the farmers will all rejoice in it; forgetting that if the tenth is not paid to the priest it must to the landholder, whom they know by experience to be the more rigid collector of the two. When the constitutional foundations of the church are thus shaken the Metho-

dists who have already a party in the legislature, will come forward and offer a national church at a cheaper rate, which they will say is the true Church of England because it adheres to the letter of the canons. I know not what is to save the heretical establishment, unless government should remember that when the catholic religion was pulled down, it brought down the throne in its fall.

It is not in the nature of man to be irreligious; he listens eagerly to those who promise to lead him to salvation, and welcomes those who come in the name of the Lord with a marmth of faith, which makes it the more lamentable that he should so often be deluded. How then is it that the English clergy have so little hold upon the affections of the people? Partly it must be their own fault, partly the effect of that false system upon which they are established. Religion here has been divested both of its spirit and its substance; what is left is neither soul nor body, but the spectral form of what once had both; such as old chemists pretended to raise from the ashes of a flower, or the church-yard apparitions, which Gaffarel explains by this experiment. There is nothing here for the senses, nothing for the imagination; no visible object of adoration, at which piety shall drink as at a fountain of living waters. The church service here is not a propitiatory sacrifice, and it is regarded with less reverence for being in the vulgar tongue; being thereby deprived of all that mysteriousness, which is always connected with whatever is unknown. When the resident priest is a man of zeal and beneficence, his personal qualities counteract the deadening tendency of the system; these qualities are not often found united; it is true that sometimes they are found, and that then it is scarcely possible to conceive a man more respected or more useful than an English clergyman—saving always his unhappy heresy, but it is also true that the clergy are more frequently inactive; that they think more of receiving their dues than of discharging their duty; that the rector is employed in secular business and secular amusements instead of looking into the spiritual concerns of his flock, and that his deputy, the curate, is

too much upon a level with the poor to be respected by them. The consequence is, that they are yielding to the Methodists without a struggle; and that the Methodists are preparing the way for the restoration of the true church. Beelzebub is casting out Beelzebub. They are doing this in many ways: they have taught the people the necessity of being certain of their own salvation, but there is no certainty upon which the mind can rest except it be upon the absolving power of an infallible church; they have reconciled them to a belief that the age of miracles is not past,—no saint has recorded so many of himself as Wesley, and they have broken them in to the yoke of confession, which is what formerly so intolerably galled their rebellious necks. Whatever in fact in methodism is different from the established church, is to be found in the practices of the true church; its pretensions to novelty are fallacious; it has only revived what here, unhappily, had become obsolete; and has worsened whatever it has altered. Hence it is that they make converts among every people except the Catholics; which makes them say in their blindness that atheism is better than popery, for of an atheist there is hope, but a papist is irreclaimable;—that is, they can overthrow the sandy foundations of human error but not the rock of truth. Our priests have not found them so invincible; a nephew of Wesley himself, the son of his brother and colleague was in his own life-time reclaimed and brought within the fold of the church.

Wesley was often accused of being a Jesuit; would to heaven the imputation had been true! but his abominable opinions respecting good works made a gulph between him and the church as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus. Perhaps if it had not been for this accusation, he would have approached still nearer to it and enjoined celibacy to his preachers instead of only recommending it.

The paroxysms and epilepsies of enthusiasm are now no longer heard of among these people,—good proof that they were real in the beginning of the sect. Occasionally an instance happens, and when it begins the

disease runs through the particular congregation ; this is called a great revival of religion in that place, but there it ends.* Such instances are rare, and groaning

* Of late in America these people have reduced jumping, clapping and shouting to a system. Camp meetings are held in the open fields and, if convenient, in a circular form, at a distance from human habitations ; in which their orgies are continued several days and until by their violent and, as *they term it*, religious exercise, they are exhausted—they make all manner of ridiculous gestures, discordant noises, and frequently utter blasphemies—they sleep together in these tents, old and young ; men, women and children indiscriminately—the vigorous male near the unblushing female—black and white—together.

Soon after the rising of the sun a beautiful girl about eighteen rushed forth from a tent, led by two men ; they cried, bellowed and roared like persons in the utmost agony begging for their lives, exclaiming a lake of fire and brimstone was flaming before them ; that a great devil was thrusting them into it and that God must come down—"Come O God, come down immediately and save us or we shall sink."—These exclamations were repeated in the most vociferous manner for a length of time until this young woman was so exhausted by her exertions that she fell down, her cheek assumed the flush of burning fire, her eyes inflamed, her lips parched—she sunk on the earth, sighed and sobbed as a child ; this ceremony however was not completed until a similar party had issued from another tent, and that followed by another, and another—until the action became general and the scene the most confused, terrific and horrible ever presented to human eye.

"The universal host upsent

A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

Little children turned pale with fear, young girls fainted to the earth, were raised up, converted and became Methodists—such real agonies perhaps were never elsewhere excited by fictitious causes. It appears the first girl was kept for the purpose of a decoy and

and sobbing supply the place of fits and convulsions. I knew a lady who one day questioned a beggar-woman concerning her way of life, and the woman told her she had been one of my lady's groaners; which she explained by saying that she was hired at so much a week to attend at lady Huntingdon's chapel, and groan

had frequently gone through those scenes in a similar way—designing men are no doubt at the bottom of this business and many simple, innocent, souls are led on thus and persuaded of their sincerity:—but many also, who have no design, are by their fanaticism and violence of passion induced to commit actions and make exclamations which justify the charge blasphemy.

This is by no means an exaggerated picture it is but a weak attempt at describing what has taken place—but it is their midnight orgies which appal the heart.

At Morristown at one of their meetings a young woman fainted: immediately they crowded around her and began their incantations: her brother with difficulty forced his way to her, and attempted to take her into the air, but they prevented him. An athletic young heretic saw their situation, forced his way and liberated them. The brother took her to a place of security, and by force opposed their coming near her again:—a tall woman of the sect tossed her hands up—roared—bellowed with all her strength—called on God to “open the earth and sink him into hell.”

It is worthy of remark, that among their converts scarcely ever one has been seduced from a regular congregation, or of regular habits.—A.M. E.D.

“Their ‘*Camp-meetings*’ are held in a wood, deep, dark, lonely, and almost impenetrable, far from any human habitation—the native burghers of the forest are frightened from their wild retreat, and driven from their home, to make way for these midnight worshippers of the most extravagant superstition: here the cauldron is set a boiling, and here in this gloomy hour the ingredients are cast in until the spell is wound up and the weak and terrified mind becomes a converted Methodist.”—A.M. E.D.

during the sermon. The countess of Huntingdon was the great patroness of Whitfield, and his preachers was usually called by her name,—which they have now dropt for the better title of Evangelicals.

Notwithstanding the precautions which the Methodists have taken to keep their preachers dependent upon the general body, the standard of revolt is sometimes erected; and a successful rebel establishes a little kingdom of his own. One of these independent chieftains, has published an account of himself, in which he calls God the Guardian of the Poor and the Bank of Faith. His name is William Huntington, and he styles himself S. S. which signifies Sinner Saved.

The tale which this man tells is truly curious. He was originally a coal-heaver, one of those men whose occupation and singular appearance I have noticed in a former letter; but finding praying and preaching a more promising trade, he ventured upon the experiment of living by faith alone and the experiment has answered. The man had talents, and soon obtained hearers. It was easy to let them know, without asking for either, that he relied upon them for food and clothing. At first supplies came in slowly,—a pound of tea and a pound of sugar at a time, and sometimes an old suit of clothes. As he got more hearers they found out that it was for their credit he should make a better appearance in the world. If at any time things did not come when they were wanted, he prayed for them; knowing well where his prayers would be heard. As a specimen take a story which I shall annex in his own words, that the original may prove the truth of the translation, which might else not unreasonably be suspected.

‘Having now had my horse for some time, and riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my *breeches* out as they were not fit to ride in. I hope the reader will excuse my mentioning the word *breeches* which I should have avoided, had not this passage of scripture obtruded into my mind just as I had resolved in my own thoughts not to mention this kind providence of God. ‘And thou shalt make linen breeches to cov-

or their nakedness ; from the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach,' &c. Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. By which and three others, (namely, Ezek. xlv. 18 ; Lev. vi. 10 ; and Lev. xvi. 4.) I saw that it was no crime to mention the word *breeches*, nor the way which God sent them to me ; Aaron and his sons being clothed entirely by Providence ; and as God himself condescended to give orders what they should be made of, and how they should be cut ; and I believe the same God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in the following history.

'The scripture tells us to call no man master, for one is our master even Christ. I therefore told my most bountiful and ever-adored master what I wanted ; and he who stripped Adam and Eve of their fig-leaved aprons, and made coats of skins and clothed them ; and who clothes the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven ; must clothe us, or we shall go naked ; and so Israel found it when God took away his wool, and his flax, which they prepared for Baal : for which iniquity was their skirts discovered and their heels made bare. Jer. xiii. 22.

'I often made very free in my prayers with my valuable master for this favor, but he still kept me so amazingly poor that I could not get them at any rate. At last I determined to go to a friend of mine at Kingston, who is of that branch of business, to bespeak a pair ; and to get him to trust me until my master sent me money to pay him. I was that day going to London, fully determined to bespeak them as I rode through the town. However, when I passed the shop I forgot it ; but when I came to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a shoemaker in Shepherd's Market, who told me a parcel was left there for me, but what it was he knew not. I opened it, and behold there was a pair of *leather breeches* with a note in them ! the substance of which was, to the best of my remembrance, as follows :

"SIR,—I have sent you a pair of breeches, and hope they will fit. I beg your acceptance of them ; and, if

they want any alteration, leave a note what the alteration is, and I will call in a few days and alter them.

“J. S.”

“I tried them on, and they fitted as well as if I had been measured for them: at which I was amazed, having never been measured by any leather breeches maker in London. I wrote an answer to the note to this effect:

“SIR—I received your present, and thank you for it. I was going to order a pair of leather breeches to be made, because I did not know till now that my Master had bespoke them of you. They fit very well; which fully convinces me that the same God, who moved thy heart to give, guided thy hand to cut; because he perfectly knows my size, having clothed me in a miraculous manner for near five years. When you are in trouble, sir, I hope you will tell my Master of this, and what you have done for me, and he will repay you with honor.”

“This is as nearly as I am able relate it; and I added:

“I cannot make out I.S. unless I put I. for Israelite indeed, and S. for Sincerity; because you did not ‘sound a trumpet before you, as the hypocrites do.”

“About that time twelvemonth I got another pair of breeches in the same extraordinary manner, without my ever being measured for them.”

Step by step by drawing on his Master as he calls him, and persuading the congregation to accept his drafts, this Sinner Saved has got two chapels of his own a house in the country and a coach to carry him backwards and forwards.

My curiosity was greatly excited to see the author of this book, which is not only curious for the matter which it contains but is also written with much unaffected originality. I went accordingly to Providence Chapel. It has three galleries built one above another like a theatre; for, when he wanted to enlarge it, an exorbitant ground-rent was demanded: ‘so,’ says the doctor, as he calls himself, *‘the heavens, even the heavens, are the Lord’s; but the earth hath he given to the*

children of men.—Finding nothing could be done with the *earth-holders*, I turned my eyes another way, and determined to build my *stories in the heaven* (Amos ix. 6.), where I should find more room, and less rent.' The place, however, notwithstanding its great height, was so crowded, that I could with difficulty find standing room in the door-way. The doctor was throned on high in the middle of the chapel, in a higher pulpit than I ever have seen elsewhere: he is a fat little-eyed man, with a dew-lap at his chin and a velvet voice; who, instead of straining himself by speaking loud, enforces what he says more easily by a significant nod of the head. St. Jerome has almost prophetically described him,—*ante nudo eras pede, mudò non solum calceato, sed et ornato: tunc pexâ tunicâ, et nigrâ subuculâ vestiebaris sordidatus, et pallidus, et callosam opere gestitans manum, nunc lineis et sericis vestibus, et Atrabatum et Laodiceæ indumentis ornatus incedis; rubent buccæ, nitet cutis, comæ in occipitium frontemque tornatur, protensus est aqualiculus, insurgunt humeri, turget guttur, et de obesæ faucibus vix suffocata verba promuntur.* His congregation looked as if they were already so near the fire and brimstone, that the fumes had colored their complexions. They had as distinct a physiognomy as the Jews, with a dismal expression of spiritual pride in it; as if they firmly believed in the reprobation of every body except themselves.

It would be rash, and probably unjust, to call this man a rogue. He may fancy himself to be really divinely favored, because, like Elijah, he is fed by ravens,—not remembering that his ravens are tame ones, whom he hath trained to bring him food. The success of his own pretensions may make him believe them. Thus it is: the poor solitary madman who calls himself Ambassador from the Man in the Moon, is confined as a madman, because he can persuade nobody to believe him;—but he who calls himself Ambassador from the Lord is credited, and suffered to go at large: the moment that madness becomes contagious it is safe!

Huntington's success has occasioned imitators one

of whom, who had formerly been a drover of cattle, insisted upon having a carriage also ; he obtained it, and in imitation of the S. S. placed upon it A. J. C. for Ambassador of Jesus Christ ! Then he called upon his congregation for horses, and now threatens to leave them because they are so unreasonable as to demur at finding corn for them. The proof, he says, of their being true Christians is their readiness to support the preachers of the Gospel. Another of these fellows told his congregation one day after service, that he wanted 300% for the work of the Lord, and must have it directly. They subscribed what money they had about them, and some would then have gone home for more ;—he said No, that would not do ; he wanted it immediately, and they must go into the vestry and give checks upon their bankers—which they obediently did.—And the English call us a priest-ridden people !

Morality, says one of these faith-preachers—is the great Antichrist. There are two roads to the devil, which are equally sure ; the one is by profaneness, the other by good works ; and the devil likes the latter way best, because people expect to be saved by it, and so are taken in.—You will smile at all this, and say

Que quien sigue locos en loco se muda,
Segun que lo dize el viego refran*:

but you will also groan in spirit over this poor deluded country, once so fruitful in saints and martyrs.

* That he who follows madmen becomes mad himself, as the old proverb says.—Tr.



LETTER LIV.

The Bible.—More mischievous when first translated than it is at present : still hurtful to a few, but beneficial to many.—Opinion that the domestic use of the Scriptures would not be injurious in Spain.

THE first person who translated the Bible into English was Wickliffe the father in heresy of John Hus, Jerome of Prague, and the Bohemian rebels ; and thus the author of all the troubles in Germany. His bones were, by sentence of the Council of Constance, dug up, and burnt and the ashes thrown into a river, near Lutterworth, in the province of Leicestershire. The river has never from that time, it is said, flooded the adjoining meadows: this is capable of a double construction ; and accordingly, while the heretics say that the virtue of his relics prevents the mischief, the catholics on the other hand affirm that it is owing to the merit of the execution.

It was translated a second time under Henry VIII. at the commencement of the schism and most of the translators, for many were engaged, suffered in one place or another by fire. I would not be thought, even by implication, to favor punishments so cruel, which our age, when zeal is less exasperated and better informed, has disused ; but that the workmen came to such unhappy end may be admitted as some presumption that the work was not good * In fact, the translation of the scriptures produced at first nothing but mischief. Then was fully exemplified what St.

* D. Manuel and his confessor have forgotten that this miserable argument, which the catholics are ready enough to advance when it serves their purpose, is equally applicable to all their own martyrs, and to the apostles themselves.—TR.

Jerome had said so many centuries ago. *Solia scripturarum ars est, quam sibi omnes passim judicant. Hanc garrula anus, hanc delirus senex, hanc sophista verbosus, hanc universi præsumunt, lacerant, docent, ante quam discant.* There seemed to be no end to the multiplication of heresies, and the divisions and subdivisions of schism. You remember Feyjoo's story of the English house which contained within itself three distinct churches, the whole family consisting of only father, mother, and son. Bellarmine relates one equally curious, which he heard from a witness of the fact. The heretical priest was reading in his church, as is customary, a portion of the English Bible ; and it happened to be the twenty-fifth chapter of Ecclesiasticus—' All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman. As the climbing up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man. Of the woman came the beginning of sin, and through her we all die. Give the water no passage ; neither a wicked woman liberty to gad abroad.' One of his female auditors sate swelling with anger till she could bear no more. ' Do you call this the word of God ? ' said she. ' I think it is the word of the devil.' And she knocked down the Bible, and left the church.†

But that the free use of a translation should do mischief at first, and more especially in those unhappy times, is no argument against it in the present day. You have asked me what is its effect at present. I reply to the question with diffidence ; and you must remember that what I say is the result of inquiry, not of observation.

† Bellarmine, unluckily for this story, did not know, and his catholic eye-witness did not recollect, that the Apocrypha is never read in our churches.—TR.

Bellarmino's story must have arisen previous to the revision of the liturgy in the time of James I. by which this portion was omitted ; there is nothing therefore in this account, but its extravagance, which disproves its authenticity ; for antecedently to that reign, the whole of the Apocrypha stood in order of the lessons, and was read in the public service of the church.—A. M. E. D.

How little the unthinking and ignorant part of the community understand their Scriptures, and they are the majority of every community, you may judge by this example. The fungus, which grows in circular groups, is believed here to start up in the place where a diminutive race of beings dance by night whom they call fairies, and who in many things, particularly in their mischievous propensities, seem to resemble our *Duendes*. A clergyman was one day walking with one of his parishioners over his fields ; and the man observed as he passed one of these rings, that the fairies were never seen now as they used to be in old times.—‘ What do you mean by old times ? ’—‘ In the times of the Scriptures.’—‘ Nay,’ said the priest, ‘ I am sure you never read of them in the Scriptures.’—‘ Yes, I do, and I hear you read of them almost every Sunday at church.’ You may conceive the priest’s astonishment—‘ Hear me read of them ? ’ he exclaimed. The man persisted—‘ It is no longer ago than last Sunday you read about the Scribes and *Pharisees*.

There is another class to whom it is pernicious: these are they who having zeal without knowledge think themselves qualified to explain difficult texts, and meddle with the two edged sword of theological controversy. One man, reading that Christ said ‘ My Father is greater than I,’ without further consideration becomes an Arian ; the phrase ‘ Son of Man’ makes another a Socinian ; and a third extracts Calvinism out of St. Paul. There is a sect called Jumpers, who run out of their conventicles into the streets and highways, shouting out ‘ Glory ! Glory ! ’ and jumping all the while with incessant vehemence till their strength is totally exhausted. If you ask the reason of this frantic devotion, they quote Scripture for it !—When Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary the most holy, the babe leaped in her womb : the lame man whom Peter and John healed at the gate of the temple, leaped and praised God : and David danced before the Ark ! These fanatics are confined to Wales where the people are half-savages.

Many of the higher class live, as you may suppose, so

entirely without God in the world, that to them, it would be of no consequence if the scriptures existed in no other language than the original Greek and Hebrew. But in all ranks of society there are numbers of persons to whom the perusal of God's own word is an inestimable comfort. No book of devotion would so certainly fix their attention ; not only because no other can be regarded with such reverence, but also because none is in itself so interesting. It is a pleasure to them, as well as a consolation ; and probably some important maxim, some striking example, nay perhaps even some divine truth, may be thus more deeply impress'd upon the heart than it otherwise would be ; especially in a land where the priest imparts no domestic instruction, —his functions being confined to the church and the churchyard. In sickness, in sorrow, and in old age, in resignation under sufferings inflicted, or in thankfulness for blessings vouchsafed, they go to their Bible instead of their beads with humble hearts and perfect faith ; fervently feeling all that they understand, and devoutly believing all that is above their comprehension. These persons are schismatics, because they were born so ; if it was not their misfortune, it would not be their crime ; and I hope I may be permitted to hope, that in their case the sins of the fathers will not be visited upon the children. He who has threatened this has promised also to show mercy unto thousands in them that love him,—and England has been fruitful of saints and martyrs.

Do I then think, from what the domestic use of the Holy Scriptures produces in England, that it would be beneficial in Spain ? Speaking with that diffidence which becomes me, and with perfect submission to the Holy Church, I am of opinion that it would. St. Jerome indeed has said, *Melius est aliquid nescire, quam cum periculo discere* ; and St. Basil has compared the effects of the Scriptures upon weak minds, to that of strong meats upon a sickly stomach. But the days of Julian Hernandez and Cypriano de Valera are happily over ; we have an authorized translation, free from perversions ; and were it printed in a cheaper form, I think

much of the good which it does in England would be produced and none of the evil. It might also have the good effect of supplanting some of those books of devotion which savor too much of credulity, and do little service and less honor to religion. But in saying this I speak humbly, and with the most perfect submission to authority.

The English Bible is regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of the language, which indeed is fixed. The privilege of printing it is restricted to the two universities, and the king's printer, in order I suppose, to preserve the text correct; yet some impressions once got abroad wherein the negative in the seventh commandment had been omitted, and it was said Thou *shalt* commit adultery. Means have been devised of eluding this exclusive privilege, by printing a commentary with the text; and in two magnificent Bibles (the price of one was above thirty pieces of eight!) this was so plainly practised as a mere evasion, that the commentary consisted in a single line in every sheet, printed in the smallest type, and so close to the bottom of the leaf that it must be pared off in binding. These books are truly magnificent, and honorable to the state of arts in the country. But there is a set of booksellers in London, whose main business consists in publishing worthless and catch-penny works for the ignorant in the country, and these have always a great folio bible, as they call it, in course of publication, ornamented with pitiful engravings, and published periodically, because most of the deluded people who purchase it could not afford to pay for it in any other manner. The cover of one of these numbers was wrapt round some trifling article which I bought the other day at a stationer's; it professed to render the most difficult passages clear and familiar; to rectify mistranslations, reconcile the doubtful, fix the wavering, confound the Infidel, establish the peace and happiness of Christian families in this world, and secure their eternal salvation in the next!

LETTER LV.

Curiosity and Credulity of the English.—The Wild Indian Woman.—The Large Child.—The Wandering Jew.—The Ethiopian Savage.—The Great High German Highter-Flighter.—The Learned Pig.

MY morning's walk has supplied me with two instances of English credulity. Passing through St. George's fields I saw a sort of tent pitched, at the entrance of which a fellow stood holding a board in his hand, on which was painted in large letters "*The Wild Indian Woman.*"—"What," said I to my companion, "do you catch the savages and show them like wild beasts? This is worse than even the slave trade!" "We will go in and see," said he. Accordingly we paid our sixpence each, and, to our no small amusement, found one of the lowest order of the worst kind of women, her face bedawbed with red and yellow, her hair stuck with feathers, drest in cat skins, and singing some unintelligible gibberish in the true cracked voice of vulgar depravity. A few passers by, as idle and more ignorant than ourselves, who had in like manner been taken in, were gazing at her in astonishment, and listening open-mouthed to the rogue who told a long story how she came from the wilds of America where the people are heathen folk and eat one another. We had not gone a mile further before another showman, with a printed paper on his show board, invited our attention again "*To be seen here, the surprising Large Child.*" This was a boy who seemed to be about four years old; and because he was stupid, and could only articulate a few words imperfectly, his parents swore he was only of eighteen months, and were showing him for a prodigy.

A few years ago there was a fellow with a long beard in London, who professed himself to be the wandering Jew. He did not adhere to the legend, which was of

little consequence as his visitors were not likely to be better informed than himself, but laid claim to higher antiquity than the Jerusalem shoemaker, and declared that he had been with Noah in the ark. Noah, he said, had refused to take him in; but he got in secretly, and hid himself among the beasts, which is the reason why his name is not mentioned in the Bible; and while he was there the he goat had given him a blow on the forehead, the mark of which was visible to this day. Some person asked him which country he liked best of all that he had visited in his long peregrinations: he answered 'Spain,' as perhaps a man would have done who had really seen all the world. But it was remarked as rather extraordinary that a Jew should prefer the country of Inquisition. 'God bless you, sir!' replied the ready rogue, shaking his head and smiling at the same time, as if at the error of the observation, 'it was long before Christianity that I was last in Spain, and I shall not go there again till long after it is all over!'

Any thing in England will do for a show. At one of the provincial fairs J— saw a shaved monkey exhibited for a fairy; and a shaved bear, in a check waistcoat and trowsers sitting in an armed chair, as an Ethiopian savage. The unnatural position to which the poor animal had been tortured and the accursed brutality of his keeper, a woman who sate upon his lap put her arm round his neck and called him husband and sweet heart and kissed him, made this, he says, the most hideous and disgusting sight he had ever witnessed. A fellow at one of these fairs once exhibited a large dragon-fly through a magnifying glass, as the Great High German Highter-Flighter. But the most extraordinary instance of witty impudence and blind curiosity which I have ever heard of occurred at Cirencester, in the province of Gloucestershire; where a man showed, for a penny a-piece, the fork which belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to kill the King.

Nothing is too absurd to be believed by the people in this country. Some time ago there was a woman who went about showing herself for money, with a story

that she had been pregnant three years. There was something extraordinary concerning this imposture; for the house in which she lived, which stood upon the shore in the province or shire as it is called of Sussex, had no other walls or roof than laths and brown paper pitched over. It had stood three years without injury, when the person who related this to me saw it. In the last reign * the whole kingdom was astonished by a woman who pretended to breed rabbits, and the king's surgeons were appointed by the state to examine her.† Many persons are living who can remember when the people of London went to see a man get into a quart bottle. This trick was practised for a wager, which some one who knew the world ventured upon its credulity; but as impudent a one was played off by a sharper in the city of Bristol at a later period. He promised to make himself invisible; collected a company of spectators, received their money for admittance, appeared on the stage before them and saying, 'Now, gentlemen and ladies, you see me,'—opened a trap door and descended and ran off with his gains.

Any thing that is strange, or that is called strange, a tall man or a short man, a Goitre or an Albino, a white negro or a spotted negro, which may be made at any time with little difficulty and no pain, a great ox, or a fat pig, no matter what the wonder be, and no matter how monstrous or how disgusting, it will attract crowds in England. There was a woman born without arms, who made a good livelihood by writing and cutting paper with her toes. One family support themselves by living in a travelling cart made in the shape of a vessel wherein the English boil water for their tea, the spout of which is the chimney. The

* This circumstance happened in the latter end of the reign of George I.—TR

† The author evidently alludes to that impudent imposture Mary Tofts, a woman of Godalmin, to whom Mr. Whiston gave entire credit because her monstrous births were deemed by him to be the exact completion of an odd prediction in Esdras.—AM. ED.

learned pig was in his day a far greater object of admiration to the English nation than ever was Sir Isaac Newton. I met a person once who had lived next door to the lodgings of this erudite swine, and in a house so situated that he could see him at his rehearsals. He told me he never saw the keeper beat him; but that, if he did not perform his lesson well, he used to threaten to take off his red waistcoat, for the pig was proud of his dress. Perhaps even Solomon himself did not conceive that vanity was so universal a passion.

Yet from this indiscriminate curiosity some general good arises. Natural history has been considerably improved by the opportunities afforded of examining rare animals, which would not have been brought from remote countries for the mere purposes of science. Posture-makers and stone-eaters have demonstrated strange and anomalous powers in the human body; and the docility of animals, which has thus been practised upon for the sake of immediate gain, may one day be applied to more important purposes. Animals have no natural fear of man: * the birds on a desert island are as fearless as they were in Paradise, and suffer him to approach till he knocks them on the head. The power of the eastern jugglers, who by a song call forth the serpents from their holes, is not more wonderful than that which has been acquired over bees in England. The horse of the Arab is as well domesticated, and as affectionately attached to his master, as the dog of the European. The cattle from one end of Africa to the other are under the most perfect obedience to their keeper; a boy will collect a herd of a thousand by his whistle: by this easy language they are made

* Don Manuel is certainly incorrect here. Animals, generally, fear man by nature: And his subsequent remarks, instead of proving the truth of his position, proves the contrary, viz: that education makes them to regard him with attachment, and rids them of their natural timidity. It is strange the translator, who appears to have watched the author very closely, should not in this instance have corrected him.—AM. Ep.

to attack an armed enemy as readily as to come to their milker; and they have thus overthrown soldiers who had conquered the elephants of the East and the cavalry of Europe. When man shall cease to be the tyrant of inferior beings he may truly become their lord.

LETTER LVI.

Newspapers.—Their Mode of falsifying Intelligence.—Puffs.—Advertisements.—Reviews, and their mischievous Effects.—Magazines.—Novels.

I HAVE adhered strictly to J.'s advice respecting the literature of this country, and allowed myself to read nothing but contemporary publications, and such works as relate to my objects of immediate inquiry, most of which were as little known to him as to myself. He smiles when I bring home a volume of Quaker history, or Swedenborgian theology, and says I am come to tell him what odd things there are in England. It is therefore only of that contemporary and perishable literature which affects and shows the character of the nation that I shall speak.

Of this the Newspapers form the most important branch. They differ in almost every respect from our diaries, and as much in appearance as in any thing, being printed in four columns upon a large folio sheet. Some are published daily, some thrice a week, some only on Sundays. Some come out in the morning, some in the evening; the former are chiefly for London, and one is regularly laid upon the breakfast table wet from the press. The revenue which they produce is almost incredibly great. At the commencement of the American war the price was twopence. Lord North laid on a tax of a halfpenny observing, with his characteristic good humor, that nobody would be grudge to pay a halfpenny for the pleasure of abusing the minister. This succeeded so well that another was soon imposed, making the price threepence, which price Mr. Pitt had doubled by repeated duties;

yet the number printed is at least four-fold what it was before they were taxed at all.

Of those papers for which there is the greatest sale, from four to five thousand are printed. It is not an exaggerated calculation to suppose that every paper has five readers, and that there are 250,000 people in England who read the news every day and converse upon it. In fact, after the 'How do you do?' and the state of the weather, the news is the next topic in order of conversation; and sometimes it even takes place of cold, heat, rain or sunshine. You will judge then that the newspapers must be a powerful political engine. The ministry have always the greater number under their direction in which all their measures are defended, their successes exaggerated, their disasters concealed or palliated, and the most flattering prospects constantly held out to the people. This system was carried to a great length during the late war. If the numbers of the French who were killed in the ministerial newspapers were summed up, they would be found equal to all the males in the country capable of bearing arms. Nor were these manufacturers of good news contented with slaying their thousands; in the true style of bombast, they would sometimes assert that a Republican army had been not merely cut to pieces but annihilated. On the other hand, the losses of the English in their continental expeditions were as studiously diminished. Truth indeed was always to be got at by those who looked for it; the papers in the opposite interest told all which their opponents concealed, and magnified on their side to gratify their partisans.* The English have a marvellous faculty of believing what they wish, and nothing else; for years did they believe that France was on the brink of ruin; now the government was to be overthrown for want of gunpowder, now by famine, now by the state of their

* There appears to be a difference in this respect, in America. The Aurora, which has been both an opposition and governmental paper, declares, "We have never yet imposed a falsehood on the public."—A.M.E.B.

finances. The Royalists in La Vendée were a never-failing source of hope. A constant communication was kept up with them from some of the little islands on the coast which are in possession of the English, from whence they were supplied with money and arms; and the Republican commander in the district used to farm out the privilege of going to dine with the English governor, and receiving subsidies from him! Constant disappointment has as little effect upon an English politician as upon an alchemist. *Quod vult, credit; quod non vult, non credit*; he chuses to be deceived, not to be told what he does not wish to hear, and to have all good news magnified; like the Hidalgo, who put on spectacles when he ate cherries to make them seem the finer. A staunch ministerialist believes every thing which his newspaper tells him, and takes his informations, and his opinions, with the utmost confidence from a paragraph-writer who is paid for falsifying the one and misleading the other. *Cephaleonomaney*, or the art of divination by an ass's head, is a species of art magic which still flourishes in England.

Public events, however, form but a small part of the English newspapers, and the miscellaneous contents are truly characteristic of the freedom and the follies of this extraordinary people. In the same paper wherein is to be found a political essay, perhaps of the boldest character and profoundest reasoning, you meet with the annals of the world of fashion; the history of my lord's dinner and my lady's ball; a report that the young earl is about to be married, and that the old countess is leaving town; you have the history of horse-races, cock-fights, and boxing-matches; information that the king has taken a ride, and the princess an airing; a string of puns and a paragraph of scandal. Then come what are called the puffs; that is to say advertisements inserted in an unusual shape so that the reader, who would else have passed them over, is taken by surprise. Thus for instance, my eye was caught this morning with something about the mines of Potosi, beginning a sentence, which ended in the price of lottery tickets. Puff-writing is one of the strange trades in London. A gentleman who had just

published a magnificent work, was called upon one morning by a person whom he had never seen before.—‘Sir,’ said the stranger. ‘I have taken the liberty of calling on you in consequence of your publication. A most magnificent book, indeed, sir!—truly superb!—honorable to the state of arts in the country, and still more so, sir, to you!—But, sir, I perceive that you are not quite well acquainted with the science of advertising.—Gentlemen, sir, like you, have not leisure to study these things. I make it my particular profession, sir. An advertisement ought always to be in a taking form,—always; there should be three different ones inserted alternately. Sir, I shall be happy to have the honor of serving you,—nothing is to be done without hitting the fancy of the public.—My terms, sir, are half-a-guinea for three.’

Another professor called upon this same gentleman; and after he had run through the whole rosary of compliments, opened his business to this effect,—That a work so superb as the one in question must necessarily have its chief sale among people of fashion.—‘Now, sir,’ said he, ‘I live very much in high life, and have the best opportunities of promoting its success. I have done a good deal in this way for Dr. ——. I suppose, sir, you allow centage?’—It proved that he had done a great deal for the doctor, for he had received above a hundred pounds for him and by way of centage kept the whole.

The advertisements fill a large part of the paper, generally two pages, and it is from these that the main profits both of the revenue and the proprietors arise. The expense of advertising is so great, that to announce a new book in the regular way amounts to no less a sum than thirty pounds. The greater the sale of a newspaper, the more numerous these become: this renders the paper less amusing, its purchasers fall off; the advertisers then lessen in their turn; and this sort of rising and falling is always going on.* A selection

* If Don Manuel gives here a true history of the rise, progress, and decline of English newspapers, we must infer that the people of England although they boast

of these advertisements would form a curious book, and exhibit much of the state of England. Sometimes a gentleman advertises for a wife, sometimes a lady for a husband. Intrigues are carried on in them, and assignations made between A. B. and C. D. Sometimes a line of cyphers appears. Sometimes Yes, or No,—the single word and nothing more. At this very time a gentleman is offering a thousand pounds to any lady who can serve him in a delicate affair; a lady has answered him, they have had their meeting, she does not suit his purpose; and he renews the offer of his enormous bribe, which in all probability is meant as the price of some enormous villany.

Poetry occasionally appears. I have copied from one lately an odd epigram, which plays upon the names of the various papers.

Alas! alas! the *World* is ruined quite!

The *Sun* comes out in the evening

And never gives any light.

of the extent of their commerce, yet know nothing of the true spirit of trade. In America we manage matters better. An advertising paper always gets the most purchasers:—a publisher who can contrive to fill his paper with advertisements is sure to grow rich; while another, who fails in *this essential* article of American news, although he should publish the *best*, or what is still more in his favor, even the *worst things* he would fail.

There are, however, exceptions to all rules. One Launcelot Langstaff Esq. of New-York, recently commenced an *irregular periodical* literary publication, which became famous, by the title of *Salmagundi* or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of himself and others; and, in conformity to his professions, he was all at once seized with a whim-wham, while it was liberally in “the full tide of successful experiment,” and discontinued his lucubrations—not only to the great damage of his publisher, but to the great annoyance of the public; whose appetite both from far and near for his fare had been greatly excited and was continually increasing.—AM. ED.

Poor *Albion* is no more,
 The *Evening Star* does not rise,
 And the *True Briton* tells nothing but lies.
 Should they suppress the *British Press*
 There would be no harm done :
 There is no hope that the *Times* will mend,
 And it would be no matter
 If the *Globe* were at an end.*

Next in importance to the newspapers are the works of periodical criticism, which are here called Reviews. Till of late years there were only two of these, which, though generally in the interest of the Dissenters affected something like impartiality. During the late war two others were set up to exercise a sort of inquisition over books which were published, as the publication could not be prevented; to denounce such as were mischievous, and to hold up their authors to public hatred as bad subjects. Such zeal would be truly useful were it directed by that wisdom which cannot err; but it is difficult to say whether the infallible intolerance of these heretics be sometimes more worthy of contempt or of indignation. Of late years it has become impossible to place any reliance upon the opinions given by these journals, because their party spirit now extends to every thing; whatever be the subject of a book, though as remote as possible from all topics of political dissention, it is judged of according to the politics of the author:—for instance, one of the journals has pronounced it to be jacobinical to read Hebrew without points. There are no other reasons why there is so little fair criticism. Many, perhaps the majority, of these literary censors are authors themselves, and as such in no very high estimation with the public. Baboons are said to have an antipathy to men; and these, who are the baboons of literature, have the same sort of hatred to those whose superiority they at once feel and deny. You

* The rhymes in this epigram are so defective that the translator supposes it must be inaccurately printed, but he can only copy it as he finds it, not knowing where to recur to the original.—T.R.

are not however to suppose that the general character of these journals is that of undeserved severity: they have as many to praise as to blame, and their commendations are dealt upon the same principle—or want of principle—as their censures. England is but a little country; and the communication between all its parts is so rapid, the men of letters are so few, and the circulation of society brings them all so often to London, as the heart of the system, that they are all directly or indirectly known to each other;—a writer is praised because he is a friend, or a friend's friend, or he must be condemned for a similar reason. For the most part the praise of these critics is milk and water, and their censure sour small-beer.* Sometimes indeed they deal in strong materials; but then the oil which Flattery lays on is train oil, and it stinks: and the dirt which Malevolence throws is ordure, and it sticks to her own fingers.

Such journals, even if they were honorably and more honestly conducted, must from their very nature be productive rather of evil than of good, both to the public and to the persons concerned in them. Many are the readers who do not know, and few are they who will remember, when they are perusing a criticism delivered in the plural language of authority, that it is but the opinion of one man upon the work of another. The public are deceived by this style. This however is a transitory evil: the effect of the praise or censure which they can bestow is necessarily short, and time settles the question when they are forgotten. A more lasting mischief is that they profess to show the reader that short cut to wisdom and knowledge, which is the sure road to conceit and ignorance. Criticism is to a large class of men what Scandal is to women,—and women not unfrequently bear their part in it;—it is indeed Scandal in masquerade. Upon an opinion picked up from these journals upon an extract fairly or unfairly quoted,—for the reviewers scruple not at misquoting.

* In the original *aguapie*, which is to generous wine what small beer is to ale. As this word could not be translated, the equivalent one has been used.—T.R.

tions, at omissions which alter the meaning or mis-punctuations which destroy it,—you shall hear a whole company talk as confidently about a book as if they had read it, and censure it as boldly as if they had bestowed as much thought upon the subject as the author himself, and were qualified, as his peers, to sit in judgment upon him. The effect which these journals have produced is,—that as all who read newspapers are politicians, so all who read books are critics.

This species of criticism is injurious to the writer ; because, it being understood that the business of a critic is to pass censure, he assumes a superiority both of information and ability which it is not likely that he possesses in either ; except over such authors as are too insignificant to deserve notice, and whom it is cruel to murder when they are dying. The habit of searching for faults, by the exposure of which he is to manifest this superiority, must inevitably injure such a man's moral character ; he will contemplate his own powers with increasing complacency, he will learn to take pleasure in inflicting pain, he will cease to look for instruction, he will cease to reverence genius, and he will cease to love truth. Meantime he disguises both from himself and the public his injustice to the living, by affecting for the dead an admiration which it is not possible he can feel ; just as the Arian persecutors of old worshipped the saints, while they made martyrs.

Perhaps the greatest evil which this vile custom has occasioned is, that by making new books one of the most ordinary topics of conversation, it has made people neglect all other literature ; so that the public, as they call themselves, deriving no benefit from the wisdom of their forefathers, applaud with wonder discoveries which are pilfered from old authors on whom they suffer the dust to lie lightly, and are deluded by sophisms which have been a hundred times confuted and exposed.

The Magazines are more numerous than the Reviews, and are more interesting because their use is not so temporary and men appear in them in their own characters ; it is indeed interesting to see the varieties of character which they exhibit. The Monthly

and the Gentleman's are the most popular: the latter has been established about seventy years, and has thereby acquired a sort of hereditary rank of which it is not likely to be dispossessed. The greater part of this odd journal is filled with antiquarian papers,—and such papers!—One gentleman sends a drawing of his parish church, as mean a building perhaps as can be made of stone and mortar, drawn in a most miserable manner, and engraved in a way quite worthy of the subject. With this he sends all the monumental inscriptions in the church; this leads to a discussion concerning the families of the persons there mentioned, though they never should have been heard of before out of the limits of their own parish;—who the son married,—whether the daughter died single, and other matter of equal interest and equal importance. If there be a stone in the church with half a dozen Gothic letters legible upon it, and at respectful distances from each other he fills up the gaps by conjecture: a controversy is sure to follow, which is continued till the opponents grow angry, cavil at each other's style, and begin to call names; when the editor interferes, and requests permission to close the lists against them. The only valuable part is a long list of deaths and marriages, wherein people look for the names of their acquaintance, and which frequently contains such singular facts of human character and human eccentricity, that a very curious selection might be made from it. The Monthly is more miscellaneous in its contents, and its correspondents aim at higher marks. Some discuss morals and metaphysics, others amuse the world with paradoxes; all sorts of heretical opinions are started here, agricultural hints thrown out, and queries propounded of all kinds wise and foolish. The best part is a sort of literary and scientific newspaper, to which every body looks with interest. There are many inferior magazines which circulate in a lower sphere, and are seldom seen out of it. The wheat from all these publications should from time to time be winnowed, and the chaff thrown away.

Literature is, like every thing else, a trade in England,—I might almost call it a manufactory. One main

article is that of novels;—take the word in its English sense, and understand it as extending to four volumes of one continued tale of love. These are manufactured chiefly for women and soldier-officers. To the latter they can do no harm; to the former a great deal. The histories of chivalry were useful, because they carried the imagination into a world of different manners; and many a man imbibed from them Don Quixote's high mindedness and emulation, without catching his insanity. But these books represent ordinary and contemporary manners, and make love the main business of life which both sexes at a certain age are sufficiently disposed to believe. They are doubtless the cause of many rash engagements and unhappy marriages. Nor is this the only way in which they are mischievous: as dram-drinkers have no taste for wine, so they who are accustomed to these stimulating stories yawn over a book of real value. And there is as much time wasted in talking of them as in reading them. I have heard a party of ladies discuss the conduct of the characters in a new novel, just as if they were real personages of their acquaintance.

The circulating libraries consume these publications. In truth the main demand for contemporary literature comes from these libraries, or from private societies, instituted to supply their place; books being now so inordinately expensive that they are chiefly purchased as furniture by the rich. It is not a mere antithesis to say that they who buy books do not read them, and they who read them do not buy them. I have heard of one gentleman who gave a bookseller the dimensions of his shelves, to fit up his library; and of another, who, giving orders for the same kind of furniture, just mentioned that he must have Pope, and Shakspeare, and Milton. 'And hark ye,' he added, 'if either of those fellows should publish any thing new, be sure to let me have it for I choose to have all their works.'

LETTER LVII.

Account of the Quakers.

THE most remarkable sect in this land of sectaries is unquestionably that of the Quakers. They wear a peculiar dress, which is in fashion such as a grave people wore in the time of their founder, and always of some sober color. They never uncover their heads in salutation, nor in their houses of worship; they have no form of worship, no order of priests, and they reject all the sacraments. In their meeting-houses they assemble and sit in silence, unless any one should be disposed to speak in which case they suppose him to be immediately moved by the Spirit; and any person is permitted to speak, women as well as men. These, however, are only a few of their peculiarities. They call the days of the week and the months according to their numerical order, saying that their common names are relics of idolatry. The English, instead of addressing each other in the third person singular, use the second plural. This idiom the Quakers reject as the language of flattery and falsehood, and adhere to the strict grammatical form. They will not take an oath; and such is the opinion of their moral character, that their affirmation is admitted in courts of justice to have the same force. They will not pay tithes; the priest therefore is obliged to seize their goods for his due. They will not bear arms; neither will they be concerned in any branch of trade or manufactory which is connected with war, nor in any which is so dependant upon accident as to partake of the nature of gambling. They prohibit cards and other games, music, dancing, and the theatre. A drunken Quaker is never seen, nor a criminal one ever brought to the bar. Their habits of patient and unhazarding industry ensure success; and accordingly they are, in proportion to their numbers, wealthier than any other set of people. They

- support their own poor, and take the lead in every public charity. What is truly extraordinary is that, though they seem to have advanced to the utmost limits of enthusiasm as well as of heresy, so far from being enthusiastic, they are proverbially deliberate and prudent: so far from being sullen and gloomy, as their prohibitions might induce you to suppose, they are remarkably cheerful: they are universally admitted to be the most respectable sect in England; and though they have a church without a priesthood, and a government without a head, they are perhaps the best organised and most unanimous society that ever existed.

Were it not for their outrageous and insufferably heretical opinions, it might be thought that any government would gladly encourage so peaceable, so moral, and so industrious a people. On the contrary, though they are at present peculiarly favored by the English laws, there was a time when they were the objects of especial persecution. I will endeavor briefly to sketch their history; it contains some interesting facts, and may furnish some important inferences. One of the many remarkable circumstances belonging to this remarkable body is, that though they are now the least literate of all the English sects, they possess more ample collections of their own church history than any other Christian church, or even than any monastic order. If the acts of the Apostles had been as fully and faithfully recorded as the acts of the Quakers, what a world of controversy and confusion would have been prevented.

George Fox, their founder, began his career during the great rebellion. There never was a time in which it could be more excusable to go astray. The heretical church of England, by attempting to assimilate itself to the church of Rome, in a few forms, while it pertinaciously differed from it in essentials, and by persecuting those who refused to submit to those forms, had provoked a resistance which ended in its own overthrow. It was an age of ecclesiastical anarchy. Hypocrisy was the reigning vice; the least sincere were the more zealous: discordant doctrines were preached every where, and pious and humble-minded

men, puzzled by this confusion of errors, knew not which to chuse. They who in this perplexity stood aloof from any community were so many, that they were distinguished by the name of *Seekers*.

George Fox seems to have possessed much of the zeal, the simplicity and tenderness of the seraphic St. Francis, (if I may be allowed to compare a heretic with so glorious a saint in his human qualities,)—but, having no better guide to follow than his own nature, no wonder that he was misled. His mind ran upon religious things when he was but a youth, and he had leisure to think of them in the solitary employment of keeping sheep. At length, unable to bear the burthen of his thoughts, he went to one of the heretical priests and laid open to him the state of his mind. The priest's advice was that he should take tobacco and sing psalms.

In this uneasy state he abandoned all other pursuits and wandered about the country in search of truth, which at last, by following wholly the feelings of his own heart, he thought he had attained. During his wanderings he met with many persons in a similar state of uneasiness; and, being thus emboldened, began to fancy himself divinely commissioned to call men to repentance,—a commission which he and his followers soon thought proper to put in execution. Their zeal was not at first accompanied with discretion; they went into the churches and interrupted the preachers;—there needed not this imprudence to provoke men who were already sufficiently irritated by their doctrine. The priests became their cruel enemies, and often instigated the people to fall upon them. The heretics even in their churches used their Bibles to knock down these enthusiasts with; they were beaten down with clubs, stoned, and trampled upon, and some of them lost their lives.

The Presbyterians during their short tyranny treated them with great rigor, but the greatest sufferings were after the restoration of the monarchy. No sooner had the heretical hierarchy recovered its power, than it began to persecute the dissenters with such bitterness as the rancorous remembrance of its own injuries excited. Charles willingly permitted this because he dreaded the political opinions of these sectari-

ans ; it is probable too, that as he had been secretly reconciled to the true faith, he was not displeased to see a church which dared not pretend to be infallible pursuing measures which nothing but infallibility can justify ; thus accustoming the people to intolerance, and weakening heresy : so he protected the Catholics from the false bishops, and left the sectarians to their tender mercy. Other sectarians made use of every artifice to escape ; but it was contrary to the principles of the Quakers to avail themselves of any subterfuge ; and their dress, language, and manner made it impossible for them to pass unnoticed. The prisons were filled with them ;—the prisons were then dreadful places ; filth, cold and wet brought on diseases which were aggravated by the uniform brutality of the jailors ; and in this manner numbers were destroyed by the cowardly cruelty of those who were ashamed openly to put them to death.

Erroneous as the principles of these people are, it was impossible that any men could lead more blameless lives, and display more admirable integrity or more heroical self-devotement. George Fox was more than once set at liberty on his bare promise of appearing upon a certain day to take his trial, no other security being thought needful ; more than once opportunities of escaping from prison were avowedly given him, of which he would not avail himself ; and a pardon from the king offered him, which he refused to accept ; saying, that to accept a pardon would imply that he had committed a crime which needed it. The usual snare for them was to tender the oath of supremacy, a test enacted against the Catholics. It was in vain that they declared their full assent to the vile heresy of this oath, and that they affirmed its substance in other words ; the act of swearing was insisted upon, and for refusing this their property was confiscated and themselves sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. No injustice, no cruelty, ever provoked them to anger ; they exhorted their persecutors, but never reproached them. Instances often occurred of one man's offering to suffer confinement for another. The principle of

selfishment seemed to be extinguished among them. Even the instincts of resentment and self defence, perhaps the most powerful and deeply rooted in our nature, they had subdued. Men who had borne arms and approved their courage in battle not only submitted to insults and blows themselves, but saw their wives and daughters insulted, beaten and trampled upon, without lifting a hand to protect or revenge them. It was in vain to block up their meeting houses ; they met in the open streets, and in open day, though sure that soldiers would be there to arrest them and a rabble to insult them ; and when the parents were cast into prison, the children voluntarily followed their example ; held their meetings in like manner, and submitted to the same sufferings, with the same quiet and unconquerable endurance.

It is worthy of remark that these excellent people, as assuredly they were in every thing not appertaining to the articles of their faith, while they were thus persecuted by their brother heretics, were treated by the true church with a tenderness which it has never shown towards any others. Two female preachers who went to Malta to promulgate their opinions, were seized there by the Holy Office and confined that they might not pervert others ; but when it was found impossible to reclaim them, they were set at liberty and sent out of the island. A man in his way from visiting them landed at Gibraltar, which was then in our possession, and went on Holy Thursday into the church while the priest was celebrating mass ; he took off his cloak and rent it, and appeared in sackcloth ; cried out Repentance thrice in a loud voice, and then returned unmolested to his ship. One man went to Jerusalem to bear his testimony against pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre ! Several went to Rome to convert the pope, for whom they seemed to be particularly concerned ; they were safely lodged in the Holy Office, permitted to write as many memorials as they pleased to his holiness and the cardinals ; and when they had said all that they had to say, they were sent out of Italy. With this tenderness did the church be-

have to them ; while in England they were whipt and imprisoned and in America put to death by the Calvinists.

Even the infidels respected them. A woman left her family in the hope of converting the Grand Turk : he received her in his camp, gave her audience, listened to her respectfully, and dismissed her with a safe conduct through his dominions. A ship, of which the master and mate were Quakers, was taken by the Algerines who put a party of Moors on board to carry her into Algiers. The crew thought themselves strong enough to recover the vessel, and would have attempted to kill the Moors ; but these men, true to their principle of not fighting and hazarding human life, refused to assist in regaining their liberty, except by such means as they could conscientiously approve. They contrived to secure their weapons, and took possession of the ship. These people profess also to act up to the Gospel precept of returning good for evil ; and in conformity to this the master promised the Moors that they should not be sold as slaves. They put into Majorca, where the islanders to their great astonishment found that the prisoners were not to be sold : they were proceeding to take them by force, but these Quakers actually set the Moors loose from their confinement, that they might assist in working the ship out of port and escaping. The rascally infidels, not in the slightest degree influenced by this example, attempted twice or thrice to become masters again ; and it required all the authority and exertions of the Quakers to prevent their men from knocking them on the head. At the eminent risque of being recaptured, they stood over to the Barbary coast and landed their prisoners in their own country. King Charles was dining in his palace at Greenwich when the vessel came up, and news was brought him that a Quaker ship was just arrived which they had won from the Algerines without fighting. The king went himself to see it ; and when he had heard the story, told the Quakers they were fools for letting the Moors go.—“ You should have brought them to me,” he

said. "I thought it better for them," replied the Quaker, "to be in their own country."

One of their tenets is that man, when truly born again of the Spirit, is restored to the state of Adam before the fall; an error which approximates nearer to truth than the diabolical heresy of the Calvinists and Gnostics. It might lead to a perilous confidence in those who presumed they had attained to this state; but it must needs produce the best effect upon the feelings and lives of such as are aspiring to it. The doctrine of inspiration is more dangerous, but the tenet which forbids all violence prevents those evil consequences which it might else occasion. The Quakers were always ready to carry a message from the Lord, but they never thought of delivering it upon the point of a dagger. An individual now and then appeared in sackcloth, crying Repentance, in the streets. One man in Ireland went into a Catholic church, naked above the waist, and burning brimstone in a chafing-dish, as token to the congregation of what they were to expect unless they repented of their errors. Such extravagances exposed none but themselves to danger.

They lay claim to miracles; and it is good proof of the fidelity of their chronicler that none of these miracles can be considered as impossible, nor even unlikely. George Fox came into a house at a time when they had bound a mad-woman, and were attempting to bleed her. He addressed her with his wonted gentleness, quieted her fears, soothed her, persuaded the people to unbind her, and converted her to his own opinions. Her frenzy never returned; it had found its proper channel. A few of their numerous persecutors came to untimely ends. One in particular, who had been active in torturing and putting them to death in New England, was thrown from his horse and killed upon the place of their execution: it was natural and perhaps not erroneous to ascribe this to divine vengeance. In the days of their persecution they often denounced a visitation of pestilence against London;—a tremendous plague made its appearance and carried off 100,000 of its inhabitants. As they had announced it, they naturally thought it

came upon their account. One Thomas Ibbitt went about the streets of the metropolis denouncing a judgment by fire. On the very next day the fire of London broke out, which consumed thirteen thousand houses. The effect which this produced upon the prophet authenticates the story. So utterly astonished was he at beholding the accomplishment of his prediction, that his character was totally changed; he immediately conceived himself to be something more than human, advanced to meet the conflagration, holding out both arms to stay its progress, and would infallibly in this delirium have rushed into the flames if he had not been carried away by force.

The sufferings of the Quakers ceased upon the accession of James II, who would willingly have purchased toleration for the true faith by granting it to all others. He favored them also for the sake of one of their great leaders, whose father had been his personal friend. It is related of this king, whom the English themselves acknowledge to have been the best of his family, that when one of this sect was one day addressing him in his palace, with his hat on as usual, the king took off his own; upon which the Quaker observed, that the king need not be uncovered on his account. "My friend," replied James, "you don't know the custom of this place;—only one hat at a time must be worn here."

That these people should have borne up against persecution is not wonderful. There is a stubborn principle in human nature, which in a good cause is virtue, and even in an erroneous one is a kin to it. Indeed without persecution, or at least without opposition, the enthusiasm of a sect cannot be kept up,—it is food and fuel; and without it, it must starve and be extinguished. From the time of their legal recognition the enthusiasm of the Quakers ceased. No prophecies have since been uttered by them in the streets, no testimony borne in sackcloth and ashes; the Grand Turk has been abandoned to his misbelief, and the Pope, notwithstanding their concern for him, given up as irreclaimable. Yet such is the admirable economy of this extraordinary sect, that they continue to flourish, if not to spread.

So pure a system of democracy was never elsewhere exhibited as that of the internal government of this society. Each parish regulates its own affairs in a monthly meeting, each diocese or district in a quarterly one, the whole body in a yearly one which is held in the metropolis. Deputies go from the lesser to the larger assemblies ; but every member of the society, who can conveniently, is expected to attend. The women have their meetings in like manner ; the equality of the sexes in all things being practically acknowledged. In all other collective bodies the will of the majority is the law. The Quakers admit no such principle : among them nothing is determined upon, unless it is the sense of the whole ; and as the good of the whole is their only possible motive, for no member of the society receives any emolument for discharging any office in it, they never fail, whatever difference of opinion may at first have existed, to become unanimous.

Their preaching strikes a stranger as ludicrous. You may conceive what it must needs be when the preacher imagines himself to be the organ of inspiration and, instead of thinking what he should say, watches for what he believes to be internally dictated to him. Nothing in fact can be more incoherent than their discourses ; and their manifest inferiority to those of any other sect ought to convince them of the fallacy of the opinion upon which they proceed. That the admonition of the spirit, in other words the faculty of conscience, when it be wisely and earnestly cultivated is an infallible guide of conduct, may and must be admitted ; but that which will make a good man act well, will not always make him talk wisely. It is not however the matter of these discourses which impresses those who are disposed to be impressed : knowing the speaker to be seriously affected, they partake his feelings and become seriously affected also. Their history affords a curious illustration of this. The mother of their chronicler was a Dutch woman, who being moved, as she believed, by the Spirit, came to preach in England in the days of persecution. She understood no English, and therefore delivered herself through an interpreter. One day

it happened that the interpreter was not at hand when the call came upon her, and the person who attempted to translate her meaning found he could not understand her. The congregation, however, called upon her to proceed, affirming that the religious feeling which she impressed upon them could not be stronger if they had understood her. In the hands of a lying chronicler this might have been magnified into a gift of tongues. The story is not the less valuable though it may provoke a smile.

The chief cause, which exasperated the clergy so greatly against them, was their obstinate refusal to pay tithes and this is now operating to diminish the sect. Could they be content to pay, and salve their consciences by protesting against it, all would go on smoothly; instead of this, they suffer their goods to be distrained and sold upon the spot; by which they sustain a loss themselves, and tempt others to profit fraudulently at their expense. The consequence is, that the Quakers have very generally forsaken the country and taken up their abode in cities. This is doubly detrimental to them. Those who remain in the country are left as insulated families, and zeal even more than gaiety requires the stimulus of fellowship. By their laws, any one who marries out of the pale of the society is dismissed from it; but these families who live apart from their fellows are likely to fall off on this account for want of neighborhood. They who are collected in cities, are lessened by another cause. Their principles exclude them from all professions, except that of physic, in which few only can find employment: commerce therefore may be considered as their sole pursuit; their plain and moderate habits lessen expense, and their industry ensures success; they grow rich, and their children desert the society. The children of the rich find its restraints irksome, and are converted—not by strong argument, not by incontrovertible authority, not by any honorable and worthy sense of duty, but by the pleasures of the card-table, the ball-room, and the theatre. But the great agents in converting young Quakers to the established

Church of England are the tailors. The whole works of Bellarmine could not produce such an effect upon them as a pattern-book of forbidden cloths and buttons. Nor could any reason be urged to them so forcible as the propriety of appearing like other people, and conforming to the strict orthodoxy of fashion.*

Odd as it may seem, this feeling has far more influence among the men than among the women of the society. The women who quit it, usually desert for love; for which there is this good reason, that the Quakers have too much neglected the education of their sons. Women are easily converted in their youth; they make amends for this pliancy as they advance in life, and become the most useful diffusers of their own faith.

* It is impossible for a just man to refuse his full approbation to the honorable testimony Don Manuel bears in favor of this virtuous class of people; and his remarks apply equally in America as in England. In this country, however, where the vices of Europe are not yet so publicly indulged in, it is presumed some relaxation in favor of their young people might be made without injuring their morals; and thereby save to their community many valuable members, who otherwise must be cut off; and prevent others from seeking in privacy, gratifications which they else would not have thought of. Some trifling indulgences—some rational amusements would, in all probability, satisfy the natural desires of the youthful mind and prevent numbers from going beyond moderation.

There are many who do not believe the color, or cut, of a coat necessary to salvation; or that calling a day of the week by a name, is more an unpardonable crime than calling a man John or Thomas. Institutions which are not pretended to be more than human may, by human hands; be modified to local circumstances without committing any unhallowed act. A scrupulous adherence to minute and rigid rules has made it necessary to "read out" some of the first characters of the age, and who would have been an ornament to any establishment.—A. M. E. D.

The diminution of the sect is not very manifest ; and it is kept up by proselytes who silently drop in, for they no longer seek to make converts and are even slow in admitting them. Perhaps these new members, if they are sufficiently numerous, may imperceptibly bring them nearer to the manners of the world in their appearance and thus lessen the main cause of their decline.

LETTER LVIII.

Winter Weather.—Snow.—Christmas.—Old Customs gradually disused.

Jan. 2, 1803.

“IF you would live in health,” says the proverb, “wear the same garment in summer which you wear in winter.” It seems as if the English had some such fool’s adage, by the little difference there is between their summer and their winter apparel. the men, indeed, when they go abroad put on a great coat, and the women wear muffs, and fur round the neck ; but all these are laid aside in the house. I no longer wonder why these people talk so much of the weather ; they live in the most inconstant of all climates, against which it is so difficult to take any effectual precaution that they have given the matter up in despair, and take no precautions at all. Their great poet, Milton describes the souls of the condemned as being hurried from fiery into frozen regions : perhaps he took the idea from his own feelings on such a day as this, when, like me, he was scorched on one side and frost-bitten on the other ; and, not knowing which of the two torments was the worst, assigned them to the wicked both in turn. ‘Why do you not warm your rooms like the Germans,’ I say to them, ‘and diffuse the heat equally on all sides ?’ ‘Oh,’ they reply, ‘it is so dismal not to see the fire!’ And so for the sake of seeing the fire, they are contented to be

half starved and half roasted at the same time, and to have more women and children burnt to death in one year than all the heretics who ever suffered in England in the days when heresy was thought a crime.

I happened to sleep in the country when the first snow fell ; and in the morning when I looked out of the window every thing was white, and the snow flakes like feathers floating and falling with as endless and ever-varying motions as the dance of musquitoes in a summer evening. And this mockery of life was the only appearance of life ; and indeed it seemed as if there could be nothing living in such a world. The trees were clothed like the earth, every bough, branch, and spray ; except that side of the bark which had not been exposed to the wind, nothing was to be seen but what was perfectly and dazzlingly white ; and the evergreens in the garden were bent beneath the load. White mountains in the distance can give no idea of this singular effect. I was equally delighted with the incrustation upon the inside of the windows. Nothing which I have ever seen equals the exquisite beauty of this frost-work. But when I returned to London the scene was widely different. There the atmosphere is so full of soot from the earth coal, that the snow is sullied as it falls ; men were throwing it from the top of every house by shovelsful, lest it should soak through the roof ;—and when it began to melt, the streets were more filthy and miserable than I could have conceived possible. In wet weather women wear a clog, which is raised upon an iron ring about two inches from the ground ; they clatter along the streets like horses.

The cold in this country is intense ; and because it is not quite severe enough to nip off a man's nose if he put it out of doors, they take no precautions against it and therefore suffer more than the Germans or Russians. Nay, the Russian soldiers who were in England during the late war died of the cold ; they had been accustomed to their stoves and their furs, for which regimentals and English barracks were such bad substitutes that they sickened and died off like rotten sheep. Liquids freeze in the house. My wa-

ter bottle burst last night with a loud report. An exorcist would have taken it for a signal gun of the enemy, and have discharged a volley of anathemas in return. I was startled, and could not divine the cause till day-light explained it.

I happened to go into a pastry-cook's shop one morning, and inquired of the mistress why she kept her window open during this severe weather—which I observed most of the trade did. She told me, that were she to close it, her receipts would be lessened forty or fifty shillings a day—so many were the persons who took up buns or biscuits as they passed by and threw their pence in, not allowing themselves time to enter. Was there ever so indefatigable a people!—I may here mention that the first confectioner who ever carried on the trade in England was a Spaniard, by name Balthezar Sanchez, who founded a hospital near London at the close of the sixteenth century. Some of the English sweetmeats exceed ours: the currant and the raspberry, fruits which flourish in a cold climate, form delicious preserves. Their iced creams also are richer than our iced waters; but these northern people do not understand the management of southern luxuries; they fill their cellars with ice instead of snow, though it is produced with more difficulty and greater expense, and must be broken to the consistency of compressed snow before it can be used.

Just at this time these shops are filled with large plum-cakes, which are crusted over with sugar, and ornamented in every possible way. These are for the festival of the kings, it being part of an Englishman's religion to eat plum-cake on this day and to have pies at Christmas made of meat and plums. This is the only way in which these festivals are celebrated; and if the children had not an interest in keeping it up, even this would soon be disused. All persons say how differently this season was observed in their fathers days, and speak of old ceremonies and old festivities as things which are obsolete. The cause is obvious. In large towns the population is continually shifting; a new settler neither continues the customs of his own

province in a place where they would be strange, nor adopts those which he finds, because they are strange to him, and thus all local differences are wearing out. In the country estates are purchased by new men, by the manufacturing and merchantile aristocracy, who have no family customs to keep up, and by planters from the West Indies, and adventurers from the East, who have no feeling connected with times and seasons which they have so long ceased to observe.

Perhaps no kingdom ever experienced so great a change in so short a course of years, without some violent state convulsion, as England has done during the present reign. I wish I could procure materials to show the whole contrast:—A metropolis doubled in extent; taxes quintupled; the value of money depreciated as rapidly as if new mines had been discovered; canals cut from one end of the island to another; travelling made so expeditious that the internal communication is tenfold what it was; the invention of the steam-engine, almost as great an epocha as the invention of printing; the manufacturing system carried to its utmost point; the spirit of commerce extended to every thing; an empire lost in America, and another gained in the east:—these would be parts of the picture. The alteration extends to the minutest things, even to the dress and manners of every rank of society.

LETTER LIX.

*Cards.—Whist.—Treatises upon this Game.—Pope Juan.
—Cards never used on the Sabbath, and heavily taxed.—
Ace of Spades.*

THE English cards are, like the French, fifty-two in number. They differ from them in the figured cards, which are whole length, and in the clumsiness of their fabric; being as large again, thick in proportion, and always plain on the back. Our names for the suits are retained in both countries; and as only with —

us the names and the figures correspond, and our word for cards (*naypes*) is unlike that in any other European language, we either invented or first received them from the orientals.

Gambling, dancing, and hunting are as favorite pastimes among the English as among savages. The latter of these sports must of course be almost exclusively the amusement of men; dancing requires youth, or at least strength and agility; but old and young, hale and infirm, can alike enjoy the stimulus of the dice-box or the card-table.

Fashion, which for a long time appointed the games in this country, as it did every where else, seems here at last to have lost its fickleness. Ombre, Bassett and Quadrille had their day; but Whist is as much the favorite now as when it was first introduced. Casino came in from Italy, like the opera, and won over many females; but, like the opera, though it became fashionable it never was fairly naturalized; and Whist still continues peculiarly the game of the English people. It suits the taciturnity and thoughtfulness of the national character; indeed its name is derived from *whish*, a word or rather sound which they make when they would enjoin silence.* Not a word is spoken during the deal; unless one of the party, happening to be of irascible temper, should find fault with his partner—for people of the politest manners sometimes forget their politeness and their manners at cards. The time of dealing, if silence be broken, is employed in discussing the politics of the last deal. Whatever the stake may be, the men usually increase it by betting with some by-stander upon the issue of the rubber, the single game, and sometimes the single deal; and thus the lookers-on take as much interest in the cards as the players themselves.

A certain person of the name of Hoyle wrote a treatise upon the game, about half a century ago, and laid down all its laws. These laws, which like those of the

* It seems, by this etymology, as if some person had been fooling the author's curiosity.—T.R.

Medes and Persians alter not, are constantly appealed to. Few books in the language, or in any language, have been so frequently printed; still fewer so intently studied. Compendiums have been made of a pocket size for the convenience of ready reference; these are very numerous; the most esteemed is by Short.* But though these laws are every where received as canonical, an old Welsh baronet, who used to play cards six days in the week, and take physic on the seventh, chose some years since to set up a heresy of his own in opposition. It consisted in reducing the number of points from ten to six, allowing no honors to be counted, and determining the trump by drawing a card from the other pack, so that the dealer had no advantage, and all chance was as far as possible precluded. Whether this was considered as savoring too much of equality and jacobinism I know not, but he made few proselytes, and the schism expired with him. He himself called it Rational Whist; his friends, in a word of contemptuous fabrication, denominated it his *whimsy-whamsy*.

Of the minor games I have only noticed two as remarkable, the one for its name which is Pope Joan; a curious instance of the mean artifices by which the heretics still contrive to keep up a belief in this exploded fable. They call her the curse of Scotland; so the legend, fabulous as it is, has been still more falsified. The other game is called *a fear*;† each person stakes a certain sum, a card is named and the pack spread upon the table: each draws one in succession, and he who draws the lot loses and retires: this is repeated till the last survivor remains with the pool. The pleasure of the game consists in the *fear* which each person feels of seeing the fatal card turned up by himself, and hence its name.

* The author has mistaken Bob Short for a real name.—TR.

† *Un espanto* is the original phrase. Not knowing the game, the translator suspects he has not hit upon the right name.—TR.

Their great poet* speaks of an old age of cards as the regular and natural destiny of his countrywomen; what they all come to at last. This is one of the effects of their general irreligion. When I have seen a palsied old woman nodding over these devil's books, as the puritan's call them, I could not but think how much better her withered and trembling hands would be employed in telling a bead string than in sorting clubs and spades; and it has given me melancholy thoughts, to think that the human being whom I beheld there with one foot in the grave had probably never a serious thought upon any other subject. The most rigid dissenters, and especially the Quakers, proscribe cards altogether; some of the old church-people, on the contrary, seem to ascribe a sort of sacredness to this method of amusement, and think that a Christmas-day cannot be duly celebrated without it. But a general and unaccountable prejudice prevails against the use of them on Sundays. I believe that half the people of England think it the very essence of Sabbath-breaking.

Nothing is taxed more heavily than cards and dice, avowedly for the purpose of discouraging gambling. Yet the lottery is one of the regular ways and means of government; and as men will gamble, in some shape or other, it should seem that the wisest thing a government can do, is to encourage that mode of gambling which is most advantageous to itself and least mischievous to the people. If cards were lightly taxed, so as to be sold as cheaply here as they are in our country, the amusement would, as with us, descend to the lowest class of society, and the consumption be increased in proportion. The revenue would be no loser, and the people would be benefited, in as much as some little degree of reflection is necessary to most games; and for those who now never think at all, it would be advancing a step in intellect and civilization to think at their sports. Besides this, cards are favorable to habits of domestication, and the mechanic would

* Alexander Pope.

not so often spend his evenings in the chimney-corner of the alehouse if he could have this amusement by his own fire-side.

All the insignia of taxation are conferred upon the ace of spades, which is girt with the garter, encircled with laurels, and surmounted with the crown, the king's name above and his motto beneath ; but under all, and over all, and around all, you read every where 'sixpence, additional duty !' which said sixpences have been laid on so often, that having no room for their increase upon the card, they now ornament the wrapper in which the pack is sold with stamps. Once, in a farm house where cards were so seldom used that a pack lasted half a century, I saw an ace of spades plain like the other aces : they told me it was always made so in former times—a proof that when it was chosen to bear these badges of burthensome distinction quadrille was the fashionable game.

LETTER LX.

Growth of the Commercial Interest.—Family Pride almost extinct.—Effect of heavy Taxation.—Titles indiscriminately granted.—Increase of the House of Peers.

THE commercial system has long been undermining the distinction of ranks in society, and introducing a worse distinction in its stead. Mushrooms are every day starting up from the dunghill of trade, nobody knows how, and family pride is therefore become a common subject of ridicule in England ; the theatres make it the object of a safe jest, sure to find applause from the multitude who are ever desirous of depreciating what they do not possess ; and authors, who are to themselves, as one of their own number says,

‘ A whole Welsh genealogy alone,’

continue to attack as a prejudice a feeling which, as philosophers, it is now time for them to defend. That

the new gentry of the country should join in this ridicule ought not to be wondered at. He who has no paternal oaks, has reason to prefer the poplars of his own planting; and may well like to expatiate upon the inconvenience of an old family house, long galleries, huge halls, and windows which none but the assessor can count, in his own villa, which is built to the pattern of the last tax upon light, and where the stucco upon the walls is hardly dry. But that the true gentlemen of England should so readily yield up their own pre-
cedency to vulgar opinion, is indeed extraordinary. Nothing, however, is now valued for being old. The windows and the whole front of the mansion must be modernized; the old avenues of elms, which two centuries have just brought to their full perfection, are sacrificed to a hatred of uniformity; and the yew hedges, which have been clipt year after year till they formed a thick and impenetrable wall, are levelled and shorn smooth away. The fashion of the furniture must be changed; even the old plate must be melted down and recast in the newest shape; and an English Esquire would as soon walk abroad in his grandfather's wedding suit, as suffer the family tree to be seen in his hall.

This degeneracy of feeling is confined to the English, and has not yet extended to the Scotch, or Welsh, or Irish. That it is not necessarily and unavoidably produced by commerce seems to be proved by the instances of Genoa and Venice; but the commercial spirit was never so universal in those states as it is in England where it extends to every thing and poisons every thing—literature, arts, religion, government are alike tainted, it is a *lues* which has got into the system of the country and is rotting flesh and bone.

In the celestial hierarchy we are told the gradations, though infinite, are imperceptible; so gradual is the ascent, and so beautiful and perfect is order in Heaven. Experience shows that something like this is desirable in civil society; at least where the limits of rank are most strongly marked, there is there the worst tyranny and the most abject misery; as among the casts of

Hindustan. Towards this evil the English are tending; the commercial system encroaches on the one hand upon the aristocracy, and on the other it treads down the peasants, and little landholders the yeomanry, as they were called, who were once the strength of England. Half a century ago the country was divided into small farms; here was a race of men above the laborers, though laborers themselves; not superior to their hinds in manners or education, and living at the same table with them; but still in independence, and with that feeling of independence which was the pride of the country, and which has made the country what it is. These men have disappeared since agriculture has become a trading speculation: field has been joined to field; a moneyed farmer comes, like Aaron's rod, and swallows up all within his reach. Agriculture is certainly materially improved; whether the markets be better supplied or not is disputed: there is less competition, and the rich cultivator can withhold produce which his poorer predecessor must have brought to sale. In this point perhaps the advantages and disadvantages may be equal. But the evil is, that there is one gradation the less in society; that the second step in the ladder is taken away. And this evil is felt and acknowledged: the race of domestic servants were formerly the children of these little farmers; they were decently and religiously educated; and because they were of respectable parentage, they possessed a sort of family pride which made them respectable themselves. But the laboring and manufacturing poor have no leisure to breed up their children religiously, and no means to do it decently, and a very general depravity of the servants is complained of.

The gentry of small fortune have also disappeared. The colonial war bore hard upon them, but the last has crushed them. Inheriting what to their forefathers had been an ample subsistence, they have found themselves step by step curtailed of the luxuries and at last of the comforts of life without a possibility of helping themselves. For those who were arrived at manhood it was too late to enter into any profession;

and to embark what they possessed in trade was hazarding all, and putting themselves at the mercy of a partner. Meantime year after year the price of every article of necessary consumption has increased with accelerating rapidity: education has become more costly, and at the same time more indispensable; and taxation year after year falls heavier, while the means of payment become less. In vain does he whose father has lived in opulence, and whom the villagers with hereditary respect still address hat in hand, or bow to as they pass, in vain does he put down the carriage, dismiss the footman, and block up windows even in the house front. There is no escape. Wine disappears from his side-board; there is no longer a table ready for his friend; the priest is no longer invited after service;—all will not do; his boys must out to sea, or seek their fortune in trade; his girls sink lower and become dependents on the rich, or maintain themselves by the needle; while he mortgages the land, for immediate subsistence, deeper and deeper, as the burthen of the times presses heavier and heavier;—and happy is he if it lasts long enough to keep him from absolute want before he sinks into the grave.

While one part of the community is thus depressed by the effects of war, and the commercial system, and the diminished value of money, they who are in the lucky scale rise as others sink; and merchants and bankers and contractors make their way by wealth even into the ranks of nobility. James I. whom we compelled to cut off the head of the Raleigh, being perpetually at his shifts to supply the extravagance of his infamous favorites, invented the title of baronet and offered fifty of these titles for sale at a thousand pounds each;—in those days a weighty sum. This title has never indeed since been publicly put up to sale, yet it is still to be purchased; and as one of the expedients during the American war it is known that the then minister, having no readier means of rewarding one of his adherents, gave him the blank patent of a baronetcy to make the most of and fill up with what name he pleased. It is true that the title confers no power, the holder still continuing a commoner; but when honor-

any distinctions are thus disposed of, they cease to be honorable. Knighthood is here bestowed indiscriminately upon the greatest and the meanest occasions : it was conferred on Sir Sidney Smith, who stopt the progress of Bonaparte in Syria and drove him from Acre ; and it is lavished upon every provincial merchant who comes up with an address from his native city to the king upon any subject of public congratulation. This title, which consists in affixing Sir to the proper name (a word equivalent in its common acceptation to *Senior*), differs from the baronetcy in not being hereditary ; but, as I have before said, whoever chooses to pay the price may entail it upon his children.

The indiscriminate admission to nobility is a practice which produces the same mischievous effect upon public opinion. They must be short-sighted politicians who do not see that, if they would have nobility respected they should reserve it as the reward of great and signal services ; that it is monstrous to give the same honors and privileges to a man because he has the command of three or four boroughs, as to Nelson for the battle of the Nile. This however is not all the evil ; the political system of the country is altered by it, and the power of the old nobles gradually transferred to a set of new men, to an aristocracy of wealth. The Lords of England form the second power in the state, and no law can be enacted until it has received their approbation. About a century ago the party in opposition to the crown was known to be the strongest in the house of lords ; and the queen, knowing that her measures would else be outvoted, created twelve new peers who turned the scale. This open and undisguised exertion of the prerogative, to the actual subversion of the constitution as it then stood, provoked nothing more than a sarcasm. When the first of these new peers gave his vote upon the question, one of the old nobles addressed himself to the rest, and said, " I suppose, gentlemen, you all vote by your foreman ;" alluding to their number, which was the same as that of a common jury. This practice of granting peerages has been more frequent during the present reign than

at any former period, not less than three-fifths of the house of lords having been created, and the number is every year increased. But to the old aristocracy of the country every new creation is a diminution of their power and weight in the political scale. This evil will eventually occasion its own remedy; the lords will become at last too numerous for one assembly; and sooner or later some mode of election for seats must be resorted to for the younger peers, as is now the case in Scotland.

Agur prayed to the Almighty to give him neither poverty nor riches, and the wisest of mankind recorded his prayer for its wisdom. That which is wisdom for an individual must be wisdom for a nation, for wisdom and morality are not variable. There are too much riches and too much poverty in England; and were there less of the one there would be less of the other. Taxation might be so directed as to break down the great properties, and counteract the law of primogeniture. Without that law no country can emerge from barbarism, unless, as in Peru, no right of individual property be acknowledged; and, in small estates, it seems advisable that it should always hold good; but when a nation has attained to that state of improvement which England has, the operation of the law is mischievous. Society has outgrown it. But thus it is, that retaining institutions after their utility has ceased, man is crippled on his march by fettering, like the Chinese women, the feet of maturity with the shoes of childhood.

LETTER LXI.

Despard's Conspiracy.—Conduct of the Populace on that Occasion.—War.—The Question examined whether England is in Danger of a Revolution.—Ireland.

A MOST extraordinary conspiracy to kill the king and to overthrow the government has been detected. A certain Colonel Despard and a few soldiers were the only persons concerned. This man had for many

years been the object of suspicion, and had at different times been confined as a dangerous person. Whether his designs were always treasonable or whether he was goaded on by a frantic desire of revenge, for what he had suffered, certain it is that he corrupted some of the king's guards to fire at him in his carriage from a cannon which always stands by the palace. If it missed, the others were to be ready to dispatch him with their swords. The scheme had spread no farther than this handful of associates; and they trusted to the general confusion which it would occasion, and to the temper of the mob. These facts have been proved by the testimony of some of the parties concerned. Despard on his trial steadily denied them, and laid a most unreasonable stress upon the absurdity of the scheme. The jury who pronounced him guilty, unaccountably recommended him to mercy; he, however, and some of his accomplices have suffered death. The rest, it is supposed, will be pardoned.* With such lenity are things conducted in England. No arrests have followed, no alarm has been excited; the people are perfectly satisfied of his guilt, and only say, What a blessing that it did not happen under Pitt!—Never had a nation a more perfect confidence in the rectitude of their minister.

The execution was after the ordinary manner with this difference only, that the criminal, after he was dead, was beheaded and the head held up with this proclamation, "This is the head of a traitor." He addressed the people from the scaffold, solemnly protested that he was innocent, and that he died a martyr to the zeal with which he had ever been the friend of their liberties. If revenge was the rooted passion of his soul never was that passion more strongly exemplified than by this calm declaration of a dying man, which was so well calculated to do mischief;—and had

* One of these men has just been transported (Dec. 1806), having remained in the Tower since his conviction, upon the allowance of a state prisoner. His expenses, it is to be hoped, are charged to the nation among the *Extraordinaries*.—TR.

it been under Mr. Pitt's administration, a great part of the nation would have believed him. What is most extraordinary is that the mob applauded him while he spoke, took off their hats as if in respect when he suffered, and hissed the executioner when he held up his bloody head. They burnt one of the witnesses in effigy; and attended the body to the grave, as if they had been giving him the honors of a public funeral.

The English are going to war. To the utter astonishment of every body the king has informed parliament, that formidable armaments are fitting out in the French ports and that it is necessary to prepare against them. There is not a syllable of truth in this, and every body knows it: but every thing in this country is done by a fiction; the lawyers have as complete a mythology of their own, as the old poets; and every trial has as regular a machinery as the Iliad. That war will be the result is not doubted, because it is well known that the ministry are disposed to be at peace. They have given a decisive proof of this by prosecuting M. Peltier for a libel on the first consul; it is therefore reasonably supposed, that after a measure so repugnant as this to English feelings, and to English notions of the freedom of the press, has been adopted to gratify the first consul nothing but necessity could induce them to abandon their pacific system.

This sudden turn of political affairs has greatly raised the reputation of lord Grenville and his party. It now appears that he prophesied as truly of the peace as Mr. Fox did of the war. The curse of Cassandra lay upon both; and it seems as if the English, like the Jews of old, always were to have prophets and never to believe them. The peace, however, short as its duration has been, has been highly beneficial. The English are no longer a divided people. They are ready and almost eager for the commencement of hostilities, because they are persuaded that war is unavoidable. The tremendous power of France seems rather to provoke than alarm them: volunteers are arming every where; and though every man shakes his head when

he hears the taxes talked of, it is evident that they are ready to part with half they have if the national exigencies call for it.

Still the circumstances which occurred upon Despard's execution may give the English government matter for serious reflection. There is no longer a party in the country who are desirous of a revolution, and as eager as they were able to disseminate the perilous principles of Jacobinism. Bonaparte has extinguished that spirit; he has destroyed all their partiality for the French government, and Mr. Addington has conciliated them to their own. Never was there a time when the English were so decidedly Anti-Gallican, those very persons being the most so who formerly regarded France with the warmest hopes. Whence then can have arisen this disposition in the populace, unless it be from the weight of taxation, which affects them in the price of every article of life;—from a growing suspicion that their interest and the interest of their rulers are not the same, and a disposition to try any change for the chance there is that it may be for the better?

Two causes, and only two, will rouse a peasantry to rebellion; intolerable oppression, or religious zeal either for the right faith or the wrong: no other motive is powerful enough. A manufacturing poor is more easily instigated to revolt. They have no local attachments; the persons to whom they look up for support they regard more with envy than respect, as men who grow rich by their labor; they know enough of what is passing in the political world to think themselves politicians; they feel the whole burthen of taxation, which is not the case with the peasant because he raises a great part of his own food: they are aware of their own numbers, and the moral feelings which in the peasant are only blunted are in these men debauched. A manufacturing populace is always ripe for rioting,—the direction which this fury may take is accidental; in 1780 it was against the Catholics, in 1790 against the Dissenters; Governments who found their prosperity upon manufactures sleep upon gunpowder.

Do I then think that England is in danger of revolution? If the manufacturing system continues to be extended, increasing, as it necessarily does increase, the number, the misery and the depravity of the poor, I believe that revolution inevitably must come; and in its most fearful shape. But there are causes which delay the evil, and some which may by an easy possibility avert it if government should aid them.

The spread of Methodism in its various shapes tends immediately to make its converts quiet and orderly subjects, though its ultimate consequences cannot be doubted. The army may as yet be depended upon, the volunteers are fully equal to any service which may be required of them; and the English people by which denomination I mean, as distinguishing them from the populace, that middle class from whom an estimate of the national character is to be formed; have that wonderful activity and courage, that unless the superiority of numbers against them were more than tenfold, they would put out an insurrection as they put out a fire. They are a wonderful people. There is no occasion to cry out *Aqui del Rey!* (*Here for the King!*) in England. Should one man draw his knife upon another in the streets, the passers-by do not shrug up their shoulders and say 'It is *their* business,' and pass on; letting murder be committed and the murderer escape. Every man in England feels that it is *his* business both to prevent a crime, and deliver up a criminal to justice.

The people then are the security of England against the populace; but the tendency of the present system is to lessen the middle class and to increase the lower ones; and there is also some danger that the people may become dissatisfied with their rulers. There is no economy in the administration of public affairs; prodigal governments must be needy, and needy ones must be oppressive. The sum paid in taxation is beyond what any other people ever paid to the state; the expenditure of the state is almost incredible—for the last years of the war it exceeded a million of English money per week. The peculation is in proportion to the expenditure. They are now inquiring into these

abuses; many have been pointed out in the department of the admiralty, and no person entertains a doubt but that they exist in every other department in equal degree. It is almost as dangerous to touch these abuses as to let them continue; but the alarm has been given; and upon this ground any member of parliament, however little his influence and however despised his talents, would, even if he stood alone, prove a far more formidable opponent to any ministry than ever Fox has been with all the great families of the country and all his own mighty powers. Any member who should boldly and pertinaciously cry out that the public money was peculated, bring forward his proofs, and perseveringly insist upon investigation, would not long be without supporters. The people would take up the cause: they can bear to have their money squandered, and can even be made to take a pride in the magnitude of the expenditure, as something magnificent, but they would not bear to have it pilfered; and should they be convinced that it is pilfered, which these examinations if they be carried on must needs convince them of—should they be provoked so far as to insist upon having all the ways and windings of corruption laid open, and all the accounts well examined before the bills are paid, I know not what lure would be strong enough to draw them from the scent and their governors would have reason to apprehend the fate of Actæon.

The causes which may prevent revolution chiefly arise from France. France expects to ruin England by its finances, forgetful with what result that recipe for ruining an enemy has lately been tried by England upon herself. The French do not know this wonderful people. It was supposed that the existence of the English government depended upon the bank, and that the bank would be ruined by an invasion: the thing was tried; men landed in Wales, away ran the Londoners to the bank to exchange their bills for cash, and the stock of cash was presently exhausted. What was the consequence? Why, when the Londoners found there was no cash to be had, they began to consider whether they could not do without it, mutually agreed

to be contented with paper, and with paper they have been contented ever since. The bank is infinitely obliged to France for the experiment, and no persons suffer by it except the poor sailors ; who, when they receive their pay, put these bills into their tobacco-boxes and spoil them with a wet quid.

It is certain that the English government must adopt a strict system of economy, thereby effectually preventing revolution by reform, or that sooner or later a national bankruptcy must ensue—and to this France hopes to drive them. But what would be the effect of national bankruptcy ?—not a revolution. The English have no fits of insanity : if they saw the evil to be inevitable, they would immediately begin to calculate and to compound and see how it might be brought about with the least mischief. Thousands would be ruined ; but they, who would be benefited by the reduction of the taxes, would be tens of thousands ; so that the majority would be satisfied at the time, and government begin its accounts afresh ; strong enough to take credit, if the people were not disposed to give it. For this fact is apparent from all history—that the tendency of all political changes is ultimately to strengthen the executive power. Forms may be altered—they who play for authority may win and lose as rapidly as other gamblers, and perhaps at more desperate stakes, but the uniform result is that government becomes stronger. The National Convention carried decrees into effect which Louis the XVI would not have dared to attempt—and Bonaparte has all the strength of that convention rendered permanent by military power. Whatever be the external form, the effect is the same ; the people submit implicitly to the directions of a single man, till he has riveted the yoke upon their necks ; or cheerfully obey the more rigid tyranny of laws, because they conceive them to be of their own making. A government therefore with the forms of freedom, which could persuade the people that it had no other object than their good, would be the strongest in the world. The Spartans called themselves free, and boasted of their obedience to institutions which changed the very nature of man.

In the language of modern politics a ministry has been considered as synonymous with government, and government as synonymous with nation. England made this error with regard to France, and France is now making it with regard to England. Admit that the pressure of taxation should occasion a national bankruptcy, and that this in its consequence should bring about a revolution—England would be miserable at home; but would she be less formidable abroad? She would not have a ship nor a sailor the less; and if any circumstances were to awaken a military spirit in the land of the Plantagenets, France, mighty as she is, might tremble for her conquests. I do not believe that the fall of the funds would produce any violent change in the government; and whether it did or not, the enemies of England would do well to remember; that it would finally strengthen the nation.

Bonaparte, whether at war or peace, will endeavor to ruin the commerce of England. As for what he can do by war, the English laugh at him. The old saying of the cat and the adulterer holds equally true of the smuggler; and a large portion of the world is out of reach of his armies, but not out of reach of their merchant ships. He will take the surer method of establishing manufactories at home:—They smile at this too. Manufactories are not to be created by edicts; and if they were, if he could succeed in this, he would do precisely the best possible thing which could be done for England in the best possible way:—first check and then destroy the system, which there is now nothing to check, which cannot suddenly be destroyed without great evil, and which, if it continues to increase will more effectually tend to ruin England than all the might and all the machinations of its enemies, were they ten times more formidable than they are.

That system certainly threatens the internal tranquillity, and undermines the strength of the country. It communicates just knowledge enough to the populace to make them dangerous, and it poisons their morals. The temper of what is called the mob, that is of this class of people, has been manifested at the death of Despard; and there is no reason to suppose

that it is not the same in all other great towns, as in London. It will be well for England when her cities shall decrease, and her villages multiply and grow; when there shall be fewer streets and more cottages. The tendency of the present system is to convert the peasantry into poor; her policy should be to reverse this, and to convert the poor into peasantry, to increase them, and to enlighten them; for their numbers are the strength, and their knowledge is the security of states.

Ireland is the vulnerable part of the British empire: and till that empire be restored to the true faith, it will always be vulnerable there. Another conspiracy has just been formed there; the plan was to seize the seat of government, and if the insurgents had not stopped, to perpetrate a useless murder upon the way, they would in all likelihood have succeeded; the mails would that night have scattered their proclamations over the whole island, and nine-tenths of the population would have been instantly in rebellion. The exemplary attachment of the Irish to the religion of their fathers is beyond all praise, and almost beyond all example. Nothing but the complete re-establishment of that religion can ever conciliate them to the English government or reclaim them from their present savage state; and the false hierarchy is too well aware of the consequences ever to consent to this. Dagon knows what would happen if the Ark of Truth were to be set up so near.

LETTER LXII.

Account of Swedenborgianism.

I FOUND my way one Sunday to the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian chapel. It is singularly handsome, and its gallery fitted up like boxes at a theatre. Few or none of the congregation belonged to the lower classes, they seemed to be chiefly respectable tradesmen. The service was decorous, and the singing re-

markably good : but I have never in any other heretical meeting heard heresy so loudly insisted upon. Christ in his *divine*, or in his *glorified human*, was repeatedly addressed as the only God ; and the preacher labored to show that the profane were those who worshipped three Gods, and that their prayers, instead of sweet-smelling savor ascending to the throne of God, were an obscene stink which offended his nostrils.

There is little remarkable in the civil or, as his disciples would call it, the human and terrestrial part of Emanuel Swedenborg's history. He was born in 1689, at Stockholm, and was son of the bishop of Ostrogothia. Charles XII favored him ; Queen Ulrica ennobled him dignifying his name by elongation, as if in the patriarchal fashion from Swedborg to Swedenborg. It is certain that he was a man of science, having been assessor of the Metallic College, and, having published a *Regnum Minerale* in three volumes folio ; but he abandoned the mineral kingdom for a spiritual world of his own, the most extraordinary that ever a crazy imagination created.

His celestial history is more out of the common. I am copying from the books of his believers when I tell you—that his interiors were opened by the Lord ; that he conversed with the dead, and with the very worst devils without danger ; that he spoke the angelic language, and respired the angels' atmosphere ; that for twenty-six years he was in the spirit, and at the same time in the body ; that he could let his spirit into the body or out of the body at pleasure ; that he had been in all the planets, and in all the heavens, and had even descended into hell ; that the twelve apostles used to visit him ; that a conspiracy of spirits was formed against him ; and that he was seized with a deadly disease in consequence of a pestilential smoke which issued from Sodom and Egypt in the spiritual world.*

* The author seems to have looked for no other account of Swedenborg than what his ignorant believers could furnish. At the age of twenty he published a collection of Latin Poems under the title of *Ludus*

Enough of this. Let me try if it be possible to make his mythology intelligible, and to draw out a map of his extramundane discoveries.

Omnia quæ in cælis, sunt in terris, terrestri modo ; omnia quæ in terris, sunt in cælis, cælesti modo. All things which are in heaven are upon earth after an earthly manner ; all things which are upon earth are in heaven after a heavenly manner.* So says Trismegistos, and who will dispute the authority of the thrice-greatest Hermes!—The Scriptures therefore cannot be understood without the science of correspondences ; a knowledge which the patriarchs possessed intuitively in the golden age, which was preserved only scientifically in the silver age, became merely speculative in the copper age, and in our iron generation has been wholly lost. The Egyptian hieroglyphics are to be explained by this key, which opens all the mysteries of the ritual law. Job was the last writer who possessed it, till it was revealed to the Swedish teacher.

Heliconius, sive Carmina Miscellanea quæ variis in locis cecinit, &c. Charles XII valued him for his scientific knowledge, and profited by it. He took him with him to the siege of Frederickshall, the roads were impassable for artillery, and Swedenborg made a canal cutting through mountains and rising valleys by which his battering pieces were conveyed. He was a great favorite with Charles, and deservedly so ; for it is said that no person, except Linnæus, ever did so much in so short a time. In all the North of Europe he was held in the highest estimation, till, in the year 1743, he abandoned science to print his waking dreams and become the founder of a new church.

Swedenborg died at London in 1772, and after lying in state was buried at the Swedish church near Radcliffe Highway.—TR.

* What if earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought ?

MILTON.—TR.

There is nothing new in this, you tell me ; it is the old notion of a double meaning, the external and the internal, the literal and the allegorical, the letter and the spirit. Not so, my good Father ! ‘ Correspondence is the appearance of the internal in the external, and its representation therein ; there is a correspondence between all things in heaven and all things in man ; without correspondence with the spiritual world nothing whatever could exist or subsist.’ You are growing impatient !—I must give you a specimen of common language interpreted by this science. Two legs stand for the will of God ; by a small piece of the ear we are to understand the will of truth ; the son of a she ass denotes rational truth ; and an ass, without any mention of his pedigree, signifies the scientific principle—certainly no ill-chosen emblem of such principles and such science as this. This is stark nonsense ! you say my good Father Antonio ; ‘ No distinct idea can be had of correspondence without a previous knowledge concerning heaven as the Great Man,’ or *Maximus Homo*, as we must call him in the Master’s own words.

In sober serious explanation ; Swedenborg seems to have thought upon one text and dreamt upon it, till he mistook his dreams and his delirium for revelation. ‘ Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.—So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.’ His system is a wild comment upon this passage, as monstrous as any of the Rabbinical reveries. Accordingly he lays it down as an axiom, that the whole of divine order was imagined in man at the creation ; insomuch that he was divine order itself in a human form, and so heaven in epitome. Upon this he has built up a creed of the strangest anthropomorphism ; teaching that the divinity of the deity constitutes heaven, and that heaven itself is in a human form ; Deity and Heaven thus identified being the *Maximus Homo*, the Grand or Divine Man.

It has been one of the many fancies of hypothetical philosophers, that all bodies are aggregates of living atoms. Admit this notion, and it explains all the mysterious operations of life with perfect facility ; the lit-

the inhabitants of the secretory organs take each what they like best, and thus manufacture all the animal materials. This is analogous to the celestial system of Swedenborg; but with this difference, that each constituent part and particle of his *Maximus Homo* resembles the whole in form, every society in this body corporate and every individual of each society being in the human shape divine.

Heaven is to be considered under the threefold distinction of general, special, and particular—for Swedenborg had learnt to classify in his earthly studies. Generally it is divided into two kingdoms, celestial and spiritual; but I am sorry to add that, though I have studied the anatomy of the Grand Man with some attention, I cannot discover where or how these regions are separated. The specific division into three heavens is more intelligible; the first is in the extremities, the second or middle in the trunk, the third and highest in the head. The particular division is into the societies of angels, who form the constituent monads of this divine aggregate.

Every part, however, of the *Maximus Homo* is not Heaven; at least the inhabitants of every part are neither possessed of celestial goodness, nor in that state of celestial enjoyment which seems essential to our ideas of paradise. For instance; the parishioners of the kidneys, the ureters, and the bladder, consist of such persons as in their mortal state took a cruel delight in bringing others to justice; these people speak with a harsh clattering voice, like magpies whose tongues have been slit. They who have despised virtue and religion are in the gall-bladder, a bitter destination no doubt! They also who dwell about the *sphincter vesice*, amuse themselves by tormenting the evil spirits. Whether they are purged of this malignant disposition by the secretions and excretions, which are going on in their vicinity, this new Emanuel sayeth not. A purgatory indeed there is, and a truly curious one! They who are still unclean in thoughts and affections are stationed in the colon; not as component parts of the Grand Man—of that honor they are not yet worthy; they are there as his aliment to be concocted and

digested, and, after the gross faeces have been cast out, filtered through lacteals and arteries into chyle and blood till they are taken up into the system and embodied. They who are defiled with earthly dregs are in the small guts; the most impure of all in the neck of the bladder and in the rectum; both which have below them a most dreadful and filthy hell, ready to receive their contents,

E recolher o mais sobejo e impuro

Da immundicia de toda a obra lançada.*

This *Ουρανός*, or *Maximus Homo*, seems to be the body of the Deity; and the Divine Life or Spirit, like the gifted spirit of Swedenborg himself, can be in or out, separate from, or identified with it at pleasure. Accordingly though the angels are in him, and actually are he, yet they visibly beheld him as the sun of their world. Now the Lord in person being the sun, the light and heat which proceed from him must necessarily partake of divinity; accordingly light in Heaven is divine truth, and heat is divine love: a thin and transparent vapor, which surrounds the angels like an atmosphere, enables them to sustain this influx of Deity. An atmosphere of this kind, which is called the Sphere of Life, exhales from every man spirit and angel; it is the emanation of the vital affections and thoughts. In Heaven, of course, it is volatile essence of love; and each angel is sensibly affected when he gets within the sphere of another. We on earth feel the same influence, though unconscious of the cause, for this hypothesis physically accounts for the sympathies of dislike and of affection. The Deity is also the celestial moon; and this sun and moon are seen at the same time, one before the right eye and the other before the left. Let an angel turn his head which way he will, this sun is always before him and he always fronts the east; yet at the same time he can see the other quarters by an inward kind of vision, like that of thought. A precious olla podrida this of allegorical riddles and downright nonsense!

* And to receive the superfluous and impure uncleannesses which are cast out from the whole work.
—TR.

The economy of the angels is more rationally imagined, and is better suited to our worldly habits, or suited to better worldly habits than Elysium, or Valhalla, or the Sorgon, the Paradise of Mohammed, or the ever blessed state of Nireupan to which the Vogue approximates when he has looked at nothing for seven years but the tip of his own nose. You are not to conceive of angels as of disembodied spirits; they are material beings, though of a finer matter. They wear garments white, or flame-colored, or shining, with which they are supplied by the Deity; only the angels of the third Heaven, being in the state of innocence made perfect, are naked. They dwell in houses, which are arranged in streets and squares like our cities on earth; but every thing there is on a nobler scale, and of more magnificence. Swedenborg frequently walked through these cities, and visited the inhabitants; he saw palaces there, the roofs of which glittered as if with pure gold and the floors as if with precious stones: the gardens are on the south side, where trees with leaves like silver produce fruits resembling gold, and the flowers are so arranged as by their colors to represent rainbows. There is no space in Heaven or, more accurately speaking, no such thing as distance: where angels wish to be, there they are; locomotion is accomplished by the mere act of volition; and, what is better still, if one angel earnestly desires the company of another the wish attracts him and he immediately appears.

There is a room in the southern quarter of the spiritual world, the walls of which shine like gold; and in this room is a table, and on this table lies the Bible set with jewels. Whenever this book is opened a light of inexpressible brilliancy flows from it, and the jewels send forth rays which arch it over with a rainbow. When an angel of the third Heaven comes and opens it, the ground of this rainbow appears crimson; to one from the second Heaven it is blue; to one of the first or lowest Heaven the light is variegated and veined like marble. But if one approaches who has ever falsified the word, the brightness disappears; and

the book itself seems covered with blood, and warns him to depart lest he suffer for his presumption.

There is public worship in Heaven, which Swedenborg attended, and heard sermons : they have books both written and printed ; he was able to read them, but could seldom, he says, pick out any meaning ; from which I conclude that he has successfully copied their style. Writing flows from the thoughts of angels, or with their thoughts, appearing so coinstantaneously as if thought cast itself upon the paper ; but as this writing is not permanent, it seems that pen and ink might usefully be introduced among them. The language of Heaven is, like the writing, connate with thought, being indeed nothing more than thinking audibly. Its construction is curiously explained ; the vowels express the affections ; the consonants the particular ideas derived from the affections, and the words the whole sense of the matter. The angelic alphabet resembles the Chinese, for every letter signifies a complete thing, which is the reason why the hundred and nineteenth psalm is alphabetically divided ; and every letter, and every flexure and curvature of every letter, contains some secret of wisdom. Different dialects of this language are spoken in the celestial and spiritual kingdoms ; the celestials chiefly using the vowels U and O, the spirituals preferring E and I ; the speech of the former resembles a smooth flowing water, that of the latter the sound of a running stream broken on its way. But the most enviable power connected with expression, which the angels possess, is that they represent their ideas in a thin undulating circumfluent fluid or ether so that they can make thought visible.

In like manner as our human form goes on with us to our heavenly state, so also will our human affections. The ruling passion, whatever it be, not only lasts till death, but continues after death. Woe therefore to those whose whole aspirations are after things that are earthly, for they cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven ! This truth is neither the less true, nor the less important, because it is found in the pages of a madman.

Marriage also is not dissolved by death :—when one of the wedded couple dies, the spirit of the deceased co-habits with the spirit of the living spouse till that also be released ; they then meet again, and reunite with a tender and more perfect union. On no subject does Swedenborg dilate with more pleasure than upon this. The sphere of conjugal love, he tells us, is that which flows from the Creator into all things ; from the Creator it is received by the female, and transferred through her to the male. It makes man more and more man ; it is a progressive union of minds, for ever rejuvenescent, continuing to old age and to eternity ; it is the foundation and germ of all spiritual and all celestial love ; it is in Heaven, and it is Heaven, yea even the inmost Heaven, the Heaven of Heavens. It dwells in the supreme regions of the mind, in the conclave of the will, amidst the perceptions of wisdom, in the marriage chamber of the understanding. Its origin is from the divine nuptials of Goodness and Truth, consequently from the Lord himself. After this it is ridiculous enough to see him trace the progress of this sphere or essence of love into the soul of man, thence into the mind, thence into the interior affections, from whence it finds its way through the breast into the genital region.

Do not, however, suppose that there are any births in Heaven. All spirits both in Heaven and Hell were born on Earth ; from which it seems a puzzling argument against the system itself might be brought : *Ex nihilo nihil fit*—Of nothing nothing is made ; where then was the Grand Man before all the parts of which he is composed, were in existence ?—Heaven is supplied with children by those who die in infancy ; happy are they, for they are given to virgins whose maternal feelings find in them an object, and under their tuition they grow up in the gardens of Paradise. They advance to the full bloom of youth, not beyond it ; the old, who arrive in Heaven with all the marks of age, grow younger till they also arrive at the same perfection : to grow old in Heaven is to increase in beauty.

There are many mansions in Heaven, and infinite de-

grees of happiness, yet is there no envy nor discontent; every one is happy to the utmost measure of his capacity; the joys of a higher state would be no joys to him; his cup is full. But the longer he has been in Heaven the happier he becomes; his capacity of enjoyment increases as he is progressive in virtue and goodness, that is, in divine love.

As all Heaven is one Grand Man, or Divinity, so is all Hell one Grand Devil; and the wicked are literally to become members of Satan. The road from one to the other is through the *Maximus Homo's* Port Esquiline; it opens immediately into the mouth of Hell; and the two-and-thirty white millers who sit in the gateway, receive all they have to grind through that channel*. Hell-fire is no torment to the damned; it

* Das portas para dentro logo entrando,
De grande fábrica hum moinho tinha,
O qual moendo estava, e preparando,
Tudo o que havia de ir para a cozinha;
Moido, e brando dentro assi mandando
O mantimento, que de fóra vinha,
Com esta proporção conveniente
Se repartia, e hia a toda a gente.

Neste moinho junto os dous porteiros,
Estando juntamente em seu officio,
Duros e rijos trinta e duos moleiros,
De grande força, e util exercicio;
Daqui tirados fóra outros primeiros
Foram por grão fraqueza sua, e vicio;
E os que agora moiam com destreza
Todos branco vestiam por limpeza.

Tinha cada hum delles sua morada
Em dous lanços de penedo, que havia;
Entre elles hum Dona exprimentada,
Esperta andava, e prompta, noite e dia:
E della era approvada ou reprovada
A farrinha de quanto se moia,
Provando se era sabotosa, e alva,
Porque era ella gentil mestra de salva.

Da Creação e Composição do Homen.

imparts no other sensation to them than an irascible heat; for in truth the fire of Hell is nothing more than their evil passions, which appear to good spirits in flame and smoke. This is the only light they have, proceeding from themselves and resembling that which is given out by red hot coals. The Hell of Swedenborg is what earth would be if all virtue were destroyed, if the salt of the earth were taken away, and its corruptions left to putrify. There are cities inhabited only by the profligate, where they are abandoned to their own vices and to the inevitable miseries which those vices produce. They have even their places of public amusement; he saw the dragons holding their abominable diversions in an amphitheatre. Deserts, fields laid waste, houses and towns in ruins which have been destroyed by fire fill up the picture.

Of all the heretics who have sprung from the spawn of Luther, Swedenborg is the only one who admits a purgatory.—You will not expect a rational one;—in this intermediate world, as the good are purified from

Immediately upon entering the gates there was a mill of great fabric, which was grinding and preparing all that was to go to the kitchen; sending on, thus ground and softened, the provisions which came from without, to be distributed in convenient proportions to all the people. Near the two porters in this mill, and equally employed in their business, were two-and-thirty sturdy millers of great strength and useful exercise. Others, who had held this place before them, had been turned out for their weakness; and these who now ground skilfully, were all clothed in white for cleanliness. Each of these had his dwelling in two pieces of wall, and between them was an experienced dame, who was awake and ready night and day; all the corn which was ground was approved or rejected by her, she trying if it were white and savory for she was a gentle house keeper.—*Author's note.*

The reader need not be apprised that the situation of these Millers is in the Mouth gate of the town of Mansoul, according to Bunyan's allegory.—T₂.

I believe that good actions ought to be done, because they are of God and from God; and that they should be done by man, as of himself; nevertheless, under this acknowledgment and belief, that they are from the Lord operating in him and by him.

I believe that immediately on the death of the material body, which will never be reassumed, man rises again as to his spiritual or substantial body, wherein he existeth in a perfect human form; and thus that death is only a continuation of life.

I believe that the last judgment is accomplished in the spiritual world, and that the former heaven and the former earth, or the old church, are passed away and that all things are become new.

I believe that now is the second Advent of the Lord, which is a coming, not in person but in the power and glory of the spiritual sense of his holy word, which is himself. And I believe that the holy city, New Jerusalem, is now descending from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride for her husband.

Their pater-noster is of more curious complexion.

Father of us, who in the heavens; let be sanctified the name of thee. Let come the kingdom of thee. Let be done the will of thee, as in heaven and upon the earth. The bread of us the daily give to us this day. And remit to us the debts of us, as and we remit to the debtors of us. And not bring us into temptation, but keep us from the evil. Because of thee is the kingdom and the power and the glory unto the ages. Amen.

This, they say, is perhaps too literal to be used in public worship *as yet*. It will, however, serve to give the English reader an idea of the idiom of that language which the Lord made use of when he was pleased to teach us how to pray. And it may also, by the arrangement of the words themselves, in some measure point out the order of influx from the Fountain of all Life; for the first word in this divine prayer, viz. *Father*, is the universal that flows into and fills all the succeeding parts, just as the soul flows into and fills every part of the human body derived from it.

LETTER LXIII.

Jews in England.

I WENT yesterday evening to the Synagogue. Never did I see a place of worship in which there was so little appearance of devotion. The women were in a gallery by themselves, the men sat below, keeping their hats on, as they would have done in the street. During the service they took from behind their altar, if that word may be thus applied without profanation, certain silver—utensils they cannot be called, as they appeared to be of no possible use—silver ornaments rather, hung with small rattle bells, and these they jingled as they carried them round the room then replaced them in the receptacle. This was the only ceremony. It is impossible to describe the strange and uncouth tone in which the priest sung out a portion of the Pentateuch, from a long roll. The language was so intolerably harsh, and the manner in which it was chanted so abominably discordant, that they suited each other to a miracle; and the larynx of the Rabbi seemed to have been made expressly to give both their full effect.

In former times the toleration of the Jews gave occasion to the same disturbances here as in the rest of Europe. They cheated the people, and the people in return took advantage of every tumult to plunder them. The famous king John, who offered to turn Moham-medan if the Miramamolin would assist him against his rebellious subjects, extorted a large sum from a Jew of Bristol by a new and ingenious kind of torture: he condemned him to have a tooth drawn every day till he consented to lend the money; and the Jew parted with six grinders before he submitted. After the schism as the heretics began first to persecute the Catholics, and then one another, the misbelievers

were forgotten. Cromwell even favored them ; in one respect he differed from all his contemporary fanatics, for he willingly allowed to other sects the toleration which he claimed for his. Under his protection Manasses Ben Israel printed three editions of the Bible in Hebrew. This Rabbi is generally supposed to have been a Spaniard, but the Portuguese claim him ; and I think we shall not be disposed to contend with them for the honor, especially as most persons would decide in their favor without examination.

During the last reign an attempt was made to naturalize them, in a body ; and the measure would have been effected had it not been for the indignant outcry of the people, who very properly regarded it as an act of defiance, or at least of opposition, to the express language of prophesy. But this feeling has abated, and were the attempt to be renewed it would meet with little opposition. In Catholic countries our pictures and crucifixes perpetually set before the christian's eyes the sufferings of his Redeemer, and there is no possibility of his forgetting the history of his religion. Even the most trifling ceremony is of use. At one of the public schools here, the boys on Easter Sunday rush out of the chapel after prayers singing,

He is risen, he is risen,
All the Jews must go to prison.

This custom is certainly very old, though I cannot learn that it was ever usual to imprison this wretched people upon this festival. Some of these boys cut the straps of a Jew's box one day, and all his gingerbread nuts fell into the street. Complaint was made to the master ; and when he questioned the culprits what they could say in their defence, one of them stepped forward and said, ' Why, sir, did not they crucify our Lord ? ' Without admitting the plea in excuse it may be remarked, that if the boy had not remembered his Easter rhymes he would have been as indifferent to the crime of the Jews as the rest of his countrymen.

Some years ago one of the best living dramatists wrote a comedy for the purpose of representing the

Jewish character in a favorable light.* The play was very successful, and the Jews were so well pleased that they presented the author with a handsome gratuity.† A farce was brought forward at another time called the Jew Boy; and the fraternity knowing that it was impossible to represent this class favorably, assembled in great numbers and actually damned the piece. This single fact is sufficient to prove that the liberty which they enjoy is unbounded. It is not merely the open exercise of their religion which is permitted them, they are even suffered to publish and write against Christianity. If the permission of blasphemy were no sin, there would be little evil in this licence, so little are they able to make proselytes. The only apostate whom they have made within the memory of man is the very person who occasioned the insurrection against the Catholics in 1780 and who afterwards lost his senses, renounced his faith, and, though of noble family, died in a public prison a lamentable instance of divine vengeance.

In Rome these misbelievers are obliged to hear a sermon once a week; here a sermon attracts them as a novelty. One of the Methodist itinerants, some few years ago, fancying that like St. Vicente Ferrer he had a special gift for converting this stiff-necked generation, undertook to confute their errors and invited them to attend his preaching. The place appointed was the great Methodist Chapel in Tottenham Court Road; and they assembled in such crowds as to fill the chapel and the court in which it is built. One of the windows was taken out, and the orator taking his stand in the opening addressed the congregation both within and without at the same time. There can be no reason to suppose that they came with hearts more accessible to conviction than usual; but had it been the case, the method which this fanatic took was little likely to be successful; for he began by telling them

* This was Cumberland's play of *THE JEW*. AM ED.

† This was publicly asserted at the time, but untruly.—Tr.

that he was not yet twenty years old, that he had no human learning whatever, and that for all he was about to say to them he trusted to the immediate impulse of the Lord. The rest of his discourse was in character with the beginning, and the Jews returned ; the greater number ridiculing his folly, the more thoughtful remembering their own law against him who presumes to speak in the name of the Lord what the Lord hath not commanded him to speak. Yet from the readiness with which they assembled to hear him it does not appear impossible that if some true Christian inspired with the zeal of our St. Vicente, were to collect them together their curiosity might be made use of to the triumph of the faith and the salvation of souls.

The English church has no zeal for souls. At the beginning of the last century the daughter of a rich Jew, by name Jacob Mendes de Breta, was at her own instance publicly baptised. The father ran into the church like a madman, charged the officiating clergyman to desist, and when he perceived that this was in vain, cursed his child with the bitterest imprecations, and prayed to his God that the church might fall in, and crush all who were concerned in the ceremony. After this he utterly disowned her :—the law had made no provision for such cases, and the parish were obliged to support her ; which, to their honor they did in a manner suitable to her former situation in life. At their petition, however, a bill was enacted compelling the Jews to provide decently for their converted children. Thus much was done upon the emergency of the case, and nothing more. Not the slightest effort is made for their conversion, nor the slightest impediment opposed to the public celebration of ceremonies which the Gospel has expressly abrogated. The Jews have nothing to complain of, except that they pay tithes to the clergy and that they are liable to the trouble of parish offices—the law even allowing them to be made church-wardens. Any person may be excused from serving this office if he chooses to pay a fine amounting to about ten pieces of eight : it is not long since a parish in London nominated a Jew for the sake

of getting this money ; he, however, was determined to disappoint them by taking the situation ;—the profanation was theirs, not his ;—and accordingly the church affairs for the year were actually managed by this son of the Synagogue.*

It may well be supposed that when Bonaparte was in Syria his movements were anxiously watched by the

* A similar circumstance took place in New-York previous to the revolution. A respectable Jew was so unfortunate as to incur the ill will of an influential neighbor who, in resentment, proposed him as candidate, and actually obtained his election to the office of constable—in vain he endeavored to procure his discharge. “ Well” said he, “ I will do my duty then.” Sunday came ; he seated himself in front of his house. A servant passed with a burden—he took it from him—another went to the pump for water—he took the bucket from him, ordered him home, saying “ I will permit no Sabbath breaking while it is my duty to prevent it.” A consultation took place and a complaint entered against him in court, where he so well justified himself that the award favored him.—He was never again elected constable.

At that period, in conformity to European prejudices, it was customary to treat the individuals of this scattered nation with utter contempt, and on all occasions to insult them :—since then, these prejudices have gradually worn off until scarce a vestige remains. We now rejoice in their prosperity, and are pleased to see them assume that respectable rank in society, to which many of them, for their virtues, are so eminently entitled ;—In our principle cities these associate in the most respectable circles—their females are most amiable among the amiable—their young men in loftiness of mind equal to the most noble ; despising all meanness. In charity—unequalled in the giving of alms.—Generosity with them is not only habitual but constitutional. These remarks are the consequence of long intimacy with some, and a close observation of them generally.—A.M. E.D.

Jews. There was a great stir among them, and it is probable that if he had invited them by proclamation, and promised to give them Palestine, armies would have been raised to take and keep possession of that Holy Land to which they look individually and collectively as their destined gathering place. Individually, I say, because it is taught by many Rabbis, that the children of Israel, wherever buried, can rise again at the coming of the Messiah no where except in the Promised Land; and they, therefore, who are interred in any other part of the world, will have to make their way there through the caverns of the earth; a long and painful journey, the difficulty and fatigue of which are equivalent to purgatory. I know not whether this is believed by the English Rabbis; but that the English Jews attach as devout a reverence to the very soil of Jerusalem as we do to the holy sepulchre itself is certain. One of the wealthiest among them, in late times, made a pilgrimage there and brought back with him boxes full of the earth to line his grave. Unhappy people! whose error is the more inveterate because it is mingled with the noblest feelings, and whose obstinate hope and heroic perseverance we must condemn while we admire.

No particular dress is enjoined them by law, nor indeed is any such mark of distinction necessary: they are sufficiently distinguished by a cast of complexion and features, which, with leave of our neighbors,* I will call a Portuguese look. Some of the lowest order let their beards grow, and wear a sort of black tunic with a girdle; the chief ostensible trade is in old clothes, but they deal also in stolen goods, and not unfrequently in coining. A race of Hebrew lads who infest you in the streets with oranges and red slippers, or tempt school boys to dip in a bag for gingerbread

* This is not the only instance in which the author discovers a disposition to sneer at the Portuguese, with the same kind of illiberality in which the English too frequently indulge themselves against the Scotch.
—TR.

nuts, are the great agents in uttering base silver; when it is worn too bare to circulate any longer they buy it up at a low price, whiten the brass again, and again send it abroad.* You meet Jew pedlars every where, travelling with boxes of haberdashery at their back, cuckoo clocks, sealing wax, quills; weather glasses, green spectacles, clumsy figures in plaister of Paris, which you see over the chimney of an ale-house parlor in the country, or miserable prints of the king and queen, the four seasons, the cardinal virtues, the last naval victory, the prodigal son, and such like subjects; even the Nativity and the Crucifixion: but when they meet with a likely chapman, they produce others of the most obscene and mischievous kind. Any thing for money, in contempt of their own law as well as the law of the country—the pork butchers are commonly Jews. All these low classes have a shibboleth of their own, as remarkable as their physiognomy; and in some parts of the city they are so numerous, that when I strayed into their precincts one day, and saw so many Hebrew inscriptions in the shop windows, and so many long beards in the streets, I began to fancy that I had discovered the ten tribes.

Some few of the wealthiest merchants are of this persuasion; you meet with none among the middle order of tradesmen, except sometimes a silversmith, or watch maker; ordinary profits do not content them. Hence they are great stock-jobbers, and the business of stock-broking is very much in their hands. One of these Jew brokers was in a coffee-house during the time of the mutiny in the fleet, when the tidings arrived that the sailors had seized admiral Colpoys, and had actually hanged him. The news, which afterwards proved to be false, thunderstruck all present. If it were true, and so it was believed to be, all hopes of ac-

* Don Manuel appears to be as much prejudiced against the Jews as he is against the Portuguese. We cannot controvert the truth of his account of them: it may be true; but it is very difficult for one who has only seen them in America to believe him—it bears no resemblance to them of this country.—AM. ED.

commodation was at an end ; the mutineers could only be suppress by force, and what force would be able to suppress them ? While they were silent in such reflections, the Jew was calculating his own loss from the effect it would produce upon the funds, and he broke the silence by exclaiming in Hebrew-English, *My Gott ! de stokes !* articulated with a deep sigh, and accompanied with a shrug of shoulders, and an elevation of eyebrows, as emphatic as the exclamation.

England has been called the hell of horses, the purgatory of servants, and the paradise of women : it may be added that it is the heaven of the Jews,—alas, they have no other heaven to expect !

LETTER LXIV.

Infidelity.—Its Growth in England, and little Extent.—Pythagoreans.—Thomas Tryon.—Ritson.—Pagans.—A Cock sacrificed.—Thomas Taylor.

FROM Jew to Infidel—an easy transition, after the example of Acosta and Spinosa.

When the barriers of religion had been broken down by the schism, a way was opened for every kind of impiety. Infidelity was suspected to exist at the court of the accursed Elizabeth ; it was avowed at her successor's by lord Herbert of Cherbury ; a man unfortunate in this deadly error ; but otherwise for his genius and valor and high feelings of honor, worthy to have lived in a happier age and country. His brother was a religious poet, famous in his day : had they been Spaniards, the one would have been a hero the other a saint ; but the good seed fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up with it and choked it. During the great rebellion, a small party of the leaders were Deists ; fanaticism was then the epidemic ; they made no attempt to spread their principles and were swept away at the Restoration, which, after it had destroyed rebellion and fanaticism, struck at the root of liberty

and morals. An open profligacy of manners had shown itself under the reign of the first James; it disappeared during the subsequent struggles, when all the stronger passions and feelings were called into action: but when once the country felt itself settled in peace, this spirit revived; and the court of Charles exhibited a shameless indecency, of which Europe had seen no example since the days of the Roman emperors. Yet, perhaps, the most shocking blasphemy of this blasphemous age is the canonization of King Charles the martyr; for such they style him in mockery, as it might seem, of martyrdom if we did not know the impudence of adulation. His office, for his festival is regularly celebrated, applies to this heretical king those texts of scripture which most pointedly allude to the sufferings and death of Christ. A poet of that reign even dared to call him Christ the Second! It is not true that the prayers to the most Holy Virgin were ever addressed in the churches to Elizabeth, as Ribadaneyra has said; but this impiety, not less shocking and not less absurd, is continued to this day; and the breviary which contains it, in the vulgar tongue, is in every person's hands.

From the time of the revolution, in 1688, the Deists became bolder and ventured to attack Christianity from the press. They did it, indeed, covertly and with decency. The infidelity of these writers bears no resemblance to the irreligious profligacy of Charles's courtiers, in whom disbelief was the effect of a vicious heart. It proceeded in these from an erring reason; their books were suppressed as soon as the tendency was discovered, and the authors sometimes punished, so that they did little mischief. Condorcet has mentioned some of them as the great philosophers of England; but the French are ridiculously ignorant of English literature, and the truth is, that they have no reputation, nobody ever thinking either of them or their works. Bolingbroke alone is remembered for his political life, so mischievous to his own country and to Europe; his literary fame has died a natural death,—he was equally worthless as a writer and a man.

Voltaire infected this island as he did the continent

—of all authors the most mischievous and the most detestable. His predecessors had disbelieved Christianity, but he hated Christ; their writings were addressed to studious men; he wrote for the crowd, for women and boys, addressing himself to their vilest and basest passions, corrupting their morals that he might destroy their faith. Yet notwithstanding the circulation of his worst works on dirty paper and worn types by travelling auctioneers and at country fairs; notwithstanding the atheism with which the Scotch universities have spawned since the days of Hume; and notwithstanding the union between infidelity and sedition during the late war, which ruined the democratic party, it is remarkable how trifling an effect has been produced. An attempt was made some twenty years ago to establish a Deistical place of worship; it fell to the ground for want of support. The Theophilanthropists never extended to England. A few clerks and prentices will still repeat the jests of Paine, and the blasphemies of Voltaire; and a few surgeons and physicians will continue in their miserable physics, or metaphysics, to substitute Nature in the place of God; but this is all. Even these, as they grow older, conform to some of the many modes of worship in the country; either from conviction, or for interest, or because whatever they may think of the importance of religion to themselves, they feel that it is indispensable for their families. Judaism can be dangerous no where unless where a large proportion of the people are concealed Jews: but that infidelity, unrestrained as it is in this land of error, should be able to produce so little evil, is indeed honorable to the instinct of our nature, and to the truth of a religion, which, mutilated and corrupted as it is, can still maintain its superiority.

Where every man is allowed to have a faith of his own, you will not wonder if the most ludicrous opinions should sometimes be started; if any opinions in so important a matter may be called ludicrous without impiety. The strangest which I have yet heard is that of an extraordinary man who had passed great part of his life in Spain. It was his opinion that there is no God now, but that there would be one by and by; for

the organization of the universe, when it became perfect, would produce a universal Mind or common Sensorium. A sailor who published the History of his Voyages, expresses his abhorrence of a watery grave because it would be out of reach of the sun; which else, he thought, would revivify him in the shape of some plant or animal, such perhaps as he might have had a sympathetic affection for while he lived. Pythagoreans in diet have been rather more common than in faith. A certain Thomas Tryon attempted to form a sect of such about a century ago; the disciple who wrote his epitaph says, that he almost worked his body up into soul. But, though almost every folly seems to strike root in England as in a congenial soil, this never could be naturalized. The pulse diet of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, would hardly become popular in a country where beef-eater is a title of honor, where the soldiers march to battle with a song about roast beef in their mouths, instead of a prayer, and where the whole nation personify themselves by the name of John the Bull*. This Tryon published a few books in his lifetime; his sect, if he ever formed any, died with him; and he is so nearly forgotten, that, when I heard him spoken of lately, a new book upon the same principle being the topic of conversation, the rest of the company were as ignorant of his existence as myself. The new book which led to this is the work of Ritson; one of the most learned English antiquarians, but of so unhappy a temper, that it is generally believed he is deranged. We should think him possessed, from the evidence of this essay, every page and almost every line of which teems with blasphemy;—it is full of open and avowed hatred of religion and of nature, and declarations that if there be a God he must be a being who delights in malignity. God have mercy on this poor wretched man, who seems to find a heavier pun-

* *Ju an el Toro*. It is needless to comment upon this passage; there may, however, be some readers who do not know that beef-eater is a corruption of *Buffetier*. *Buffet* is a cupboard, or sideboard displayed. —*Beau-fait*.—*Tr.*

ishment in the wickedness of his own heart than earthly laws could inflict upon him !

The principle of abstaining from animal food is not in itself culpable or ridiculous, if decently discussed. *We* know that in many cases where indulgence is not sinful, abstinence is meritorious. There is therefore nothing irreligious in the opinion, and certainly it is favorable in some of its consequences to morality. But ultimately it resolves itself into the political question, Whether the greater population can be maintained upon animal or vegetable diet ? It is to be wished the Pythagoreans in England were numerous and philosophical enough to carry on a series of experiments upon this subject, and upon the physical effects of their system.

We who acknowledge fasting to be a duty at stated times, an act of devotion at others, and who have the example of the more rigid monastic orders, shall think these people less absurd than their own countrymen think them ; and perhaps less than they really are, as the principles of religion have nothing to do with their speculations. But what will you say when I tell you, that there are also Pagans in the country, actual worshippers of Jupiter and Juno, who believe in Orpheus instead of Christ, Homer and Hesiod instead of the prophets, Plato and Plotinus instead of the apostles ? There is a story of an Englishman at Rome who pulled off his hat to a statue of Jupiter, saying, " I beg, sir, if ever you get into power again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." Those whom I now speak of are more serious in their faith. I have heard of one who sacrificed a cock to Esculapius, at midnight, and upon a high place, in the midst of a large city.

The great apostle of the Heathen gods is one Thomas Taylor. He openly avows his belief, saying, in a page prefixed to one of his works, which he dedicates to the Sacred Majesty of Truth,—“ Mr. Thomas Taylor the Platonic philosopher, and the modern Plethon, consonant to that philosophy, professes polytheism.” For many years he has been laboring indefatigably to propagate this faith by the most unexceptionable means,

that of translating the Heathen philosophers, and elucidating their most mysterious parts. His doctrines have made little or no progress, not because they are too nonsensical, for in these cases the more nonsense the better, but because they are too obscure and require too much attention to be understood ; if, indeed, they be not altogether unintelligible. His fame, however, has reached the Continent. Early in the French Revolution the Marquis Valedi came over to visit him : he called at his house, dressed in white like an aspirant ; fell at his feet to worship the divine restorer of the Platonic philosophy ; rose up to put a bank note of twenty pounds in his hand as an offering, and insisted upon being permitted to live in the house with him that he might enjoy every possible opportunity of profiting by his lessons. In vain did the philosopher represent the want of room in his house, his method of living, the inconvenience to himself and to his pupil. Nothing would satisfy the marquis,—if there was no other room, he would have a bed put up in the study where they were conversing :—away he went to order it, and was immediately domesticated.—After some little time it was discovered that he was disposed to worship the wife instead of the husband, and here ended the Platonism. They parted, however, in friendship. Valedi had left France, to escape a young wife, because, he said, she had no soul : he went back to take a part in the Revolution. Taylor saw him as he was setting off ; he was in complete regimentals, with a fierce cocked hat,—and his last words were, “I came here Diogenes, and I return Alexander.” His fate was like that of many wiser and better men ; he perished by the guillotine, being of the twenty-two who suffered with Brissot.

Transmigration forms a part of this Pythagorean Platonist's creed. He says of Julian the Apostate “The greatness of his soul is so visible in his writings, that we may safely believe what he asserted of himself that he had formerly been Alexander the Great.”

LETTER LXV.

Eagerness of the English to be at war with Spain.

IT is amusing enough to hear these people talk of the pride of the Spaniards, when they themselves are as proud as the Portugueze. The Dons, as they call us, are, in their conception, very haughty, jealous to excess, and terribly revengeful, but honorable and right rich; therefore they like to deal with us in time of peace, and the slightest rumor of war makes every sailor in the service think he is infallibly about to make his fortune. So whenever the government begin by going to war with France, it is calculated that war with Spain will follow. They reserve it as a sweetener for the nation; when the people begin to be weary of their burthens and to suspect that no good can come of a contest carried on without vigor, without system, and in fact without object or means, a declaration against Spain puts them in good humor: the seamen come from their hiding-places, and pirates swarm out from every sea-port.

There is certainly nothing like national enmity between England and Spain, each nation is too honorable not to do justice to the character of the other. They speak of our weakness with a contemptuous pride, which sometimes excites a Spaniard's shame but more frequently his indignation; but in their sober and settled judgment they avow that it is the interest of England to see us strengthened rather than humiliated, and that their wishes accord with their true policy. They say, and say truly, that Spain and Portugal united and in health would form an excellent counterpoise to the power of France: that our peninsula seems made by nature to be a powerful empire, and that it would be to the advantage of Europe that it should again become so. Yet upon the slightest pretext of quarrelling with us, all this would be for-

gotten; the prospect of plunder would intoxicate the people, the government would do any thing to gratify the sailors, and the buccaneering would begin again. They forget that in proportion as they weaken Spain they derange still more the balance of power: they forget that by cutting off the communication between the two countries they compel us to use our own manufactures instead of theirs, thus teaching us to become independent of them, and doing for us what we ought to do for ourselves; and they forget also that war forces us to become again a military nation; and disciplines a navy, which only wants discipline to contend once more for the sovereignty of the seas.

After all, if a balance were struck England would find little reason for triumph. Our gunboats have injured the commerce of England more than the navy of England can hurt the trade of Spain. A galleon in the course of seven years' war is but a poor compensation for Gibraltar seven years blockaded; and the straits lined with armed vessels, like a defile, which came out like greyhounds upon every merchant ship and insulted and endangered their three-deckers.

But never were a people so easily duped. They believe, one and all, that their last war with us was exceedingly glorious, because by the cowardice of some of our captains and the insubordination of others, our fleet suffered that unfortunate defeat off Cape St. Vincent. They do not remember how we beat their famous Nelson from Teneriffe, where he left a limb behind him as a relic to show that he had been there. They forget their disgraceful repulse at Ferrol and their still more disgraceful attempt upon Cadiz; when, in spite of the governor's admirable letter, which stated the situation of the town, and in spite of the destructive consequences of victory to themselves if they had been victorious, their troops were actually embarked in the boats for the purpose of inflicting the curse of war upon a people then suffering pestilence and famine. England ought to regard it as the happiest event of the war that the commander recalled his orders in time, either for shame or humanity or more truly under the impulse of a merciful Providence;

for had the disease once found way into the fleet, powerful as it was, all discipline would have been at an end ; no port could have refused admittance to such an armament, and the pestilence would have been spread from one extremity of the Mediterranean to the other ; and to England herself at last.

They wonder that no expedition was sent against our American possessions ; not in the least doubting that Mexico and Peru would have fallen into their hands—as if we had not sent back their Drake and their Raleigh with shame, and if the age of their Raleighs and Drakes was not over ! After the overthrow of Dumouriez and his party in France, Miranda came over to England hoping to be employed in some such wise project against his native country. As quacks of every kind, political as well as physical, flourish in this island it is surprising that his tales were not listened to as well as those of the French emigrants ; for the ignorance of this nation with respect to the history and present state of our colonies is profound. They do not know that after having destroyed the bloody and execrable idolatry of the American Indians, we imparted to them our arts, our language, and our religion ; and that the spiritual conquests of our missionaries were not less rapid, nor less extraordinary, than the victories of Cortes and Pizarro. In the sixteenth century the language, history and customs of Mexico and Peru were elucidated in books printed in the country, and now, in the nineteenth, nothing issues from the presses in Jamaica and the other English islands except a few miserable newspapers ; every number of which contains something disgraceful to the English character and to human nature. I have seen some of these precious publications. They abound with notices which show with what propriety these islanders cry out against the cruelty of the Spanish conquerors. Pompey, or Oroonoko, or Quashee, (for these heretics never baptise their slaves !) is advertised as a run away : he is to be known by the brand of a hot iron upon his breast or forehead, the scars of the whip, and perhaps the mark of his fetters : and it is sometimes added that he is supposed to be harbored

by his wife ;—harbored by his wife ! This phrase alone is sufficient for national infamy.

It amuses me to hear these people talk of their West Indian possessions. England has as great an idea of her own importance and power, as a one-eyed man has of the magnitude of his nose, when the candle is on his blind side.

LETTER LXVI.

*Excursion to Greenwich.—Watermen.—Patent Shot Tower.
—Albion Mills.—Essex Marshes.*

THE English say that their palaces are like hospitals, and their hospitals like palaces ; and the exterior of St. James's and of Greenwich, justifies the saying. I have seen this magnificent asylum for old seamen, which is so justly the boast of the nation.

As it was my wish to see the whole course of the river through the metropolis, I breakfasted at the west end of the town with W. who had promised to accompany me, and we took boat at Westminster bridge. From no part of the river are so many fine objects to be seen as from this. On one side are the groves and palace of the Primate at Lambeth ; on the other, the residence of the Speaker which is now repairing in collegiate style ; the abbey ; and Westminster Hall, the great court of justice, whose prodigious size and greater antiquity render it an object not less venerable and impressive than the Minster. The boats which ply upon the Thames are admirably constructed ; long, light, and sharp they almost fly through the water. They are numbered and registered ; the watermen wear a badge, and have a particular costume—any deviation from the ordinary English dress is an improvement ;—the fares like those of the hackney coachmen, are regulated by law and it is the cheapest as well as the pleasantest conveyance. On Sundays

they are forbidden to ply*—one of the stupid and superstitious interdictions this of Calvinism—for Sunday is the very day on which they would find the most employ. They sit idly upon the bench before the ale-house door by the water side, cursing the regulation which keeps them idle ; and the unlucky person whose way lies along the river must toil through dust and heat, a double distance perhaps, because forsooth no manner of work is to be done upon the Sabbath day.

The banks of the river are not made ornamental to the city : a few streets come down to it at right angles, but none are built parallel with the water. The first remarkable object below the bridge is a tower constructed for making shot by a new process : the history of its invention is curious. About five-and-twenty years ago a Mr. Watts was engaged in this trade : his wife dreamt that she saw him making shot in a new manner, and related her dream to him : he thought it worth some attention, made the experiment, and obtained a patent for the invention which he afterwards sold for ten thousand pounds. A range of buildings called the Adelphi, which are the handsomest in London because they are faced with a composition having the appearance of stone,—Somerset House, a magnificent public building, of which the work goes on so slowly that one half the edifice will in the natural course of decay become a ruin before the other is finished,—and the gardens of the Temple, one of the law-colleges or inns of court as they are called, give some interest to this part of the river : the shores are every where choked with barges of which a great number are laden with earth-coal.

A fine sweep of steps ascends from the river to Blackfriars—the second of the three bridges, close by which the common sewers discharge themselves, and blacken the water round about. There is a strong

* A certain number of watermen are permitted to ply on Sundays ; they pay an annual acknowledgment on that account to the watermen's company ! Religion and profit are thus combined !—TR.

echo under this bridge. On the Southwark side are ruins of a large building called the Albion Mills, which was erected for the purpose of securing to the metropolis a certain supply of flour. A great capital was vested in this useful undertaking; but perhaps in no country are clamors so easily raised by the ignorant as in England. The very axioms of commercial policy are not understood by the people, and it required all the firmness and all the influence of Mr. Pitt, during the scarcity, to save the country from the inevitable miseries which a maximum would have occasioned. The millers themselves, best aware of what roguery might be practised in their own trade, spread abroad reports that the flour was adulterated with all sorts of base mixtures. The Albion mills took fire; whether by accident or not is doubtful: but the mob, who on all such occasions bestir themselves to extinguish a fire with that ready and disinterested activity which characterizes the English, stood by now as willing spectators of the conflagration; and before the engines had ceased to play upon the smoking ruins, ballads of rejoicing were printed and sung upon the spot. The fire broke out during the night, a strong breeze was blowing from the east, and the parched corn fell in a black shower above a league distant: even fragments of wood still burning fell above Westminster bridge. There is a floating mill upon the river thus constructed: a gun-boat is moored head and stern, with a house built on it, and a wheel on each side which works with the tide.

The passage of the third bridge is considered as an achievement of some little risque; our boat shot through it like an arrow. Close to the bridge are the great water-works by which the city is supplied. When it is considered that all the filth of this prodigious metropolis is emptied into the river, it is perfectly astonishing that any people should consent to drink it. One week's expenses of the late war would have built an aqueduct from the Surry hills, and an hundred fountains to have distributed its stores. The Thames water ferments and purifies itself: in its state of ferment-

tation it is said to be inflammable. St Paul's and the Monument are the main objects in this reach. Below the bridges is the Tower of London, and a forest of shipping: here indeed we saw how truly this city may be called the modern Tyre. Wharfs and warehouses extended in this direction far beyond any part of the eastern city which I had explored. New docks upon a great scale are nearly completed in a marsh called the Isle of Dogs, so named, it is said, because the body of a man, who had been murdered and buried there, was discovered by the fidelity of a dog.*

At length we came in sight of green fields and trees. The marshes of Essex, from whence London is so often covered with fogs, were on one side; the Kentish hills, not far distant, on the other; the famous observatory of Greenwich, from whence the English calculate their longitude; and hospital, a truly noble building worthy of the nation which has erected it and of the purpose to which it is consecrated. The palace of the Tudors stood here,—Charles II began to rebuild it, and William appropriated it to its present use. About 2000 disabled seamen are supported here, and boys are educated for the navy. We saw the Refectory and the church: but, as in a Relicario, the place excited too much feeling to obtain much attention: we were in the asylum of those sailors whose skill and courage are unrivalled, a race of men without fear, and as generous as they are brave. What volumes might be compiled from the tales which these old chroniclers could tell! There is not a shore in the habitable world but has been visited by some or other of these men, nor a hardship incident to human nature which some of them have not sustained.

We walked into the park, and up the hill where the rabble of London assemble on Easter Monday and roll down its green side; men and women promiscuously. From hence we had a noble prospect of the river, the distant shipping, and the pestilential marshes

* The king's hounds were kept there when there was a royal palace at Greenwich.—TR.

of the opposite coast. A story is told of an old native of these marshes, who carried on a thriving trade in wives. He chose them from the hill country, and within a few years married and buried eight, all of whom he brought home upon one horse.

LETTER LXVII.

Spanish Gravity the Jest of the English.—Sunday Evening described.—Society for the Suppression of Vice.—Want of Holidays.—Bull-baiting.—Boxing.

ONE of the great philosophers here has advanced a theory that the nervous and electric fluids are the same, both being condensed light. If this be true, sun-shine is the food of the brain; and it is thus explained why the southern nations are so much more spiritual than the English, and why they in their turn rank higher in the scale of intellect than their northern neighbors.

Spanish gravity is the jest of this people. Whenever they introduce a Spaniard upon the stage, it is to ridicule him for his pride, his jealousy, and his mustachios. According to their notions all our women, who are not locked up in convents, are locked up at home; guarded by duennas as vigilant as dragons, and husbands, every one of whom is as fierce as the Grand Turk. They believe, also, that a Spaniard thinks it beneath his dignity ever to laugh except when he is reading Don Quixote; then, indeed, his muscles are permitted to relax.

I am writing upon Sunday evening, at the hour when in our cities the people are at the theatre or the bull-fight; when in every street and village the young are dancing with their castanets, and at every door you hear the viola. What is the scene in England at this time? All public amusements are prohibited by the demon of Calvinism; and for private ones—half the people seriously believe that were they to touch a card

on Sunday, they should immediately find the devil under the table; who is said to have actually appeared upon such an occasion to an old lady at Bath. The *voyard*, who goes about with his barrel organ, does not grind even a psalm-tune upon the Sabbath. An old woman who sells apples at the corner of the street has been sent to prison for profanation of the Lord's day, by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. A pastry-cook, indeed, is permitted to keep his window half open, because some of the society themselves are fond of iced-creams. Yonder goes a crowd to the Tabernacle, as dismally as if they were going to a funeral; the greater number are women: in for their husbands at the ale-house, and you will find them besotting themselves there; because all amusements are prohibited as well as all labor, and they must not lie down, like dogs, and sleep. Ascend a step higher in society—the children are yawning, and the parents agree that the clock must be too slow, so they may accelerate supper and bed-time. In the higher ranks, indeed, there is little or no distinction of days; except that there is neither theatre nor dancing for them, and some among them scruple at cards. Attempts have even been made to shut up the public houses on this day, and to convert the Sabbath into a day for the poor. And these are the people who ride with Spanish gravity, and think that they have reformed religion because they have divested it of all that is carnal, all that is beautiful, and all that is inviting.

Our peasantry have a never-failing source of amusement in the dance and the viola. Here the poor dance; indeed, illegal dancing is a punishable crime, and if they do not dance illegally they cannot dance at all. This requires some explanation. Partly from custom, still more from the nature of the climate, there is no dancing here in the open air; the houses of the poor are too small for this diversion, they must therefore meet at some public house where there is room large enough. The rich do this also; but dance a *peso-duro* a-head, and dancing at two reales, is a very different thing: the one is called a ball, the

a sixpenny hop. The rich may take care of their own morals, the police must look after the poor. These public dancing rooms are excellent preparatory schools for the brothel, and the magistrates very properly endeavor to suppress them—or should endeavor:—for the recent institution of a society for the suppression of vice seems to imply that the laws are not executed without such assistance. Here I must remark, that if there be one thing by which the English are peculiarly distinguished from all other people in the world, it is by their passion for exercising authority and enacting laws. When half a score or a dozen men combine for any common purpose, whether to establish an insurance-office, to cut a canal, or even to set spies upon apple-women on Sunday, they embody themselves into a company, choose out a representative committee and a president, and issue their resolutions with all the forms of a legislative body. It will be well if the state does not one day feel the inconvenience of this taste for legislation.

Music is as little the amusement of the people as dancing. Never was a nation so unmusical. Perhaps the want of leisure may be the cause. They reproach the Catholic religion with the number of its holidays; never considering how the want of holidays breaks down and brutalizes the laboring class, and that where they occur seldom they are uniformly abused. Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the only seasons of festival in England, are always devoted by the artificers and the peasantry to riot and intoxication.

You may well conceive of what character the popular amusements needs must be, in a country where there is nothing to soften the manners or ameliorate the condition of the poor. The practice of bull-baiting is not merely permitted, it is even enjoined by the municipal law in some places. Attempts have twice been made in the legislature to suppress this barbarous custom: they were baffled and ridiculed; and some of the most distinguished members were absurd enough and hard-hearted enough to assert, that if such sports were abolished there would be an end of the national

courage. Would to heaven that this were true ! that English courage had no better foundation than brutal ferocious cruelty ! We should no longer be insulted in our ports, and our ships might defy their buccaneering cruisers. Do not suppose that this bull-baiting has any the smallest resemblance to our bull-feasts. Even these I should agree with the Conde de Noronia, and with the Church, in condemning as wicked and inhuman ; but there is a splendor in the costume, a gaiety in the spectacle, a skill and a courage displayed in the action which afford some apology for our countrymen ; whereas the English sport is even more cowardly than the bull-fights of the Portuguese*. The men are exposed to no danger whatever ; they fasten the animal to a ring, and the amusement is to see him toss the dogs and the dogs lacerate his nostrils, till they are weary of torturing him, and then he is led to be butchered, after their clumsy and cruel method. The bear and the badger are baited with the same barbarity ; and if the rabble can get nothing else, they will divert themselves by worrying cats to death.

But the great delight of the English is in boxing, or pugilism as it is more scientifically denominated. This practice might easily be suppressed ; it is against the laws ; the magistrates may interfere if they please ; and its frequency, therefore, under such circumstances, is an irrefragable proof of national barbarity. Cudgel-playing, quarter-staff, broad sword, all of which, brutal as such gladiatorial exhibitions are, might have given to the soldiers a serviceable dexterity, have yielded to this more brutal sport ; if that may be called sport which sometimes proves fatal. When a match is made between two prize-fighters, the tidings are immediately communicated to the public in the newspapers ; and paragraphs occasionally appear stating the rivals to be in training, what exercise they take, and

* The horns of the bull are tipt in Portugal to preserve the horse. In Spain, where no such precaution is taken, it is not unusual to see the horse's entrails trailing along the ground !—TR.

what diet; for some of them feed upon raw beef as a preparative. Meantime the amateurs and the gamblers choose their party, and the state of the bets appear also in the public newspapers from time to time: not unfrequently the whole is a concerted scheme, that a few rogues may cheat a great many fools. When the combat at length takes place, as regular a report is prepared for the newspapers as if it were a national victory—the particulars are recorded with a minuteness at once ridiculous and disgraceful; for every movement has its technical or slang name, and the unprecedented science of the successful combatant becomes the theme of general admiration.

Yet notwithstanding all the attention which these people bestow upon this savage art, for which they have public schools, they are outdone by savages. When one of the English squadrons of discovery was at Tongataboo, several of the natives boxed with the sailors for love, as the phrase is, and in every instance the savage was victorious.

LETTER LXVIII.

The Abbé Barruel.—Journey of two Englishmen to Avignon to join a Society of Prophets.—Extracts from their prophetic Books.

I HAD prepared for you an account of a pseudo-prophet who excited much attention in London, at the beginning of the last war; when, almost by accident, I was made acquainted with some singular circumstances, which are in some manner connected with him, and which therefore should previously be told. These circumstances are as authentic as they are extraordinary, and supply a curious fact for the history of the French revolution.

We were talking one evening of the Abbé Barruel's proofs of a conspiracy against the governments, religion, and morality of Christendom. A friend of J's

said, there was about as much truth in it as in one of Madame Scudery's romances; the characters introduced were real persons, to whom false motives and manners were imputed; a little of what was ascribed to them had really occurred; but the whole plot, coloring and costume of the book were fictitious. It was a work, said he, written to serve the purposes of a party with the same spirit and the same intent as those which in old times led to such absurd and monstrous calumnies against the Jews: and had its intent succeeded, there would have been a political St. Bartholomew's day in England. True it was that a society had existed whose object was to change or to influence the governments of Europe; it was well organized and widely extended but enthusiasm, not fidelity, was the means which they employed.

In proof of this he stated the sum of what I shall relate more at length from the book to which he referred as his authority, and which I obtained from him the next morning. Its title is this—*A Revealed Knowledge of some Things that will speedily be fulfilled in the World, communicated to a number of Christians brought together at Avignon, by the Power of the Spirit of God, from all Nations; now published by his Divine Command, for the Good of all Men, by John Wright his Servant, and one of the Brethren. London, printed in the Year of Christ 1794.* It is one of those innumerable pamphlets, which, being published by inferior booksellers, and circulating among sectarians and fanatics, never rise into the hands of those who are called the public and escape the notice of all the literary journals. They who peruse them do it with a zeal which may truly be called consuming; they are worn out like a schoolboy's grammar; the form in which they are sent abroad, without covers to protect them, hastens their destruction; and in a few years they disappear for ever.

John Wright, the author of this narrative, was a working carpenter of Leeds in Yorkshire; a man of strong devotional feelings who seems, like the first Quakers, to have hungered and thirsted after religious

truth in a land where there was none to impart it. Some travelling Swedenborgian preachers having heated his imagination he was desirous of removing to London to find out the New Jerusalem Church. It was no easy thing for a laboring man with a large family to remove such a distance: however, by working over hours he saved money enough to effect it. The New Jerusalem Church did not satisfy him; every thing was too definite and formal, too bodily and gross for a mind of his complexion. But it so happened that at this place of worship he entered into talk with a converted Jew; who, when he learnt his state of mind, and that he expected the restoration of the Jews would shortly be accomplished, said to him, I will tell you of a man who is just like yourself;—his name is William Bryan, and he lives in such a place.

Bryan was a journeyman copperplate printer. J's friend saw him once at the house of one of the Brethren; he says that before he saw him he had heard of his resemblance to the pictures of our Lord, but that it was so striking as truly to astonish him. These features, his full clear and gentle eye, the beauty of his complexion, which would have been remarkable even in a girl, and the voice, in which words flowed from him in such unaffected and natural eloquence as to remind the hearer of the old metaphorical descriptions of oratory, united to produce such an effect upon his believers as you may conceive, considering that they were credulous, and he himself undoubtedly sincere. Wright had now found a man after his own heart. They were both Quietists, whom for want of a guide their own good feelings led astray, and their experiences, he says, operated with each other as face answers face in a glass.

Bryan told him of a society of prophets at Avignon, assembled there from all parts of the world. This was in the autumn of 1788. In the January of the ensuing year Wright mistook strong inclination for inspiration, and thought the Spirit directed him to join them. The same spirit very naturally sent him to communicate this to Bryan, whom he found possessed

of the same impression. Neither of them had money to leave with their families, or to support themselves upon the journey, and neither of them understood a word of French. Both were determined to go—Bryan that night, Wright the following morning—such being their implicit obedience to the impulse within them that the one would not wait nor the other hasten. Before his departure Bryan called upon a friend, who said to him, “William, I have had it in my mind to ask if thou wert not sometimes in want of money.” He acknowledged that it was this want which now brought him there; and the friend gave him four guineas. If this same friend was the person who first told him of the society at Avignon, as may reasonably be suspected, the whole collusion will be clear. One guinea he left with his wife, who was at that time in child-bed, gave half a guinea to Wright to carry him to Dover, and set off.

Bryan’s wife, not being in a state of belief, was greatly offended with Wright thinking that if it had not been for him her husband would not have left her. His own wife was in a happier temper of mind, and encouraged him to go. She had a son by a former husband who was some little support to her, and who acquiesced in the necessity of this journey. He seems indeed to have communicated something of his own fervor to all about him. A young man with whom he was intimate bought him several things for his journey and gave him a guinea; this same person befriended his family during his absence. At three in the morning he rose to depart: his son-in-law prepared breakfast, and they made the watchman who had called him partake of it, for it was severely cold. “I then,” says Wright, “turned to my children, who were all fast asleep, and kissed them, and interceded with the great and merciful God relating to him their situation, in which, for his sake, they were going to be left without any outward dependence;—and at that time some of them were lying on a bed of shavings that I used to bring from my shop; at the same time imploring him that he would be pleased to bless them, and

if one friend failed, another might be raised up, as I did not know whether I ever should see them any more; for although our first journey was to Avignon, we did not know it would end there."

He then went to Bryan's wife, whom his own was nursing in child-bed. The poor woman's resentment had now given way, the quiet self-devotion of her husband and his friend had almost persuaded her to believe also; she burst into tears when she saw him, and saluted him, as he says, in the fear and love of God in which she bade him remember her to her husband. Wright then went to the coach. Soon after they left London it began to rain and snow, and he was on the outside. He was of a sickly habit, always liable to take cold, and had at this time a bad cough. A doubt came upon him that if the Lord had sent him he would certainly have caused it to be fine weather. Besides this, he began to fear that Bryan would already have crost the channel; in which case when he got to Dover he should have no money to pay his passage. Was it not better therefore to turn back? But the testimony of God's power in his heart, he says, was greater than all these thoughts.

The wind had been contrary, and detained Bryan. They crossed over to Calais, took some food at an inn there, and got their money changed, inquiring the names of bread, wine, and sleeping in the language of the country, and which way they were to go, and then set off on their journey. They travelled on foot to Paris. Wright's feet were sorely blistered; but there was no stopping, for his mind was bound in the spirit to travel on. They carried their burthen by turns when both were able, but it generally fell upon Bryan as the strongest man. Change of climate, however, aided probably by the faith, which was in him, removed Wright's cough. Their funds just lasted to Paris; here Bryan had an acquaintance, to whose house they went. This man had received a letter to say who were coming and that they were bad men, Wright in particular, whom it advised him to send back. As you may suppose he was soon fully satisfied with them

—he entertained them three days and then dismissed them, giving them five *louis d'ors* to bear them on. The whole journal of their way is interesting: it relates instances of that subsiding of overwrought feelings which bodily exhaustion produces, and which enthusiasts call desertion; of natural thoughts and fears recurring, remembrances of home, and depression which sometimes occasions self-suspicion and half repentance:—with these symptoms the Church is well acquainted as common to the deluded, and to those who are in truth under the influence of divine inspiration,—and they prove the sincerity of this narrative.

At length they came in sight of Avignon. They washed some linen in the river, sat down under the bushes till it was dry, then put it on; and, having thus made their appearance as decent as they could, proceeded to the house of the prophets; to which as it appears they had brought with them a sufficient direction. The door was opened by one of the brethren, and by a person who could speak English, and who had arrived there a day or two before from another part of the world. After they had washed and shaved they were taken across the street to another house, and shown into a large room, where there was a table spread nearly the whole length; they were told that table was provided by the Lord, and when they wanted any thing to eat or to drink they were to go there, and they would find a servant ready to wait upon them. The brethren also provided them with clothes and whatever else they needed, and with money to give to the poor, saying they had orders from the Lord to do so. In a short time their Paris friend arrived, and was admitted a member of the society before them that he might be their interpreter. I wish the form of the initiation had been given. They met every evening to commemorate the death of our Lord by eating bread and drinking wine. Very often, says Wright, when we have been sitting together, the furniture in the room has been shaken as though it were all coming to pieces; and upon inquiring what was the cause, we were told that it announced the presence of angels;

and when these were not heard the brethren were always afraid that something was amiss, and so inquired at the Word of the Lord.

You will easily suppose that they had orders to keep the society secret till the appointed time. I much wish that the book had stated how their answers from the Lord were received, but on this it is silent. The drift and character of the society are, however, sufficiently manifested by the Extracts which Wright has published from their Journals, and of which I here subjoin enough to satisfy you:

“ You will soon see the pride of the Mahometan in the field: several sovereigns will unite to lay it low. It is then the great light will appear. These perfidious enemies of the name of God will keep themselves up for a time in their obstinacy, and in the mean time will grow up he who shall destroy them. Before the end of this year they will begin to show their fierceness, and you will hear of extraordinary things and memorable feats. You will hear that the world is filled with trouble and dissension; father, son, relations, friends, all will be in motion; and it is in this year (1789) that all will have its beginning.

“ Remember that the face of the world will be changed, and you shall see it restored to its first state. The thorns shall be overturned, the earth shall be furrowed and change its aspect. They who shall be alive at that time will envy the fate of the dead.

“ The world will very soon be filled with trouble. Every where people will experience misfortunes. I announce it to you before hand. The shepherd will forsake his flock; the sheep will be dispersed. He will oppress another land, and the nations will rise up in arms.

“ You will learn very soon that a part of the world is in confusion; that the chiefs of nations are armed one against another. The earth will be overflowed with blood. You will hear of the death of several sovereigns; they give themselves up to luxury, they live in pleasures, but at last one of them will fall and make an unhappy end.

“ All the events of this century have been foreseen, and no century has been distinguished by so many prodigies but the ensuing will be filled with much greater still.

“ The fire is kindled, the moment is come, the Mahometan is going to fall. Asia and Africa are staggering; fear pursues them, and they have a glimpse of the fate that awaits them.

“ The cross of Jesus Christ shall be set up and triumph in those vast countries, where it has been so long despised. The Palestine will become again the most fortunate country on the earth; it shall be the centre of that faith, of which it was the cradle, and from thence faith will spread itself all over the earth. All the people will embrace it. The world will become again what it was in the beginning. The enlightened Jews will embrace the Catholic faith. All people will acknowledge God the only true God. They will be guided by one only pastor, and governed by one sole master.

“ The second Zion has contributed the most to misguide the spirits of men. She has introduced new Gentiles still more monstrous than those who have reigned upon the earth. She only wants the statues of the Gods to resemble the ancient times. Yea; they have been replaced by these carnal divinities, to which they render a sacrilegious adoration, and lavish an incense to them, which they refuse to God.

“ The end of this century will be a series of calamities for the people. Very few men are struck with the rapid decline of the present age. All the nations will be enlightened, to see their dangerous errors. They will acknowledge how much they have been deceived by the masters who have instructed them, and they will be desolated at the thoughts of having lost so precious a treasure for having believed such rascals. But at the marked time how many errors will they not abjure, when our children every where, in the name of God, shall make their impious and monstrous errors disappear!—And thou, Crescent, who so much at this day applaudest thyself, the lustre with which thou shinest is soon to be eclipsed; thy unjust conquest

have long enough spun out the time of thy empire, and thy power from one pole to another is far enough extended. Thou dost not suspect that thy ruin is so near, and thou dost not know him, who is growing up to operate it.

“ Here is the time in which God will break the laws made by the children of the earth. Here is the time wherein he will reprove the science of men, and here is the time of his justice. This is the time that we must believe all those who announce the new reign of the Lord, for his spirit is with them.

“ The ages have not now long to linger for the accomplishment of the promises of the Eternal. The Eternal calls the times, which walk in the shadows and days of darkness, without light and without strength, to come and change the face of the world and commence his new reign. This is the time of the new heavens and the new earth.

“ The Eternal has spoken, I shall simplify all things for the happiness of my elect. The moment is at hand when the confusion of languages shall no more be an obstacle to the knowledge of the truth.

“ When the impious and his superb eagle in his fury will dare to declare war against the God of heaven, every thing will give way immediately to his pride. He will dare to make victims for himself among the saints whom heaven has chosen ; he will dare to profane their asylums, to appropriate to himself the gifts of the Eternal by the blackest of crimes, and by his success, strengthening his pride, he will believe himself master of the world. Then—then heaven will stop him ; a feeble child will subdue his valor and his fall will testify, that in the sight of the Eternal there is no other power but the power of his arm.

“ Already the measure is filled ; already the times are accomplished, and the reign of the Word is at hand. Terror will precede to enlighten the blind who go astray, to humble the obstinate high-minded men, and to punish the impious.”

These are no common prophecies. Honest fanaticism has had no share in manufacturing them. Vague

as the language necessarily is, there is an end and aim in it not to be mistaken ; and it is almost startling to observe how much of what was designed has taken place, and how much may still be applied to these immediate times.

Among these communications ‘ For the Benefit and Instruction of all Mankind,’ are others which are addressed to Wright and Bryan, and to those who, like them, were the unsuspecting tools of the society. I copy them with their cyphers and forms.

Question.

February 9, 1789.

H. W. We supplicate thee to give us thy orders about the two Englishmen B. and W. who arrived here on Thursday the 19th inst.

Answer.

O thou who walkest before them to show them the way, Son of the Voice, tell them that very soon the instruction will grow in their souls ; they will believe it and love it. Then, Son of the Voice, I shall let thee know what heaven ordains about their fate.

Question.—By 2. 1. 9.

March 18, 1789.

H. W. Let me know the moment in which B. and W. should be consecrated.

Answer.

Son of the Voice, fidelity and happiness will in the first instance be the fruit of their union ; the second will fill them with love and zeal. The moment hastens that is to call them near to us and to you.

Some things seem to have been inserted in their journal in condescension to the weaker brethren, who required to be amused. Such as the following instances :

“ In the month of June, 1789, we received a letter from the Union at Rome, which informed us that the weather was as cold there as it is in England in the month of January, and the Archangel Raphael asked the brethren and sisters if the cold made them uneasy, and said, Have a little patience, and the weather will warm enough.

"The 17th of June, 1789, we received a letter from the Union at Rome, in which they informed us of a sister, the daughter of a Turk, whom brother Brimmore baptised at Silesia, in the dominions of the king of Prussia, between ten and fifteen years ago; after having lived some time in the enjoyment of the Christian faith, she was suddenly taken by her father, and carried to Alexandria in Egypt,* which is in the dominions of the Turk, where she lived with her father in much sorrow and trouble. After her father was dead, she was ordered by the Archangel Raphael to dress herself in a soldier's dress, and fly into a christian country; which she did, and got aboard a Spanish ship, and from this date has been between two and three months at sea."

But though the society occasionally accommodated itself to the capacity of the weaker brethren, its oracles were more frequently delivered to correct troublesome credulity, or repress more troublesome doubts.

Question.

April 12, 1789.

H. W. The three knocks which 1. 4. 7. heard in the night, was it any thing supernatural?

Answer.—To 2. 1. 9.

Ask no more questions, if thou hast none to make of more importance.

Question.

April 14, 1789.

H. W. If it please thee, 1. 4. 7. would be glad to know if the offering which he made on the mountain was acceptable to the Lord his God.

Answer.

If Wisdom hath called thee, if Wisdom hath been thy guide, my son, why dost thou stop? Leave to thy God the care of thy conduct; forget—forget thyself in approaching to him, and his light will enlighten thy soul, and thy spirit shall no more make the law. Believe—

* Alexandria would naturally be thus distinguished at Avignon—this therefore is good proof of the authenticity of the book.

believe, my son, that docility is the way which leadeth to knowledge ; that with love and simplicity thou shalt have nothing to fear from the snares of Hell, and that Heaven cannot lead thee astray, for it is Heaven that hath marked to thee thy route.

Question.

July 8, 1789.

H. W. 1. 4. 7. prays to know if it is the will of Heaven that he should cause his wife to come with Duché to be consecrated.

Answer.

Heaven sees thy motive, my son, and approves thy zeal ; but in order that it may take place ***** do not think of it ; thy hope is vain.

Question.

April 16, 1789.

1. 2. 3. prays the H. W. to let him know if the Eternal has accepted of his incense.

Answer.

Raphael is the spirit which thy heart followed, my son, when thou camest into these countries to seek for science and rest : but the spirit which confuses thy idea is not the spirit of Raphael. Mistrust, son that art called, the father of lies. Submit thy spirit to my voice. Believe—believe, my son, and thy God forgives thee, and then thy incense is accepted, and thy return will cover thee with glory.

August 11, 1789.

for the B. 12 April, 1756. Of 1. 2. 3.

C. 24 March.

April 1.

If the ardor which animates thee gives at last to thy heart over thy spirit the victory and the empire ; if thy desire renounces to discover, before the time, the secret of the mysteries which simple reason is not able to conceive, nothing can, my son, convey an obstacle to that happiness which awaits thee.

Walk without fear, and chase from thy soul the deceiving spirit who wants to lead thee astray. Believe—believe, my son, every thing that I reveal to our elect in the name of our Eternal, and the Eternal will make thee the forerunning instrument of his glory in the

places where his clemency wants to pardon those of thy nation, whom the enemy seduces by his prestiges.

Question.

August 21, 1789.

* 1. 4. 7. prays the H. W. to inform him if it is the will of Heaven for him also to return with 1. 2. 3.

Answer.

Yes. Son called, thou canst yet hearken to what I have to say unto thee. Thy fate is in thy hands. It will be great, if thou makest haste to offer to thy God, who chooseth thee, the vain efforts of a useless knowledge when it is only necessary to obey. Forget—forget thy knowledge: it fatigues thy spirits, it hurts thy heart, and retards from thy soul the influence of Heaven. Renounce, in fine, to search into the sublime mysteries of thy God. Believe—believe, and the Eternal will bless thy return, and thy simplicity will confound the knowledge, the pride, and the prepossession of the senseless man, who believeth in his own wisdom more than in the wisdom of God.

The subject is so curious that I think you will be pleased to see the character of this mysterious society further exemplified by a few of the sentences, moral maxims, and spiritual instructions, which they delivered as from heaven. The first is sufficiently remarkable:—

“Woe to him who dares to cover a lie with the sacred name of the Eternal!

“One ray of light is not the entire light.

“A wise man is silent when he ought to be so.

“It is to the simple of heart that the Eternal will grant the wisdom of the spirit.

“The night was before the day, the day is before the night.

“When God commands, he who consulteth does not obey.

“He who walketh alone easily goes astray.

“To doubt, Is that believing? and to tremble, Is that hope?

* 1. 4. 7. and 1. 2. 3. seems to mean the two Englishmen. H. W. is evidently Holy Word.

"He who thinketh himself wise lies to himself, deceives himself, goeth astray, and knoweth nothing.

"Shall man tremble when God supports him?

"The repentance of the wise is in his works, that of the fool in his tears.

"The child of man thinks of man, the child of God thinks of God; he must forget every thing else.

"Fear leads our spirit astray; by laying a weight upon our days it overturns wisdom, it intimidates nature, and the painful seeds of uneasiness and anguish take part in our hearts.

"Heaven explains itself sufficiently when it inspires.

"Wilt thou never hear my word with the ears of thy soul, and wilt thou never overturn the idol of mistrust that is in thy heart?

"The Lord has placed the key of his treasure under the cup of bitterness.

"The ark of God conveys death to those who make use of false keys.

"Who is that man, saith the Lord, that will not abandon his heart to me, when I have promised to guide it?

"I am One, and all that is in me is One.

"Remember, and remember well, that the Word is but One for him who desires to comprehend; and there would be no more mysteries for man but for the vanity of his heart and the folly of his understanding.

"Is it in the tumult of the world that the voice of the Most High can enter into the heart?

"Do not attach any importance to your opinions: Of what avail to your fate are your very weak ideas?

"Forget all, O our friends, except Heaven and yourselves, to obey only what Heaven prescribes to you."

This narrative, and these extracts, require no comment. They prove incontestably the existence of a society of political Jesuits; they prove also, that, however little may have been the religion of these men themselves, they were convinced how indispensably necessary it was for mankind; and that, instead of plotting to break up the system of social order by des-

troubling faith and morals, faith was the engine, which they employed to prepare some imaginary amelioration; forgetting that nothing can be permanent.

These two Englishmen remained at Avignon six months, and were then informed by the Spirit that they might return. The brethren supplied them with money, so that they went back with more comfort than they came, and had a handsome sum left when they landed in England; where they both returned to their former employments, expecting the accomplishment of the mighty changes which had been foretold. The Revolution broke out. They who had raised the storm could not direct it: they became its victims—and knavery reaped what fanaticism had sown, as they who lag in the assault enter the breach over the bodies of the brave who have won the passage for them. What became of the Avignon society heaven knows. The honest dupes whom they had sent abroad, fully prepared to welcome any novelty as the commencement of the Millennium, were left to their own direction. A king of the Hebrews appeared in England; and Wright and Bryan were, as you may suppose, among the first to acknowledge him. They imagined that the appointed time was come, and published these secrets of the society which they had been ordered to keep concealed. Of the King of the Hebrews in my next.

LETTER LXIX.

Account of Richard Brothers.

MY former letters must have shown you that these English, whom we are accustomed to consider as an unbelieving people, are in reality miserably prone to superstition; yet you will perhaps be surprised at the new instance which I am about to relate.

There started up in London about the beginning of the late war a new pseudo-prophet, whose name was Richard Brothers, and who called himself King of the

Hebrews and Nephew of God. He taught that all existing souls had been created at the same time with Adam, and his system was, that they had all lived with him in Paradise and all fallen with him in consequence of their joint transgression; for all things which they saw and knew were in God, and indeed were God, and they desired to know something besides God; in which desire they were indulged, fatally for themselves, for the only thing which is not God is evil. Evil was thus introduced, and they for their punishment cast into hell; that is to say, upon this present earth; and in this hell they have remained from that time till now, transmigrating from one human body to another. But the term of their punishment is now drawing towards its close: the consummation of all things is at hand, and every one will then recover the recollection of all the scenes and changes through which he has passed. This knowledge has already been vouchsafed in part to Brothers himself; and it is thus that he explained the extraordinary relationship to the Almighty which he laid claim to, asserting that in the days of our Lord he was the son of James the brother of Christ. You know the heretics, in their hatred to virginity and to Mary the most pure, maintain that when Christ's brethren are mentioned in the Gospels the word is to be understood in its literal and carnal sense; consequently he was then the Nephew of the second Person in the Trinity.

Human fancy, it has been said, cannot imagine a monster whose constituent parts are not already in existence; it is nearly as impossible for a new heresy to be now devised, so prolific has human error been. This metempsychosis not only bears a general resemblance to that doctrine as held by the Orientals and by Pythagoras, but has been held in this peculiar heretical form by the old heretic Barules and by the Flagellants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,

Brothers had been a lieutenant in the navy, and was known to be insane; but when a madman calls himself inspired, from that moment the disorder becomes infectious. The society at Avignon had unintentionally trained up apostles for this man. Wright and Bryan

had now for some years been looking for the kingdom of Christ, and teaching all within the circle of their influence to expect the same promised day. Of what had been announced to them much had been too truly accomplished. The world was indeed filled with troubles and dissension, the fire was kindled; the thrones of Europe were shaken, and one of its kings had been brought to an unhappy end, according to the prediction. The laws made by the children of the earth were broken, the reign of terror was begun, and the times disastrous to the full measure of their prophecies. They had been instructed to look for a miraculous deliverer and Lord of the earth, and here was one who laid claim to the character. There were however some difficulties. At Avignon they had been informed that he who was to be the Leader of the Faithful, and to overthrow the kingdoms of the world, was at that time twelve years old and living at Rome; even his name had been revealed.* Neither in this, nor in age, nor country did Brothers answer the prophecy. One of these men therefore decided in his own mind that he was an impostor; he went to see him, with a full belief that whether he was so or not would be revealed to him during the interview, and he took a knife with him, with which, if his suspicions had been confirmed, he was resolved to deliver him such a message from the Lord as Ehud carried to the king of Eglon. Luckily for both parties, Brothers, who little knew the dangerous trial he was undergoing, supported his part so well that the desperate fanatic was converted.

The new King of the Hebrews had not perhaps a single Jew among his believers. These people, who have in old times suffered wellnigh as severely for

* At the ninth year the children shall be solemnly offered to the Mother of God at Genatzans; at that time you will already have made the barbarians feel the blows that you are to give them. Yes; at that age so very tender, united to you two and to others, Charles will take up for the first time his arms; the glory of his name shall spread every where.

their credulity in false Messiahs as for their rejection of the true one, are less disposed to lend ear to such delusions now than in any former time; and here than in any other country. Here they have no amelioration of their condition to wish for; the free exercise of their religion is permitted, what they gain they enjoy in security, and are protected by the state without the trouble of self-defence. The flesh pots of England are not less delicious than those of Egypt, and a land flowing with milk and honey not so attractive for the sons of the Synagogue as one which abounds with old clothes for the lower order, and loans and contracts for their wealthier brethren. The land of promise offers nothing so tempting to them as script and omnium. The King of the Hebrews therefore was not acknowledged by any of his own people; his scheme of pre-existence helped him out of this difficulty. He could tell if any one had been a Jew in any former stage of being, and even of what tribe; that of Judah, as the most favored, he bestowed liberally upon his believers and those whom he hoped to convert. He informed Mr. Pitt by letter that he was a Jew, some of the royal family were in like manner declared to be Jews, and J.'s friend received from Bryan the same flattering assurance.

Besides the prophets from Avignon, Brothers succeeded in making two other useful and extraordinary disciples. The one, an engraver of the first rate skill in his art, who published a masterly portrait of him with these words underneath; *Fully believing this to be the man whom God hath appointed, I engrave his likeness.* This was to be seen in all the print shops. Mr. Halked was the other of these converts, a member of the house of commons and one of the profoundest oriental scholars then living. This gentleman was in the early part of his life an unbeliever, and had attempted to invalidate the truths of holy writ by arguments deduced from Indian chronology. The study of Indian mythology brought him back to Christianity, and by a strange perversion of intellect the Trimourtee of the Hindoos convinced him of the doctrine of the Trinity; and as he recovered his faith he lost his wits. To the asto-

ishment of the world he published a pamphlet avowing his belief that Richard Brothers was the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and that in him the prophecies were speedily to be fulfilled.

Brothers wrote letters to the king and to all the members of both houses of parliament, calling upon them to give ear to the word of God and prepare for the speedy establishment of his kingdom upon earth. He announced to his believers his intention of speedily setting out for Jerusalem, to take possession of his metropolis, and invited them to accompany him. Some of these poor people actually shut up their shops, forsook their business, and their families, and travelled from distant parts of the country to London to join him, and depart with him whenever he gave the word. Before he went, he said, he would prove the truth of his mission by a public miracle, he would throw down his stick in the Strand at noon day, and it should become a serpent; and he affirmed that he had already made the experiment and successfully performed it in private. A manifest falsehood this, but not a wilful one; in like manner he said that he had seen the Devil walking leisurely up Tottenham Court road;—the man was evidently in such a state of mind that his waking dreams was mistaken for realities. He threatened London with an earthquake because of its unbelief, and at length named a day when the city should be destroyed. Many persons left town to avoid this threatened calamity; the day passed by; he claimed the merit of having prevailed in prayer and obtained a respite, and fixed another.

The business was becoming serious. All the madmen and enthusiasts in England, a land wherein there is never any lack of them, made a common cause with this King of the Hebrews. Pamphlets in his favor swarmed from the press; the prophecy of some old heretic was raked up, which fixed the downfall of the church as destined now to be accomplished; and the number of the Beast was explained by Ludovicus XVI. One madman printed his dreams, another his day-visions; one had seen an angel come out of the sun with a drawn sword in his hand, another had seen fiery dra-

gons in the air, and hosts of angels in battle array; these signs and tokens were represented in rude engravings, and the lower classes of people, to whose capacity and whose hungry superstition they were addressed, began to believe that the seven seals were about to be opened and all the wonders in the Apocalypse would be displayed. Government at last thought fit to interfere, and committed Brothers to the national hospital for madmen. Mr. Halhed made a speech in parliament upon this occasion, the most extraordinary perhaps that ever was delivered to a legislative assembly. It was a calm and logical remonstrance against the illegality and unreasonableness of their proceedings. They had imprisoned this person as a madman, he said, because he announced himself as a prophet; but it was incumbent upon them to have fairly examined his pretensions, and ascertained their truth or falsehood, before they had proceeded against him in this manner. Brothers had appealed to the Holy Scriptures, the divine authority of which that house acknowledged; he appealed also to certain of his own predictions as contained in the letters which he had addressed to the king and his ministers;—let them be produced, and the question solemnly investigated as its importance deserved. According to the rules of the house of commons, no motion can be debated or put to the vote, unless it be seconded; Mr. Halhed found no one to second him, and his proposal was thus silently negatived.

Thus easily and effectually was this wild heresy crushed. Brothers continued to threaten earthquakes, six days for them, and prorogue them after the day was past; but his influence was at an end. The people had lost sight of him; and being no longer agitated by signs and tokens, dreams and denunciations, they forgot him. A few of his steadier adherents persisted in their belief, and comforted him and themselves by reminding him of Daniel in the lions' den, and of Jeremiah in the dungeon. He was lucky enough to find out better consolation for himself. There was a female lunatic in the same hospital, whom he discovered to be the destined Queen of the Hebrews; and as such an-

nounced her to the world. At present he and this chosen partner of the throne of David are in daily expectation of a miraculous deliverance, after which they are to proceed to Jerusalem to be crowned and commence their reign. Plans and elevations of their palace and of the new Temple have been made for them, and are now engraving for the public; and in these dreams they will probably continue as long as they live. Upon madmen of this stamp, experience has as little effect as hellebore. Their thoughts of the future are so delightful that they forget the past, and are well nigh insensible to the present—just as all other objects near or distant appear darkened to him who has been looking at the sun. Their hope has neither fear nor doubt to allay it, and its intensity gives them a joy which could scarcely be exceeded by its accomplishment.

LETTER LXX.

Account of Joanna Southcott.

IN the early part of the thirteenth century there appeared an English virgin in Italy, beautiful and eloquent, who affirmed that the Holy Ghost was incarnate in her for the redemption of women; and she baptized women in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of herself. Her body was carried to Milan and burnt there. An arch-heretic of the same sex and country is now establishing a sect in England, founded upon a not dissimilar and equally portentous blasphemy. The name of this women is Joanna Southcott; she neither boasts of the charms of her forerunner, nor needs them. Instead of having an eye which can fascinate, and a tongue which can persuade to error by glossing it with sweet discourse she is old, vulgar, and illiterate. In all the innumerable volumes which she has sent into the world, there are not three connected sentences in sequence, and the language alike violates common sense and common syntax. Yet she has her

followers among the educated classes, and even among the beneficed clergy. "If Adam," she says, "had refused listening to a foolish ignorant woman at first, then man might refuse listening to a foolish ignorant woman at last:"—and the argument is admitted by her adherents. When we read in romance of enchanted fountains, they are described as flowing with such clear and sparkling waters as tempt the traveller to thirst; here, there may be a magic in the draught, but he who can taste of so foul a stream must previously have lost his senses. The filth and the abominations of demoniacal witchcraft are emblematical of such delusions; not the golden goblet and bewitching allurements of Circe and Armida.

The patient resolute obedience with which I have collected for you some account of this woman and her system, from a pile of pamphlets half a yard high will, I hope, be imputed to me as a merit. Had the heretics of old been half as voluminous, and half as dull, St. Epiphanius would never have persevered through his task.

She was born in Devonshire about the middle of the last century, and seems to have passed forty years of her life in honest industry; sometimes as a servant, at others working at the upholsterers' business without any other symptoms of a disordered intellect than that she was zealously attached to the Methodists. These people were equally well qualified to teach her the arts of imposture, or to drive her mad; or to produce in her a happy mixture of craziness and knavery; ingredients which in such cases are usually found in combination. She mentions in her book a preacher who frequented her master's house and, according to her account, lived in habits of adultery with the wife, trying at the same time to debauch the daughter; while the husband vainly attempted to seduce Joanna herself. This preacher used to terrify all who heard him in prayer, and make them shriek out convulsively. He said that he had sometimes, at a meeting, made the whole congregation lie stiff upon the floor till he had got the evil spirit out of them; that there never was a man so highly favored of God as himself; that

he would not thank God to make him any thing, unless he made him greater than any man upon earth, and give him power above all men; and he boasted upon hearing the death of one who had censured him, that he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights beseeching God to take vengeance upon that man and send him to eternity. Where such impious bedlamites as this are allowed to walk abroad, it is not to be wondered at that madness should become epidemic. Joanna Southcott lived in a house which this man frequented; and where, notwithstanding his infamous life, his pretensions to supernatural gifts were acknowledged and he was accustomed to preach and pray. The servants all stood in fear of him. She says he had no power over her, but she used to think the room was full of spirits when he was in prayer; and he was so haunted that he never could sleep in a room by himself, for he said his wife came every night to trouble him: she was perplexed about him, fully believing that he wrought miracles, and wondering by what spirit he wrought them. After she became a prophetess herself, she discovered that this Sanderson was the false prophet in the Revelations; who is to be taken with the Beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Four persons have written to Joanna upon the subject of her pretended mission, each calling himself Christ! One Mr. Leach, a Methodist preacher, told her to go to the Lord in *his name* and tell the Lord that *he said* her writings were inspired by the Devil. These circumstances show how commonly delusion, blasphemy, and madness are to be found in this country; and may lessen our wonder at the phrenzy of Joanna and her followers. Her own career began humbly, with prophecies concerning the weather, such as the popular English almanacs contain, and threats concerning the fate of Europe and the success of the French; which were at that time the speculations of every newspaper, and of every ale-house politician. Some of these guesses having chanced to be right, the women of the family in which she then worked at the upholstering business began to lend ear to her; and

she ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of one Mr. Pomeroy, the clergyman whose church she attended in Exeter. He listened to her with timid curiosity, rather wanting courage than credulity to become her disciple; received from her certain sealed prophecies which were at some future time to be opened; when, as it would be seen they had been accomplished, they would prove the truth of her inspiration; and sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world. But in this publication his own name appeared and that in such a manner, as plainly to imply, that if he had not encouraged her to print he had not endeavored to prevent her from so doing. His eyes were immediately opened to his own imprudence, whatever they may have been to the nature of her call, and he obtained her consent to insert an advertisement in the newspaper with her signature stating that he had said it was the work of the Devil. But here the parties are at issue: as the advertisement was worded, it signifies that Mr. Pomeroy always said her calling was from the Devil; on the other hand Joanna and her witnesses protest that what she had signed was merely an acknowledgment that Mr. Pomeroy had said, after her book was printed, the Devil had instigated her to print his name in it. This would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the very extraordinary situation into which this gentleman has brought himself. Wishing to be clear of the connection in which he had so unluckily engaged, he burnt the sealed papers which had been intrusted to his care. From that time all the Joannians, who are now no inconsiderable number, regard him as the arch-apostate. He is the Jehoiakim who burnt Jeremiah's roll of prophecies; he is their Judas Iscariot, a second Lucifer son of the Morning. They call upon him to produce these prophecies, which she boldly asserts, and they implicitly believe, have all been fulfilled and therefore would convince the world of the truth of her mission. In vain does Mr. Pomeroy answer that he has burnt these unhappy papers:—in an unhappy hour for himself did he burn them! Day after day long letters are dispatched to him, some-

times from Joanna herself, sometimes from her brother, sometimes from one of her four-and-twenty elders; filled with exhortation, invective, texts of scripture, and denunciations of the Law in this world and the Devil in the next; and these letters the prophetess prints, for this very sufficient reason—that all her believers purchase them. Mr. Pomeroy sometimes treats them with contempt, at other times he appeals to their compassion, and beseeches them, if they have any bowels of Christian charity, to have compassion on him and let him rest, and no longer add to the inconceivable and irreparable injuries which they have already occasioned him. If he is silent, no matter, on they go printing copies of all which they write; and when he is worried into replying, his answers also serve to swell Joanna's books. In this manner is this poor man, because he has recovered his senses, persecuted by a crazy prophetess, and her four-and-twenty crazy elders; who seem determined not to desist, till, one way or other, they have made him as ripe for Bedlam as they are themselves.

The books which she sends into the world are written partly in prose, partly in rhyme, all the verse and the greater part of the prose being delivered in the character of the Almighty! It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of this unparalleled and unimaginable nonsense by any other means than literal transcript.* Her hand writing was illegibly bad, so that at last she found it convenient to receive orders to throw away the pen and deliver her oracles orally; and the words flow from her faster than her scribes can write them down. This may be well believed, for they are mere words and nothing else: a rhapsody of texts, vulgar dreams and vulgar interpretations; vulgar types and vulgar applications:—the vilest string of words in the vilest doggerel verse, which has no other connection than what the vilest rhymes have suggested, she vents; and her followers receive them as the dictates of immediate inspiration. A herd, however, was ready to devour this garbage as the bread of life. Credulity and Vanity are foul feeders.

* See note at the end of the letter.

The clergy in her own neighborhood were invited by her, by private letters, to examine her claims ; but they treated her invitation with contempt : the bishop also did not choose to interfere ;—of what avail, indeed, would it have been to have examined her, when they had no power to silence her blasphemies ! She found believers at a distance. Seven men came from different parts of the country to examine—that is—to believe in her ; these were her seven stars ; and when at another time seven more arrived upon the same wise errand she observed, in allusion to one of those vulgar sayings from which all her allusions are drawn, that her seven stars were come to fourteen. Among these early believers were three clergymen ; one of them a man of fashion, fortune, and noble family. It is not unlikely that the woman at first suspected the state of her own intellects : her letters appear to indicate this ; they express a humble submission to wiser judgments than her own ; and could she have breathed the first thoughts of delusion in the ear of some pious confessor, it is more than probable that she would have soon acknowledged her error at his feet ; and the phrenzy which has now infected thousands would have been cut off on its first appearance. But when she found that persons, into whose society nothing else could ever have elevated her, listened to her with reverence, believed all her ravings, and supplied her with means and money to spread them abroad, it is not to be wondered at if she went on more boldly ;—the gainfulness of the trade soon silenced all doubts of the truth of her inspiration.

Some of her foremost adherents were veterans in credulity : they had been initiated in the mysteries of animal magnetism, had received spiritual circumcision from Brothers, and were thus doubly qualified for the part they were to act in this new drama of delusion. To accommodate them, Joanna confirmed the authenticity of this last fanatic's mission, and acknowledged him as King of the Hebrews ;—but she dropt his whole mythology. Her heresy in its main part is not new. The opinion that redemption extended to men only and

not to women had been held by a Norman, in the sixteenth century, as well as by the fair English heretic already mentioned. This man in a book, called *Virgo Veneta*, maintained that a female Redeemer was necessary for the daughters of Eve; and announced an old woman of Venice, of his acquaintance, as the Saviour of her sex. Bordonius, a century ago, broached even a worse heresy. In a work upon miracles, printed at Parma, he taught that women did not participate in the atonement; because they were of a different species from man, and were incapable of eternal life. Joanna and her followers are too ignorant to be acquainted with these her prototypes in blasphemy, and the whole merit of originality in her system must be allowed her, as indeed she has exceeded her forerunners in the audacity of her pretensions. She boldly asserts that she is the Woman in the Revelations, who has the Moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; the twelve stars being her twelve Apostles, who, with the second dozen of believers, made up her four-and-twenty Elders. In her visitation, it was told her that the angels rejoiced at her birth; because she was born to deliver both men and angels from the insults of the devil. Let it be lawful for me to repeat these blasphemies, holding them up to merited abhorrence. The scheme of redemption, she says, is completed in her; and without her would be imperfect; by woman came the fall of man, by woman must come his redemption; woman plucked the evil fruit, and woman must pluck the good fruit; if the Tree of Knowledge was violated by Eve, the Tree of Life is reserved for Joanna. Eve was a bone from Adam, she is a bone from Christ the second Adam. She is the Bride, the promised Seed who is to bruise the Serpents' head; she it is who claims the promise made at the creation, that woman should be the helpmate of man, and by her the Creator fulfils that promise and acquits himself of the charge of having given to man the woman in vain. The evening star was placed in the firmament to be her type. While she arrogates so much to herself, she is proportionately liberal to

her followers ; they have been appointed to the four-and-twenty elderships : and to one of them, when he died, a higher character was more blasphemously attributed : she assured his relations that he was gone to plead the promises before the Lord ; that to him was to be given the key of the bottomless pit, and that the time was at hand when he should be seen descending in the air,—for they knew not the meaning of our Saviour's words when he said, 'Ye shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds, in power and great glory !'

The immediate object of her call is to destroy the devil : of this the devil was aware, and, that it might not be said he had had foul play, a regular dispute of seven days was agreed on between him and Joanna ; in which she was to be alone, and he to bring with him as many of the Powers of Darkness as he pleased : but he was not to appear visibly ; for, as he did not choose to make his appearance on a former occasion when some of her elders went to give him the meeting but had disappointed them, he was not to be permitted to manifest himself bodily now. The conditions were, that if she held out with argument against him for seven days, the Woman should be freed and he fall ; but if she yielded, Satan's kingdom was to stand and a second fall of the human race would be the consequence. Accordingly, she went alone into a solitary house for this conference. Joanna was her own secretary upon this occasion ; and the process-verbal of the conference has been printed, as literally taken down ; for she was ordered to set down all his blasphemies, and show to the world what the language of hell is. It is by no means a polite language ; indeed the proficiency which Satan displays in the vulgar tongue is surprising.

Of all Joanna's books this is the most curious. Satan brought a friend with him, and they made up a story for themselves which has some ingenuity. 'It is written,' said they, 'Be still, and know that I am God ;' this still worship did not suit Satan ; he was a lively cheerful spirit, full of mirth and gaiety, which

the Lord could not bear, and therefore cast him out of heaven. This, according to Appollyon's account of heaven, could be no great evil. 'Thou knowest,' he says, 'it is written of God, he is a consuming fire and who can dwell in everlasting burnings? Our backs are not brass nor our sinews iron, to dwell with God in heaven.' The heaven therefore which men mistakenly desire, is in its nature the very hell of which they are so much afraid; and it is sufficient proof of the truth of all this, that the devil invites them to make themselves happy and lead a gay life, agreeably to his own cheerful disposition, whereas religion enjoins self-denial, penitence, and all things which are contrary to our natural inclinations. Satan accounted to Joanna for her inspiration by this solution: An evil spirit had loved her from her youth up, he found there was no other access to her heart than by means of religion; and, being himself able to foresee future events, imparted this knowledge to her in the character of a good spirit. This spirit, he said, was one which she had been well acquainted with; it was that of one Mr. Follart, who had told her if she would not have him for a husband he should die for her sake, and accordingly he had died. But this deception had now been carried so far that Satan was angry and threatened, unless she broke her seals and destroyed her writings, he would tear her in pieces.

The conference terminated like most theological disputes. Both parties grew warm. Apollyon interfered, and endeavored to accommodate matters, but without effect; and Joanna talked Satan out of all patience. She gave him, as he truly complained, ten words for one and allowed him no time to speak. All men, he said, were tired of her tongue already and now she had tired the devil. This was not unreasonable; but he proceeded to abuse the whole sex, which would have been ungracious in any one and in him was ungrateful. He said no man could tame a woman's tongue; the sands of an hour-glass did not run faster; it was better to dispute with a thousand men than one woman. After this dispute she fasted forty days; but

this fast, which is regarded by her believers as so miraculous, was merely a Catholic Lent, in which she abstained from fish as well as flesh.

The Moon which is under her feet in the Revelations, typifies the Devil; for the moon, it seems, having power to give light by night but not by day, is Satan's kingdom and his dwelling place; he, I conclude, being the very person commonly called the Man in the Moon; a conjecture of my own which, you must allow, is strongly confirmed by his horns. Once, when the Lord made her the same promise as Herod had done to Herodias, she requested that Satan might be cut off from the face of the earth as John the Baptist had been. This petition she was instructed to write, and seal it with three seals, and carry it to the altar when she received the sacrament? and a promise was returned that it should be granted. Her dreams are usually of the Devil. Once she saw him like a pig with his mouth tied, at another time skinned his face with her nails after a fierce battle; once she bit off his fingers, and thought the blood sweet,—and once she dreamt she fairly killed him. But neither has the promise of his destruction been as yet fulfilled, nor the dream accomplished.

This phrenzy would have been speedily cured in our country; bread and water, a solitary cell, and a little wholesome discipline are specifics in such cases. Mark the difference in England. No bishop interferes; she therefore boldly asserts that she has the full consent of the bishops to declare that her calling is from God; because, having been called upon to disprove it, they keep silent. She who was used to earn her daily bread by daily labor, is now taken into the houses of her wealthy believers; regarded as the most blessed among women, carried from one part of England to another, and treated every where with reverence little less than idolatry. Meantime dictating books as fast as her scribes can write them down, she publishes them as fast as they are written, and the Joannians buy them as fast as they are published. Nor is this her only trade. The seals in the Revelations

furnished her with a happy hint. She calls upon all persons 'to sign their names to Christ's glorious and peaceable kingdom to be established and to come upon earth, and his will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and for Satan's kingdom to be destroyed, which is the prayer and desire of Joanna Southcott.' They who sign this are to be sealed. Now if this temporal sealing, which is mentioned by St. John in the Revelations, had been understood before this time, men would have begun sealing themselves without the visitation of the Spirit; and if she had not understood it and explained it now, it would have been more fatal for herself and for all mankind than the fall of Eve was. The mystery of sealing is this: whosoever signs his name receives a sealed letter containing these words: *The Sealed of the Lord, the Elect, Precious, Man's Redemption, to inherit the Tree of Life, to be made Heirs of God, and Joint-heirs of Jesus Christ.* Signed Joanna Southcott. I know not what the price of this initiation is; but she boasts of having sealed above eight thousand persons, so that the trade is a thriving one.

And these things are believed in England! in England, where Catholic Christians are so heartily despised for superstition: in England, where the people think themselves so highly enlightened,—in this country of reason and philosophy and free inquiry! It is curious to observe how this age in which we live is denominated by every writer just as it is tempered according to his own views: with the Infidel, it is the Age of Reason; with the Churchman, the Age of Infidelity; with the Chemist, the Age of Philosophy; with Rulers, the Age of Anarchy: with the People, the Age of Oppression,—every one beholding the prospect through a colored glass, and giving it sunshine or shade, frost or verdure, according to his own fancy; none looking round him and seeing it fairly as it is. Yet surely if we consider the ignorance of the great majority of the English, the want of anchorage for their faith, the want of able directors for their souls, the rapidity with which novelties of every kind are circula-

ted throughout the country, the eagerness with which the credulous listen to every new blasphemy, the contemptuous indifference of the clergy to any blasphemy provided it does not immediately threaten themselves, the unlimited toleration shown to Jews, Gentiles, and Heretics of every description;—above all, if we remember that every person has the power of comparing these delusive books with the Bible, of which they are instructed to consider themselves competent expounders; we must acknowledge that there never was any age or country so favorable to the success of imposture and the growth of superstition, as this very age and this very England.

I have to add concerning Joanna; that she prophesies how she and her believers are to be tried in the ensuing year, and that this awful trial will be only second to that of our blessed Lord at Pilate's bar! What new juggle is in preparation I pretend not to divine. Thus much is certain, that her believers are proof against conviction, and you will agree with me in thinking no further trial necessary to prove that she and her abettors ought either to be punished as impostors, or silenced as lunatics.*

* The Translator has been curious enough to inquire the event of this trial, which may be related in a few words. None but her believers assembled; they provided an attorney, to give their proceedings some of the ceremonials of legality, examined witnesses to prove the good character of the prophetess, signed a profession of belief in her, and afterwards published an account of all this folly under the title of *The Trial of Joanna Southcott*. Joanna had predicted, that at this trial she was to be cast into a trance; not thinking this convenient when the time appointed came, she had a revelation to say, that if any of her judges required it, the Lord would still entrance her, but it would certainly be her death: and thus throwing herself upon the mercy of her own accomplices, it will easily be guessed that none among them insisted upon the proof. One of the company inquired whether Satan knew he

was cast by this trial; as, in that case, it was to be presumed he would rage against her and her friends with the utmost of his fury. This gentleman would have been a good subject for a night-mare.

Don Manuel might well say that nothing but literal transcript could convey an idea of this woman's vulgarity and nonesense; witness the passages which he has selected.—*Tr.*

So, learned men, no more contend,
Till you have seen all clear,
The woman clothed with the Sun
A wonder to you here.
So, in amaze, you all may gaze,
As Adam did at first,
To see the bone to him unknown,
The woman there was placed.
The woe you see, she brought on he,
And the first woe for man;—
But how shall Satan now get free,
She casts her woe on man.—
Though 'twas not she, I must tell ye,
Did cast the woe on man;
The serpent was condemned by she,
And there her woe must come.

It is speaking within compass, to say that she has sent into the world above twenty thousand of such verses as these, as the dictates of the Spirit!

What follows is in the words of one of her chosen disciples:—"On Monday morning Joanna received a letter from Exeter, which informed her she would have Mr. Jones's answer about Mr. Pomeroy in the evening; and her fears for him flung her into a violent agitation; every nerve in her shook, and she fell sick as though she would have fainted away. She could not keep in her bed, but laid herself on the floor in agonies, and she said she knew not whether to pity or condemn him; but at last got up in a rage against the devil, and said her revenge would be sweet to see the devil chained down, and she should like with a sharp sword to cut him in pieces. She then got into bed exclaiming against the clergy, and asked for a glass of wine;

but she brought it up immediately. Soon after the bason was set upon the bed, she took it up and dashed it violently across the room and broke it to pieces. After that she had some lamb brought up for her dinner; she tried to swallow a mouthful but could not, but spit it into another bason, and said she could neither swallow the wine nor the lamb, but found the fury of the Lord break in upon her, and she dashed the second bason on the floor. She then said she felt herself happier and easier since she had broken both the basons; for so would the Lord, in his anger, break the clergy."

This is from a book with the following curious title:—"Mr. JOSEPH SOUTHCOTT, the brother of Joanna Southcott, will now come forward as Dinah's brethren did, that they shall not deal with his sister as they would with a harlot, for so they are now dealing with her. And he will prove to the world where the adultery is committed, by men who are uncircumcised in heart and life: And now he will expend all that he has in the world, if required, in the honest defence of her character, till he has slain the uncircumcised Philistines, and entirely freed his sister from the reproaches of their adultery."

A few flowers of infernal eloquence shall be added from *The Dispute with the Powers of Darkness*. Satan says to her "Thou infamous b—ch! thou hast been flattering God, that he may stand thy friend. Such low cunning art I despise.—Thou wheening devil! stop thy d—n'd eternal tongue; thou runnest on so fast, all the devils in hell cannot keep up with thee.—God hath done something to choose a b—ch of a woman that will down-argue the devil, and scarce give him room to speak." It may truly be said in Joanna's own words *'If the woman is not ashamed of herself the devil cannot shame her.'*

If the language of Joanna herself is grovelling in the very mud and mire of baseness and vulgarity, one of her elders has soared into the sublime of frenzy. The passage is long, but deserves insertion, as, perhaps, there does not exist elsewhere so complete a specimen of a

prophet rampant. The gentleman begins in some plain prose reflections upon the fall; and goes on addressing the devil till he has worked himself up, and begins thus to rave in rhythm.

“—Then where’s thy ground on earth? receive thy doom, the pit, there twist in flames, and there thy like deceive!—Then Cain receive thy doom from Abel’s blood. Then where is Pharaoh and his host? Judge then, need Moses fear! Where is the Lion fallen! and the pit has opened its mouth—the covering’s dropt;—the Lamb has nought to fear—then roar no more to shake the earth and sea. Where now’s the eagle and the vultur’d host—thy wings are pluck’d on earth, she stands defenceless, the fatal net beneath.—The Dove now has protection; she ranges earth and sea, and soars aloft, unhurt, unfear’d, to carry peace to all.—The ark is opened now, she brings the olive branch—the floods are past, where’s now the giant race?—Who pressed on Lot? ’Twas thee, the proud oppressor! Where art thou now? Where is thy pride and city? Knowest thou the words, come out! come out! let Sodom feel its doom. Where now is Lot? At Zoar safe! Where is his wife? Is she not salt all?—The writings on the wall. Thou lewdly revellest with the bowls of God. Thy kingdom’s past away.—Now see my Daniel rise—Who cast him in the den?—’Twas thee—Thou rolledst the stone, thou sealedst his doom—the roaring Lion thee! Then let the stone return, the seal be broke, and go thou in his stead. Where is the image gold and Bel? Where is proud Babel’s builder? Confusion is thy name; confusion is thy doom! Let Bel asunder burst! the pitch and tar, and walls of wood, expose thy make, deceit, and craft—and pass in flames away. The God of Daniel stands—Daniel rise up! Six days are passed; the seventh now is here, seven times refined and purified, in innocency come. The emerald, unhurt in fire, displays great Judah’s son. Let Urim’s light and Thummim shine in bright perfection’s day. The twelve men stand upon the plate; the fourth denotes great Judah’s son, who is the rightful heir. The stones denote old Jacob’s sons, their

light and quality ; they shine as stars in Jesus' crown upon the woman's head. The Sun unveil'd shall now arise ; the Moon from scarlet shall emerge ; the Stars from darkness now appear to light the midnight hour : Then where art thou, O Satan ! Where are thy heads, and horns, and dragon's tail, which slew and hurt the living stars ! Where are thy rays of fire, thy watery floods ; behold they are passed away. The woman's fears of thee are o'er—the wilderness receives her child, whose iron rod now feel. The pit has opened its mouth ; thou now art cast, shut up and sealed ; the saints now judge the earth. The Omnipotent is here in power and spirit in the word. The sword, white horse, and King of Kings has drawn the flaming sword ! Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice ! The Beast and Dragon, mountain, tree, no more shall hurt, devour, becloud, the Saint, the gold and vine. The gold and gems appear. The mighty earthquake now displays the hidden Son of God. The rod and smitten rock gush forth, and smite and slay, and make alive, now saves and now destroys. The cloud and glory, Jonah's sign, displays the virtues of the word, the light and darkness shews. The Gospel brings the light, and life, and death—and death as men obey or mock. The six denotes the suffering time to shew the Son of Man—The sign within the sun—The fowls now feast on thee ! Then where's thy former reign ? Beneath the rod of Moses see thy fall from heaven's light. Son of the Morning, Lucifer, no more oppress ; be thou a fallen star ! Great Gog and Agag, where are ye ? The walls of Jericho art thou : fall flat ! Joshua's ram's horns, the seven and twelve, pass Jordan's stream. Where is the Lion, Bear, Goliath huge, but in the centre thee. David appears, a stripling youth, now tears, and slays, and slings the stone, and smites thy dragon's head. Now see great David's reign—The temple's stones unhewed by man in those days, unite, the King of Peace amidst the seven in oil unite, and in a stone with seven eyes appears. The stately fabric now is laid, founded and topped with gems of every hue. The ark of Moses now is built—The words, the laws, the

sceptre, all unite, and Aaron's budded rod—He now is chosen; eat the bread, prepare the sacrifice. John eats the book which sweet and bitter is; he prophesies; the temple metes, and stands before the lamb. The temple measures, and anoints, and Moses' tabernacle. The witnesses, Matthew and John, as olive trees appear. The broken stones of Moses now uplift, renewed in books arise from death. The Lord's anointed reigns.—The rods or laws of Ephraim ten, unite in one, and hold by Judah's skirt—The Son of Man o'er Israel reigns—The dry bones now arise—Here ends thy earthly reign—The bond of union now is come—The marriage ring appears—The Bride is come—The Bridegroom now receives the marriage seal—The law and gospel now unite—The Moon and Sun appear—Caleb and Joshua pass the stream in triumph to restore. Where now, thou Canaanite, art thou? Where all thy maddened crew?

“Hittites, begone! no more appear to hurt or to annoy;
Now Israel's sons in peace succeed, and Canaan's land
enjoy,

Behold from Edom I appear with garments dipt in blood;
My sons are freed and sav'd, and washed amidst the
purple flood.

The law, or moon, imperfect was to save—
But now the star points dead men to the grave.

“Mercy benign appears—The Gospel Sun embraces
all—The Spirit and the Bride invite, and offer wine
and milk—but not to mockers here. Infinity of love
and grace! Gentiles and Jews unite, no more from
love to part. Six days are past—Peter, and James, and
John, behold my glory in my word.

“The Law and Prophets now are seen with Jesus'
word to shine,
But what hast thou, thou serpent here, to do with love
benign?

“Tremble and flee, 'tis done. The seals are burst—
the vials pour and end thy destiny.

“These are a small part of the thoughts of the judg-

ments of God pronounced on Satan," concludes the writer, who is a gentleman of vast respectability.

One of her books has the title printed on the last page, because it was ordered that the book should contain neither more nor less than forty-eight pages. Another has a seal in the middle of it, bearing the letters J. C.—the J. it is said, being meant for Jesus and Joanna !!

LETTER LXXI.

The Coxcomb.—Fashionables.—Fops.—Egyptian Fashions.—Dances.—Visiting.—Walkers.—The Fancy.—Agriculturists.—The Fat Ox.—The Royal Institution.—Metaphysics.

WHETHER the Coxcomb be an animal confined to Europe I know not, but in every country in Christendom he is to be found with the same generic character.

Pien di smorfiose grazie,
 E mastro assai profondo
 Nelle importanti inezie,
 Nei nulli del bel mondo;
 E in quella soavissima
 Arte tanto eloquente,
 Cha sa si lungio spazio
 Parlar senza dir niente.
 Con tratti di malizia,
 A spese altrui festivo;
 Sempre in bocca risuonagli
 Quel tuono decisivo,
 Quell' insolenza amabile,
 Che non egual franchezza
 Con un' occhiata rapida
 O tutto loda, o sprezza.*

* Full of affected graces, and a master sufficiently profound of the important inanities the nothings of the fine world; and of that sweetest art so eloquent, which

There is however no country in which there is so many varieties of the animal as in England; none where he flourishes so successfully, makes such heroic endeavors for notoriety and enjoys so wide a sphere of it.

The highest order is that of those who have invented for themselves the happy title of Fashionables. These gentlemen stand highest in the scale of folly, and lowest in that of intellect, of any in the country; inasmuch as the rivalry between them is, which shall excel his competitors in frivolity. There was a man in England half a century ago well known for this singular kind of insanity, that he believed his soul had been annihilated within him while he was yet living. What this poor maniac conceived to have been done by his soul, these gentlemen have successfully accomplished for themselves with their intellect. Their souls might be lodged in a nutshell without incommoding the maggot who previously tenanted it; and if the whole stock of their ideas were transferred to the maggot, they would not be sufficient to confuse his own. It is impossible to describe them, because no idea can be formed of infinite littleness; you might as reasonably attempt to dissect a bubble, or to bottle moonshine, as to investigate their characters; they prove satisfactorily the existence of a vacuum: the sum total of their being is composed of negative qualities.

One degree above or below these are the fops who appear in a tangible shape; they who prescribe fashions to the tailor, that the tailor may prescribe them to the town; who decide upon the length of a neckkerchief, and regulate the number of buttons at the knees of their breeches. One person has attained the very summit of ambition by excelling all others in the jet varnish of his boots. Infinite are the exertions which have

can talk so long and say nothing; with traits of malice, mirthful at another's expense: always in his mouth that decisive tone, that amiable insolence, which, with equal freedom, at a glance praises or condemns by wholesale.—T.R.

been made to equal him,—the secret of projection could not be more eagerly desired than the recipe of his blacking: and there is one competitor whose boots are allowed to approach very near to the same point of perfection;—still they only approach it. This meritorious rival loses the race of fame by half a neck, and to such contests it is *aut Cæsar aut nihil*. To have the best blacked boots in the world, is a worthy object of successful emulation;—but to have only the second-best, is to be Pompey in the Pharsalia of Fashion.

During one period of the French Revolution the Brutus head-dress was the mode, though Brutus was at the same time considered as the Judas Iscariot of political religion; being indeed at this day, to an orthodox Anti-Jacobine, what Omar is to the Persians; that is, something a great deal worse than the Devil. ‘I suppose, sir,’ said a London hair-dresser to a gentleman from the country,—‘I suppose, sir, you would like to be dressed in the Brutus style.’ ‘What style is that?’ was the question in reply. ‘All over frizzly, sir, like the Negers,—they be Brutes you know.’ If Apollo be the model of the day, these gentlemen wear stays; if Hercules, the tailor supplies breasts of buckram broad shoulders and brawny arms. At present as the soldiers from Egypt have brought home with them broken limbs and ophthalmia, they carry an arm in a sling or walk the streets with a green shade over the eyes. Every thing now must be Egyptian: the ladies wear crocodile ornaments, and you sit upon a sphinx in a room hung round with mummies, and with the long, black, lean-armed, long-nosed, hieroglyphical men, who are enough to make the children afraid to go to bed. The very shopboards must be metamorphosed into the mode, and painted in Egyptian letters, which, as the Egyptians had no letters, you will doubtless conceive must be curious. They are simply the common characters, deprived of all beauty and all proportion by having all the strokes of equal thickness, so that those which should be thin look as if they had the elephantiasis.

Men are tempted to make themselves notorious in England by the ease with which they succeed. The newspapers in the dearth of matter for filling their daily columns, are glad to insert any thing,—when one lady comes to town, when another leaves it; when a third expects her *accouchement*; the grand dinner of one gentleman, and the grand supper of another are announced before they take place; the particulars are given after the action, a list of the company inserted, the parties who danced together exhibited like the characters of a drama in an English bill of the play, and the public are informed what dances were called for and by whom. There is something so peculiarly elegant and appropriate in the names of the fashionable dances, that it is proper to give you a specimen. Moll in the Wad is one; you must excuse me for not translating this, for really I do not understand it.—Drops of brandy, another; and two which are at present in high vogue are, The Devil among the Taylors, and Go to the Devil and shake yourself. At these balls the floors are chalked in colors in carpet patterns, a hint taken from the lame beggars who write their petitions upon the flag-stones in the street. This is so excellently done, that one should think it would be painful to trample on and destroy any thing so beautiful, even though only made to be destroyed. These things indicate the same sort of want of feeling as the ice-palaces of Russia, and the statue of snow made by Michael Angelo at Pietro de Medici's command. We are surrounded in this world with what is perishable, that we may be taught to set our heart and hopes upon the immutable and everlasting;—it is ill done then to make perishableness the food of pride.

The system of visiting in high life is brought to perfection in this country. Were a lady to call in person upon all the numerous acquaintance whom she wishes sometimes to crowd together at her Grand Parties, her whole time would be too little to go from door to door. This therefore being confessedly impossible, the card-currency of etiquette was issued; and the name dropt by a servant, allowed to have the same saving virtue

of civility as the real presence. But the servants began to find this a hard duty, and found out that they were working like postmen without any necessity for so doing; so they agreed at last to meet at certain pot-houses, and exchange cards, or leave them there as at a post-office, where each in turn calls to deposit all with which he is charged, and to receive all which are designed for him.

I have spoken elsewhere of the turf, a road to fame always and oftentimes to ruin: but for this so large a fortune is required that the famous must always be few. A man, however, of moderate, or of no fortune, may acquire great glory by riding a score of horses almost or quite to death, for the sake of showing in how short a time he can go fifty leagues. Others, with a nobler ambition, delight in displaying their own speed. I know not whether Christoval de Mesa would have said of this sort of walking or of running, as he did of the game of *pelota*,

Es el que mas a la virtud se llega,
que ni entorpece, ni el ingenio embota,
antes da ligereza y exercita,
y pocos que la juegan tienen gota*

I know not whether he would have said this of their exercise; but this I know, that some of the English gentlemen would make the best running footmen in the world:

Another school—to borrow a term from the philosophers—is that of the Amateurs of Boxing, who call themselves *the Fancy*. They attend the academies of the two great professors Jackson and Mendoza, the Aristotle and Plato of pugilism; bring up youths of promise from the country to be trained, and match them according to their wind, science, and bottom. But I am writing to the uninitiated:—bottom means courage; that sort of it which will endure a great deal.

* It is that which approaches most to virtue, which neither stupifies nor degrades the understanding, but, on the contrary, exercises it and gives agility, and few who play at it have the gout.—THE

Too much vivacity is rather against a man ; if he indulges in any flourishes or needless gesticulations he wastes his wind, and though he may be admitted to be a *pleasant fighter*, this is considered as a disadvantage. When the champion comes off victor, after suffering much in the contest, he is said to be *much punished*. There is something to be attended to besides science, which is the body : it is expedient to swallow raw eggs for the wind, and to feed upon beef as nearly raw as possible, they who do this and practice with weights in their hands are said to *cultivate the muscles*. Upon the brutality of this amusement I have already said something, nor is it needful to comment upon what is so apparent ; but it is just that I should now state what may truly be said in its defence. It is alleged that in consequence of this custom no people decide their quarrels with so little injury to each other as the English. The Dutch slice each other with their snickersnees ; we know how deadly the knife is employed in our country ; the American twists the hair of his enemy round his thumb, and scoops out an eye with his finger :*—but in England a boxing match set-

* Don Manuel is not correct. The mode of fighting which he says is practised in America, and which is so truly savage and barbarous, is not by any means general, but confined to a very small portion of it—chiefly to Virginia, &c. Boxing matches elsewhere are as fairly and as honorably conducted here as in England.

It cannot however be *boasted* that these are here made up for the purpose of gratifying spectators and bettors—but to settle the disputes of the parties themselves. Sometimes indeed, at elections, it has been thought necessary to determine by this mode which party were the most republican. During one of these experiments in New-York, the champion of one party broke his arm over the head of his antagonist ; and was in consequence compelled to give up the *argument*. Since that his party have made little or no pretensions to republicanism.—A.M. E.D.

ties all disputes among the lower classes, and when it is over they shake hands and are friends. Another equally beneficial effect is the security afforded to the weaker by the laws of honor, which forbid all undue advantages; the man who should aim a blow below the waist, who should kick his antagonist, strike him when he is down, or attempt to injure him after he had yielded, would be sure to experience the resentment of the mob, who on such occasions always assemble to see what they call pair play, which they enforce as rigidly as the Knights of the Round Table did the laws of chivalry.

The next persons to be noticed are those who seek notoriety by more respectable means; but, following wise pursuits foolishly, live in a sort of intellectual limbo between the worlds of Wisdom and Folly. The fashionable agriculturists are of this class: men who assume as the creed of their philosophical belief a foolish saying of some not very wise author, "That he who makes two blades of grass grow were only one grew before, is the greatest benefactor to his species." With these persons the noblest employment of human intellect is to improve the size of turnips and cabbages, and for this they lay aside all other studies. "When my friends come to see me in the summer," said one of these gentlemen, "I like to hear them complain that they have not been able to sleep in their beds for heat, because then I know things are growing out of doors." *Quicquid amat valde amat*, may truly be said of the Englishman; his pursuit always becomes his passion; and, if great follies are oftentimes committed in consequence of this ardor, it must not be forgotten that it leads also to great actions, and to important benefits.

Of this class the breeders are the most remarkable, and least useful. Their object is to improve the cattle of the country, for which purpose they negotiate with the utmost anxiety the amours of their cows and sheep. Such objects, exclusively pursued, tend little to improve either the intellect or the manners.—These people will apply to a favorite pig, or a Herefordshire bull, the same epithets of praise and exclamations of

delight which a sculptor would bestow upon the Venus de Medici or the Appollo Belvidere. This passion is carried to an incredible degree of folly: the great object of ambition is to make the animal as fat as possible, by which means it is diseased and miserable while it lives, and of no use to any but the tallow-chandler when dead. At this very time there is a man in London belonging to a fat ox, who has received more money for having fattened this ox than Newton obtained for all his discoveries or Shakspeare for all his works. Crowds go to see the monster, which is a shapeless mass of living fat. A picture has been painted both of the man and beast, a print engraved from it in order that the one may be immortalized as the fattest ox that ever was seen, and the other as the man who fed him to that size; and two thousand persons have subscribed for this at a guinea each. A fat pig has been set up against him which, I know not why, does not seem to take. The pig is acknowledged to be a pig of great merit, but he is in a manner neglected, and his man complains of the want of taste in the public.

To end the list of fashions, What think you of philosophy in fashion? You must know that though the wise men of old could find out no royal road to the mathematics, in England they have been more ingenious and have made many short cuts to philosophy for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen. The arts and sciences are now taught in lectures to fashionable audiences of both sexes; and there is a Royal Institution for this purpose, where some of the most scientific men in the kingdom are thus unworthily employed. I went there one morning with J— and his wife,—whom you are not to suspect of going for any other purpose than to see the place. Part of the men were taking snuff to keep their eyes open, others more honestly asleep, while the ladies were all upon the watch; and some score of them had their tablets and pencils, busily noting down what they heard, as topics for the next conversation party. ‘Oh!’ said J— when he came out, in a tone which made it half groan, half interjection, ‘the days of tapestry hanging and work-

ed chair bottoms were better days than these !—I will go and buy for Harriet the *Whole Duty of Woman*, containing the complete Art of Cookery.’

But even oxygen and hydrogen are not subjects sufficiently elevated for all. Mind and matter, free will and necessity, are also fashionable topics of conversation ; and you shall hear the origin of ideas explained, the nature of volition elucidated, and the extent of space, and the duration of time discussed over a tea-table with admirable volubility. Nay, it is well if one of these orators does not triumphantly show you that there is nothing but misery in the world, prove that you must either limit the power of God or the goodness, and then modestly leave you to determine which. Another effect this of the general passion for distinction : the easiest way of obtaining access into literary society, and getting that kind of notoriety, is, by professing to be a metaphysician ; because of such metaphysics a man may get as much in half an hour as in his whole life.

At present the English philosophers and politicians, both male and female, are in a state of great alarm. It has been discovered that the world is over-peopled, and that it always must be so, from an error in the constitution of nature—that the law which says ‘ Increase and multiply,’ was given without sufficient consideration ; in short, that He who made the world does not know how to manage it properly, and therefore there are serious thoughts of requesting the English parliament to take the business out of his hands.

LETTER LXXII.

Westminster Abbey on Fire.—Frequency of Fires in England.—Means devised for preventing and for extinguishing them ; but not in use.

I WAS fortunate enough, this morning, to witness a very grand and extraordinary sight. As D. and I were walking towards the west end of the town, we

met an acquaintance who told us that Westminster Abbey was on fire. We lost no time in going to the spot; the roof was just smoking sufficiently to show us that the intelligence was true, but that the building was no longer in danger.

The crowd which had collected was by no means so great as we had expected.—Soldiers were placed at the door to keep out idle intruders, and admit such only as might properly be admitted. The sight when we entered was truly striking. Engines were playing in the church, and long leathern pipes which conveyed the water stretched along the pavement. The roof at the joint of the cross, immediately over the choir, had fallen in; and the huge timbers lay black and smoking, in heaps, upon the pews which they had crushed. A pulpit, of fine workmanship, stood close by unhurt. Smaller fragments, and sparks of fire were from time to time falling down; and the water which was still spouted up in streams fell in showers, and hissed upon the hot ruins below. We soon perceived that no real injury was done to the church, though considerable damage was inflicted upon the funds of the chapter.—That part which was thus consumed had not been finished like the rest of the building; instead of masonry, it had been from some paltry motives of parsimony made of wood, and lined on the inside with painted canvass, in a miserable style. All this patch-work was now destroyed, as it deserved to be; and the light coming in from above slanted on the fretted roof, the arches and pillars, which stood unhurt and perfectly secure.

The Westminster boys were working an engine in the cloisters with hearty good will. D. who had been educated at Westminster himself, said they were glad at the fire; indeed, he confessed that he did not himself look without satisfaction upon the ruins of the pew, where he had formerly been compelled to sit so many hours in the cold.

The pavement in that part of the abbey which is called Poets' Corner sunk considerably in consequence of the water, the earth in the graves probably sinking when wet: so much so that the stones must be taken

up and laid anew. What an opportunity of examining the skulls of so many celebrated men! If professor Blumenbach were but an Englishman, or if the dean and chapter were physiologists, these relics would now be collected and preserved.

One of the graves would exhibit curious contents, if any such curiosity should be indulged. An old countess, who died not long since after a very singular life, gave orders in her will that she should be buried in Poets' Corner, as near as possible to Shakspeare's monument, dressed in her wedding suit, and with a speaking trumpet in her coffin. These orders her executors were obliged to perform to the letter. Accordingly a grave was solicited and granted for a due consideration in this holy ground; the old lady was equipped in her bridal array, packed up for the journey, and ready to set off, when it was discovered that the speaking trumpet had been forgotten. What was to be done? This was in a remote part of the country; there was not such a thing to be purchased within a dozen leagues, and the will was not to be trifled with. Luckily some person there present recollected that a gentleman in the neighborhood had a speaking trumpet which had been left him by a sea captain as a memorial of an old friend, and which for that reason he particularly valued. A messenger was immediately dispatched to borrow this; of course he was careful not to say for what it was wanted: as soon as it was brought it was put by her side in the coffin, the coffin was soldered down, off posted the funeral for London; and if the rightful owner does not look after his trumpet now, he will have no other opportunity till he hears the old lady flourish upon it at the resurrection; for which purpose, it is to be presumed, she chose to have it at hand.

This mischief, which might have been in its consequences so deplorable, was occasioned by the carelessness of some plumbers who were at work upon the roof. Old St. Paul's was destroyed just in this way: it is surprising how many accidents of this kind have happened from the same cause, and provoking to think, that so great and venerable a work of piety, and

human genius, and human power, should have been so near destruction by the stupid negligence of a common laborer! They burn in the hand for accidental homicide in this country;* a little application of hot iron for accidental church-burning would be a punishment in kind for a neglect of duty, so dangerous, that it ought not be unpunished. When carelessness endangers the life or welfare of another, it ought to be regarded as a crime.†

A fire is the only ordinary spectacle in this great metropolis which I have not seen; for this cannot be called such, though in its effects finer than any conflagration.—Fires are so frequently happening, that I may consider myself as unfortunate. The traveller

* Don Manuel confounds homicide and manslaughter.—TR.

† *Fathering a job* has always been considered the proof of a good workman. And if this art has not been brought to perfection in America, it is by no means from thence to be inferred it is for want of *genius* in our mechanics; but rather to the abundance of employment, which has hitherto left them no leisure to attend to that *important* department. A gentleman recently complained to his bootmaker that his boots were insufficient to keep out the water from his feet. The man, without stooping to apologize or attempting an excuse, immediately commenced a philosophical argument, to prove the ill effects which would necessarily arise if boots were made perfectly tight; as, in that case, they would not permit the evaporation of the feet's moisture; and, the inevitable consequence would be ill health. The gentleman was confounded; and the standers-by were soon convinced our man was a much better natural philosopher than a shoemaker. This may not be wondered at, as the people in America are by nature scientifically, and not mechanically inclined: and although they universally contend it is necessary to serve seven years' apprenticeship to learn to make a shoe or a coffin; yet all agree he is at all times qualified to legislate for the nation.—AM. ED.

who is at London without seeing a fire, and at Naples without witnessing an eruption of Vesuvius, is out of luck.

The danger of fire is one to which the Londoners are more exposed than any people in the world, except, perhaps, the inhabitants of Constantinople. Their earth coal must be considered as one main cause—pieces of this are frequently exploded into the room. The carelessness of servants is another; for nothing but candles are used to give light for domestic purposes, and accidents happen from a candle which could not from a lamp. The accumulation of furniture in an English house is so much fuel in readiness; all the floors are boarded, all the headsteads are of wood, all the beds have curtains. I have heard of a gentleman who set the tail of his shirt on fire as he was stepping into bed, the flames caught the curtains, and the house was consumed. You may easily suppose this adventure obtained for him the name of The Comet.

Means have been devised for preventing fires, for extinguishing them, and for escaping from them. David Hartley, son to the great English philosopher of the same name, proposed to line every room with plates of metal, and lord Stanhope invented a kind of mortar for the same purpose. Both methods have been tried with complete success; but they will never be adopted unless a law be passed to compel the adoption. For houses in London, and indeed in all large towns, are built for sale, and the builder will not incur the expense of making them fire proof; because, if they are burnt, he is not the person who is to be burnt in them. And if he who builds for himself in the country were disposed to avail himself of these inventions, should he have heard of them, the difficulty of instructing laborers in the use of any thing which they have not been used to, is such, that rather than attempt it, he submits to the same hazards as his neighbors.

You would suppose, however, that there could be no objection to the use of any means for extinguishing fires. Balls for this purpose were invented by Mr. Godfrey, son to the inventor of a famous quack medi-

cine ; but the son's fire-balls did not succeed so well as the father's cordial.—Succeed, indeed, they did, in effecting what was intended ; for, when one of them was thrown into a room which had been filled with combustibles, and set on fire for the purpose of experiment, it exploded and instantly quenched it. But there was an objection to the use of these balls which Mr. Godfrey had not foreseen. It is a trade in England to put out fires, and the English have a proverb that ‘ All trades must live ;’ which is so thoroughly admitted by all ranks and degrees, that if the elixir of life were actually to be discovered, the furnishers of funerals would present a petition to parliament praying that it might be prohibited, in consideration of the injury they must otherwise sustain ; and, in all probability, parliament would admit their plea. The continuance of the slave trade, in consideration of the injury which the dealers in human flesh would sustain by its abolishment, would be a precedent. The firemen made a conspiracy against Godfrey ; and when he or any of his friends attended at a fire, or mounted a ladder to throw the balls in, the ladder was always thrown down ; so that, as the life of every person who attempted to use them was thus endangered, the thing was given up.

The machine for escaping is a sort of iron basket, or chair, fixed in a groove on the outside of the house. I have never seen one at any other place than at the inventor's warehouse. The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knew this, and roused him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire ! The staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went his window and down he came by his rope ladder, as fast as he could, into a tub of water which they had placed to receive him.



LETTER LXXIII.

Remarks on the English Language.

HE who ventures to criticise a foreign language, should bear in mind that he is in danger of exposing his own ignorance. 'What a vile language is yours!' said a Frenchman to an Englishman,—'you have the same word for three different things; there is ship, *un vaisseau*; ship (sheep) *mouton*; and ship (cheap) *bon marché*.'—Now these three words so happily instanced by Monsieur, are pronounced as differently as they are spelt. As I see his folly, it will be less excusable should I commit the same myself.

The English is rather a hissing than a harsh language, and perhaps this was the characteristic to which Charles V alluded, when he said it was fit to speak to birds in. It has no gutturals like ours, no nasal twang like the Portuguese and French; but the perpetual sibilance is very grating. If the Rabbis have not discovered in what language the serpent tempted Eve, they need not look beyond the English; it has the true mark of his enunciation. I think this characteristic of the language may be accounted for by the character of the nation. They are an active, busy people, who like to get through what they are about with the least possible delay, and if two syllables can be shortened into one, it is so much time saved. What we do with *Vmd.* they have done with half the words of their language. They have squeezed the vowel out of their genitives and plurals, and compressed dissyllables into monosyllables. The French do the same kind of thing in a worse way; they in speaking leave half of every word behind them in a hurry; the English pack up theirs close and hasten on with the whole.

It is a concise language, though the grievous want of inflections necessitates a perpetual use of auxilia-

ries. It would be difficult to fill eight lines of English, adhering closely to the sense, with the translation of an octave stanza. Their words are shorter: and though in many cases they must use two and sometimes three, where we need but one, still if the same meaning requires more words, it is contained in fewer syllables, and costs less breath. Weight for weight a pound of *garvanzos** will lie in half the compass of a pound of chesnuts.

Frenchmen always pronounce English ill; Germans, better; it is easier for a Spaniard than for either. The *th*, or *theta*, is their shibboleth; our *z* has so nearly the same sound that we find little or no difficulty in acquiring it. In fact the pronunciation would not be difficult if it were not capricious; but the exceptions to any general rule are so numerous, that years and years of practice are hardly sufficient to acquire them. Neither is the pronunciation of the same word alike at all times, for it sometimes becomes the fashion to change the accent. The theatre gives the law in these cases. What can have been the cause of this preposterous and troublesome irregularity is beyond my knowledge. They acknowledge the defect, and many schemes have been devised by speculative writers for improving the orthography, and assimilating it to the oral tongue; but they have all so disfigured the appearance of the language, and so destroyed all visible traces of etymology, that they have only excited ridicule and have deserved nothing better.

It is difficult to acquire, yet far less so than the German and its nearer dialects: the syntax is less involved, and the proportion of Latin words far greater. Dr. Johnson, their lexicographer, and the most famous of all their late writers, introduced a great number of sesquipedalian Latinisms; like our Latinists of the seventeenth century. The ladies complain of this, and certainly it was done in a false taste,—but it facilitates a foreigner's progress. I find Johnson for this very reason the easiest English author; his long words are

* A species of lupin used as food.—T. r.

always good stepping stones, on which I get sure footing.

If the size of his dictionary, which is the best and largest, may be regarded as a criterion, the language is not copious. We must not however forget that dictionaries profess to give only the written language; and that hundreds and thousands of words, either preserved by the peasantry, in remote districts, or created by the daily wants and improvements of society, by ignorance or ingenuity, by whim or wit, never find their way into books though they become sterling currency. But that it is not copious may be proved by a few general remarks. The verb and substantive are often the same; they have few diminutives and no augmentatives; and their derivatives are few. You know how many we have from *agua*; the English have only one from *water*, which is the adjective *watery*; and to express the meaning of ours, they either use the simple verb in different senses, or form some composite in the clumsy Dutch way of sticking two words together: *agua*, water; *aguaza*, water; *aguar*, to water; *hazer aguada*, to water; *aguadero*, a waterman; *aguaducho*, a water pipe; *aguado*, a water-drinker, &c. &c. And yet, notwithstanding these deficiencies, they tell me it is truly a rich language. Corinthian brass would not be an unapt emblem for it,—materials base and precious melted down into a compound still precious, though debased.

They have one name for an animal in English, and another for its flesh;—for instance, cow-flesh is called beef; that of the sheep, mutton; that of the pig, pork. The first is of Saxon, the latter of French origin; and this seems to prove that meat cannot have been the food of the poor in former times. The cookery books retain a technical language from the days when carving was a science, and instruct the reader to *cut up* a turkey, to *rear* a goose, to *wing* a partridge, to *thigh* a woodcock, to *unbrace* a duck, to *unlace* a rabbit, to *allay* a pheasant, to *display* a crane, to *dismember* a hern, and to *lift* a swan.

Their early writers are intelligible to none but the learned; whereas a child can understand the language

of the Partidas, though a century anterior to the oldest English work. This late improvement is easily explained by their history: they were a conquered people; the languages of the lord and subject were different; and it was some ages before that of the people was introduced at court, and into the law proceedings, and that not till it had become so amalgamated with the Norman French as in fact to be no longer Saxon. We, on the contrary, though we lost the greater part of our country, never lost our liberty—nor our mother tongue. What Arabic we have we took from our slaves, not our masters.

I can discover but not discriminate provincial intonations, and sometimes provincial accentuation, but the peculiar words, or phrases, or modes of speech which characterize the different parts of the country a foreigner cannot perceive. The only written dialect is the Scotch. It differs far more from English than Portuguese from Castilian, nearly as much as the Catalan, though the articles and auxiliars are the same. Very many words are radically different, still more so differently pronounced as to retain no distinguishable similarity; and as the difference is not systematic, it is the more difficult to acquire. No Englishman reads Scotch with fluency, unless he has long resided in the country. I have looked into the poems of Burns, which are very famous, and found them almost wholly unintelligible; a new dictionary and new grammar were wanted, and on inquiring for such I found that none were in existence.

The English had no good prose writers till the commencement of the last century, indeed, with a very few exceptions, till the present reign; but no book now can meet with any success unless it be written in a good style. Their rhymed poetry is less sonorous, less euphonous, less varied, than ours; their blank verse, on the other hand, infinitely more rhythmical than the *verso suelto*. But their language is incapable of any thing between the two; they have no *asonantes*, nor would the English ear be delicate enough to feel them. In printing poetry they always begin the line with a capital letter, whether the sentence requires it

or not : this, which is the custom with all nations except our own, though at the expense of all propriety, certainly gives a sort of architectural uniformity to the page. No mark of interrogation or admiration is ever prefixed ; this they might advantageously borrow from us. A remarkable peculiarity is that they always write the personal pronoun I with a capital letter. May we not consider this great I as an unintended proof how much an Englishman thinks of his own consequence ?

LETTER LXXIV.

Departure from London.—An English Renegado.—West Kennet.—Use of the Words Horse and Dog.—Bath.—Ralph Allen.—The Parades.—Beau Nash.—Turnspits.

Sep. 16.

THE last day of my abode in London was the most painful in my life. To part from dear friends, even for a transitory absence, is among the evils of life : but to leave them with a certainty of never meeting again, was a grief which I had never till now endured. Sixteen months have I been domesticated with J. as if I had been a brother of the family. When the children, as they went to bed last night, came to kiss me for the last time I wished I had never seen them ; and all night I remained wakeful—not in that state of feverish startlishness which the expectation of an early call occasions, but in melancholy thoughts and unavailing regret ; which all the recollections of my own country, and my father's house, could not dissipate. Never shall I remember my friends in England without gratitude and love.

The coach was to start at five. I was ready at four, expecting the porter from the inn. To my surprise, rather than satisfaction, Mrs. J. and her husband had risen and prepared chocolate for me. The preparations for a departure are always mournful ; even ani-

imals know and dislike them: the dog is uneasy when he sees you pack up, and the cat wanders disturbedly from room to room, aware that some change is preparing and dreading all change. The smell of cords and matting becomes associated with unsettled and uneasy feelings;—you rise by candle-light;—every thing is unusual, unnatural, enough to depress even joyful hope—and my departure was for ever. Mrs. J. said, she trusted we should meet again in a better world if not in this: ‘Heretic as I am,’ said she, striving to force a smile through her tears, ‘I am sure you will join in the hope.’ Excellent woman—it cannot be heresy to believe it.

For the first time I was now to travel alone in this country; at Bristol, however, D. was to meet me, and this was a consolation, and a pleasure in store. We breakfasted at Maidenhead: and then entered upon a road which was new to me, through a level country with easy hills on either side in the distance; full of villages and villas: this was its character for fifteen leagues. We passed through Reading, a town of consequence in old times and still flourishing. Speenhamland was the next stage, a street connected with the town of Newbery. Perhaps no place ever sent out so deliberate a renegado as this. The man to whom I allude was married and settled here: affairs went on unfavorably, and, at length, he said deliberately to his wife, ‘There can be no good in my remaining here; we are going on from bad to worse, and I shall be thrown into jail at last. Do you return to your friends, and I shall go to Constantinople and turn Turk.’ Accordingly, to Constantinople he went; and it is not very long since his widow, if so I may call her, received a friendly letter from him, saying, that the speculation had succeeded admirably, he was becoming a great man, had already three wives, and was not without the hopes of attaining to the dignity of three tails.

On an eminence to the right of the town stands the remains of Donnington castle built by Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who was contemporary with king Don Juan I. We passed through H

gerford, and through Marlborough forest, the only one which I have seen in England; then came to the town of the same name, an old place, in which many of the houses are faced with tiles in the shape of fish scales. At the end of the town is one of the largest inns in the kingdom, the house having formerly been a duke's palace, with an artificial mound of remarkable size in the garden.

There is something as peculiar as it is pleasing in the character of this country: the villages, with their Churches, are all seated in the bottom; which is intersected with numberless little streams, in every respect unlike the mountain rivers of the north but still beautiful; they flow slowly over weedy beds, sometimes through banks of osiers, sometimes through green fields. Beyond, and on both hands, lie the Downs; and patches of brown stubble show the advances of cultivation up their sides; for, wherever there are neither hedges nor trees, it is a certain mark that the land has not long been cultivated. The soil is chalky. The stage stopped at a little, clean, low-alehouse, and the coachman opened the door and asked if we were pleased to alight. 'By all means said one of my fellow-travellers: and then, addressing himself to me, he said, 'If you have ever travelled this road before, sir, you will alight of course; and if you have not you must not pass by without tasting the best beer in England.' 'When I had done so I fairly confessed to him that if I had left England without tasting it, I should not have known what beer was. The good woman was so well pleased with this praise from a foreigner that she invited me to walk into the cellar; and in a room on the same floor with the kitchen, into which we were introduced, there being no other apartment for us, she showed me fifty barrels of beer that quantity being always kept full. I wrote down the name of the village, which is West-Kennet, in my tableta, that I might mention it with due honor; and also that if ever I should graduate in art magic in the caves of Salamanca, I might give the imp in attendance a right direction where to go fill my glass every day at inner.

Near this village, and close by the road side, is the largest tumulus in the island. As we crossed the Downs, we saw on our left the figure of a huge white horse, cut in the side of a chalk hill, so large, and in such a situation, that in a clear day it is visible above four leagues off. There are other such in different parts of the country, and all are regularly weeded on a holiday appointed in each parish for the purpose. It is perhaps a relic of Saxon superstition. I may here notice a remarkable use which the English make of the word *horse*. They employ it in combination to signify any thing large and coarse, as in horse-beans, horse-chesnut, horse-radish;—sometimes it is prefixed to a man's name as an epithet of ridicule; they say also, horse-ant, and horse-leech; and by a still stronger compound, I have heard a woman of masculine appearance called a horse-godmother.* Dog is used still more strangely in almost every possible sense; the wild rose is called dog-rose; the scentless violet, dog-violet. Jolly dog, is the highest convivial encomium which a man can receive from his companions; honest dog, is when he superadds some good qualities to conviviality; sad dog, is when he is a reprobate; dog is the word of endearment which an Englishman uses to his child, and it is what he calls his servant when he is angry; puppy, is the term of contempt for a coxcomb; and bitch, the worst appellation which can be applied to the worst of women. A flatterer is called a spaniel, a ruffian is called a bull-dog, an ill-looking fellow an ugly hound; whelp, cur, and mongrel, are terms of contemptuous reproach to a young man; and if a young woman's nose turns upward she is certainly called pug.

Having passed through the towns of Calne and Chippenham, the light failed us; and thus deprived me of the sight, as I was told, of a beautiful country.

* *Cavallo-comadre*. The meaning of the words cannot be mistaken, but the expression is not known to the translator: neither does he know that men are called horses in England as well as asses, unless, indeed, that man with a long face is said to be like a horse.—T.A.

About nine we entered Bath. My fellow-travellers all left me and I was landed at a good inn, for the first time without a companion and never more in need of one. I have been writing with a heavy heart, lest my heart should be heavier were I unemployed. Wherever we go we leave something behind us to regret, and these causes of sorrow are continually arising. Even the best blessings of life are alloyed by some feeling of separation: the bride leaves her father's house, when she goes to her husband's; and the anxieties of infancy are hardly overpast, when the child goes from his mother to commence his career of labor and of pain. It is assuredly delightful to have travelled, but not to travel:—Oh, no! Fatigue and the sense of restlessness are not all that is to be endured;—the feeling that you are a stranger and alone comes upon you in a gloomy day, when the spirits fall with the barometer or when they are exhausted at evening or at night. We paint angels with wings, and fancy that it will be part of our privileges in heaven to move from place to place with accelerated speed. It would be more reasonable to suppose that Satan keeps stage-coaches, and has packets upon the Styx; that locomotion ceases when we become perfect, and beautified man either strikes root like a zoophyte or is indented with his house like a tortoise.

Sept. 17. Bath.

If other cities are interesting as being old, Bath is not less so for being new. It has no aqueduct, no palaces, no gates, castle, or city walls; yet it is the finest and most striking town that I have ever seen.

According to the fabulous history of England the virtues of the hot springs here were discovered long before the Christian æra, by Bladud a British prince; who having been driven from his father's house, because he was leprous, was reduced like the Prodigal Son to keep swine. His pigs, says the story, had the same disease as himself: in their wanderings they came to this valley, and rolled in the warm mud where these waters stagnated;—they were healed by them.

Bladud, perceiving their cure, tried the same remedy with the same success, and when he became king he built a city upon the spot. It is certain that the Romans were acquainted with these springs, and had a station here ; and it must have been a place of some consequence centuries ago, when the cathedral was built ; yet not of much or the diocese would not, at the time of the schism, have been united under one bishop with that of Wells. Within the memory of old persons Bath consisted of a few narrow streets in the bottom : —invalids came at that time for the benefit of its waters ; and wherever there are such places of resort many, who have no real complaints, will either fancy or feign them, for the sake of going there to meet company. As the wealth of the country increased, and habits of dissipation with it, these visitors became more numerous and accommodations were wanting for them.

Close to the town, between the springs and the river, was a morass. The ground belonged to Ralph Allen ; the Allworthy in Tom Jones, one of the few English works which we have naturalized in our language. This excellent man was of low parentage, and had in his youth been employed in carrying letters from a post town across the country ; for there was at that time no regular communication from one town to another, except along the direct road to London. During these solitary journeys the thought occurred to him that it would be far better that such a communication should be regularly established by the state than that it should be left to poor individuals, like himself, who were neither always to be found nor always to be trusted : accordingly he shaped a plan for this purpose ; government adopted it ; and, in consequence, his fortune was made. He fixed his residence on a hill about half an hour's walk from Bath, and, carrying with him into retirement the same active mind which had been the means of his advancement from obscurity, willingly listened to any plan which could be devised for the improvement of the city. There was then in the city an architect of real genius, by name Wood ; and upon this morass of Mr. Allen's he erected two rows of houses,

one fronting the north, the other the south ; connected them by two transverse streets, of which the houses were built upon the same plan ; and left in front a magnificent paved terrace, about thirty paces in breadth, raised upon arches, and open to the country. The houses were designed for lodgers ; they are large and lofty, and are certainly the finest range of private buildings in the whole kingdom, and, perhaps, in the whole world.

About the same time a townsman, who had amassed some fortune in trade, built a theatre ; just of that size in which the voice could be heard in all parts of the house without being strained, and the movements of the countenance seen without being distorted. While the town was thus improved by the enterprising liberality of its inhabitants, it derived no less advantage from the humor of one of those men who are contented to exhibit strong sense in playing the fool well all the days of their lives. By this time more persons visited Bath in search of pleasure than of health ; and these persons, among other amusements had their public dances. Now though Englishmen have proved that they can go on peaceably orderly and well under a free government, it was found utterly impossible to keep English women in order by any thing short of an absolute monarchy. Precedency in these public meetings was furiously contested ; because, in most instances, there was no criterion of rank whereby it could be decided ; and points which are most doubtful and, it may be added, most insignificant are oftentimes most warmly disputed ; a perpetual dictator for the realm of Fashion was necessary, and this person was the second who held the office. Nash was his name, and his fitness for the office is attested by the title of Beau, which is always prefixed to it ;—Charlemagne, the Venerable Bede, and Beau Nash, being the only three persons whose names are always accompanied with the epithets which characterize them.

Beau Nash was as great as Charlemagne in his way, and in this respect greater, that the system which he established became permanent, and he transmitted an

empire to his successors which has become yearly more, and more extensive. He made laws to regulate when the company should assemble and when they should separate ; arranged the tactics of the dance ; enacted the dress in which ladies should appear ; and if they ventured to disobey and come in without the wedding garment made no scruple, whatever might be their rank, of turning them out. His strong sense and sarcastic humor kept them in awe. Such a man in old times would have been selected for the king's fool ; he seems to have considered himself as standing in some such capacity to the Bath visitors, and made use of the privilege which the character allowed him. The follies of mankind were his food. He gambled, and his profits were such as enabled him to live expensively, and keep an equipage and a large retinue. This life terminated in its natural and righteous way. He became old and helpless, lived to stand in need of that charity which he had never withheld from the needy, but which none extended to him, and died poor neglected and miserable ; the inhabitants of Bath rewarding his genius after the usual manner in which genius of a higher character is rewarded, by erecting a statue to the honor of the man whom they had suffered almost to starve.

Once, after his death, his loss was exemplified in a very remarkable manner. Two ladies of quality quarrelled in the ball-room. The rest of the company took part, some on one side, some on the other ; Beau Nash was gone, and they stood in no awe of his successor : they became outrageous, a real battle-royal took place, and the floor was strewn with caps, lappets, curls, and cushions, diamond pins and pearls.

Since the Parades were built every addition to the town has been made upon system, and with a view to its beauty ; hence it presents the singular spectacle of a city, of which the parts are uniform, yet the whole irregular ;—a few old streets still remaining to make the others more remarkable by contrast. The adjoining hills supply a soft freestone, which is easily worked and becomes harder when exposed to the air ; its color is very beautiful when fresh, but it is soon blackened

by the soot from the earth-coal fires, which is indeed exceedingly annoying in all the large towns. Still blackened stones produce a far better effect than blackened bricks. There is a Square of which the sides resemble so many palaces; ascend a handsome street from this, and you come into a Circus of little beauty, and near this is a Crescent, built with equal or even more magnificence, and overlooking the country. There are three of these crescents on the hills; one of them remains unfinished, because the ground in front has not been well secured, but in situation it is the finest of the three. A fourth in the valley remains one of the melancholy new ruins which the projectors were unable to complete, and so were ruined themselves, a sudden check having been given to all such speculations when the last war broke out. It is plain that Bath has outgrown its beauty. Long suburbs extend now on every side of that city, and the meads on the opposite side of the river, which, when the Parades were built, justified the motto upon one of the houses, *Rus in Urbe*, are now covered with another town. It must have been in its perfection when there was nothing beyond the new bridge, nor above the old Crescent.

I passed the whole morning in perambulating the town, seeing it in all its parts. The cathedral is small but beautiful, it has suffered much from the fanatics. The pump-room is a handsome building, and bears above the entrance the words of Pindar, *Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*; here used in a sense concerning which there can be no dispute. I found my way into the market, which for its excellent order and abundance surpasses any thing in London, and is as surprising a sight as any in the place. There being in some places no carriage road, and in others so wide a pavement that in wet weather there would be no getting at the carriage, sedan chairs are used in stead. They are very numerous, and with their chairmen, who all wear large coats of dark blue, form another distinguishing peculiarity of this remarkable town. There are two public ball-rooms, and two masters of the ceremonies, Beau Nash's empire having been divided, because it was grown too large for the

superintendence of any individual : these rooms are handsome, and lighted with splendid chandeliers of cut glass, but they want that light ornamental festive character which southern taste would have given them. Some sober Englishmen in the anti-chambers were silently busied at whist, though it was noon day,—some of them, it seems, make it the study of their lives, and others their trade. It is a fine place for gamblers, and for that species of men called fortune-hunters, a race of swindlers of the worst kind, who are happily unknown in Spain. They make it their business to get a wife of fortune, having none themselves : age, ugliness and even idiocy being no objections. They usually come from Ireland, and behave as ill to the women whom they have trepanned, after marriage, as the women deserve for trusting them. It is also the Canaan of Physicians ; for it abounds with wealthy patients, many of whom will have any disease which the doctor will be pleased to find out for them : but even Canaan may be overstocked, and, it seems, more of Death's advanced guard have assembled here than can find milk and honey.

The enormous joints of meat which come to an English table are always roasted upon a spit as long as the old two-handed sword* ; these spits are now turned by a wheel in the chimney which the smoke sets in motion, but formerly by the labor of a dog who was trained to run in a wheel. There was a peculiar breed for the purpose, called turnspits from their occupation, long-backed and short-legged ; they are now nearly extinct. The mode of teaching them their business was more summary than humane : the dog was put in the wheel, and a burning coal with him ; he could not stop without burning his legs, and so was kept upon the full gallop. These dogs were by no means fond of their profession ; it was indeed hard work to run in a wheel for two or three hours, turning a piece of meat which was twice their own weight. Some years ago a party of young men at Bath hired the chairmen on a Saturday

* Estoque.

night to steal all the turnspits in town, and lock them up till the following evening. Accordingly on Sunday, when every body has roast meat for dinner, all the cooks were to be seen in the streets,—‘Pray have you seen our Chloe?’ says one. ‘Why,’ replies the other, ‘I was coming to ask you if you had seen our Pompey:’ up came a third, while they were talking, to inquire for her Toby,—and there was no roast meat in Bath that day.

It is told of these dogs in this city, that one Sunday when they had as usual followed their mistresses to church, the lesson for the day happened to be that chapter in Ezekiel, wherein the self-moving chariots are described. When first the word wheel was pronounced, all the curs pricked up their ears in alarm; at the second wheel, they set up a doleful howl; and when the dreadful word was uttered a third time, every one of them scampered out of church as fast as he could, with his tail between his legs.

LETTER LXXV.

Road from Bath to Bristol.—Corns Ammonis.—Bristol.—Exchange.—Market.—Cathedral.—The Brazen Eagle. Clifton.—Bristol Wells.—Anecdote of Kosciuska.

FROM Bath to Bristol is three leagues; the road crosses the river Avon, by an old bridge, and continues for some way along its banks, or at little distance from them. Half a league from Bath is the house wherein Fielding is said to have written *Tom Jones*; it stands by the way side, in a village called Twerton, and I did not look at it without respect. We had a fine view of the river winding under a hill which is covered with old trees, and has a mansion on its brow, opposite to which, on our side the water, was the largest and finest meadow I have seen in England, in which an immense herd was feeding, as in a savannah. A little dirty town, called Keynsham, stands about half way.

I noticed the Cornu-Ammonis, built up in the walls of many of the houses, or if it happened to be a fine specimen, placed over the door-way as an ornament. This I find, has given rise to a fabulous legend, which says that St. Keyna, from whom the place takes its name, resided here in a solitary wood full of venomous serpents, and her prayers converted them into these stones, which still retain their shape. Beyond this there is a fantastic building, more like a castle than any thing else: I could neither guess for what it was intended, nor of what it was built. It proved to be the stables belonging to a great house on the opposite side of the road, from which there is a subterranean passage, and the materials were the scoria from some neighboring ironworks, with which I soon perceived that the walls by the road side were capt: for this it is excellently adapted, and it is undecomposable by the weather. Here we once more approached the river, which was now a dirty stream, flowing through wide banks of mud. Bristol was presently in sight,—a huge city in the bottom, and extending up all the adjoining hills, with many steeples, one of which inclines so much from the perpendicular, that I should be sorry to live within reach of its fall,—and the black towers of many glass-houses rolling up black smoke. We entered through a gate of modern and mean architecture into a street which displayed as much filth, and as much poverty, as I have seen in any English town. Here, for the first time, I saw something like a public fountain, with a painted statue of Neptune above it, which is as little creditable to the decency of the magistrates as to the state of arts in the city. The entrance into Bristol is, however, the worst part of it. We crossed the bridge, where there is a fine opening, and full in view a modern church and spire, so beautifully proportioned, and therefore so fine, that you do not at first perceive that the whole building is perfectly plain and unornamented.

D. was awaiting my arrival. He had secured our places for Exeter in to-morrow's coach, and I lost no time in seeing what he, as being acquainted with the place, thought most worthy to be seen. The exchange,

a fine edifice, about half a century old, was opposite to the inn door at which the stage had stopped: its enclosed square is exceedingly beautiful, more so than any thing of the kind which I have seen elsewhere:—yet, it seems, the citizens choose to assemble in the street, in front, where some friend to the city, in old times, erected four brazen tables, on which his town's-folk might count out their money in their public dealings. On one of these a man was selling newspapers, on another a cage of goldfinches was exposed to sale. Behind the exchange is the market, which is even finer than that of Bath. It contains three market-houses, to which cheese, butter, pork, poultry, &c. are brought by women from the country. The shambles stand in another part; and another is appropriated for vegetables, secured from the weather by a range of slated sheds. I never saw, even at a fair, a busier or more crowded scene, and every thing was going on with that order and dispatch which characterize this extraordinary nation.

We crossed a wooden draw-bridge over the bed of a river, where the ships were laying on a bed of mud, and the water was not wider than a common street gutter: it was full of small craft; the view on one side extended down the river into the country; there was the bustle of business along the quays and in the streets; one church tower of singular beauty was in sight, and the whole scene was fine and memorable. The cathedral stands in a place with old trees in front; it is a poor building,—excepting Chester, the least interesting in England. The entrance is disfigured by a door-way in the very worst style of modern architecture. A fine cross, which formerly stood in the square, has been sold by the corporation to a gentleman who has re-erected it at his country-seat; and thus rescued it from destruction! This was about thirty years ago; the person who told me this said he did not remember it, but had often in his childhood eaten it in gingerbread. Instead of ascending, you descend into this church by several steps; the pavement is therefore necessarily damp; and, what is truly abominable, stinks of the abominations which are, in

contempt of all decency, committed against the doors, and find their way down.

It is, as I have elsewhere mentioned, a part of the service of the English Church to read a portion of the scriptures; one chapter from the Old Testament, and another from the New. In common parochial churches, the whole of the service is performed by the officiating priest and he does this in his desk; but in cathedrals, one of the minor priests takes this part of the duty and performs it in the middle of the choir: here the Bible is usually placed upon the outspread wings of a brazen eagle, the handsomest of all their church ornaments. Such an eagle they had in this cathedral, and a remarkably handsome one it was; but last year the dean and chapter thought proper to sell it, for the sake of applying the paltry sum which it would produce, as old brass, in ornaments for the altar.—So the eagle went as the cross had gone before it. There happened to be a man in the city whose humor it is to attend service whenever it is performed in this cathedral: on week days this is considered by the priests as a mere matter of form; and having few or none to attend them, they omit parts of the liturgy and hurry over the rest to get through their task as speedily as possible. During many years it has been the main business of this person to watch them, and endeavor to bring them to a sense of their duty; for which purpose he wrote to them, whenever he found them offending; and also to the dean and to the bishop, calling upon them to interfere and see that the service of the church was duly performed. He missed the eagle, inquired for it, traced it to the brazier's and rescued it from the furnace. Here was a fine subject for his zeal! He wrote a circular letter to all the bishops, of which they took no notice; offered the eagle again to the cathedral at the price which he had paid for it, which they refused; being, as might have been expected, obstinate in their misconduct—and lastly put it up for sale,* in the hope

* As the notice for this sale is not less curious than the occasion, I have transcribed it from the city newspaper. One of the many conveniences attending the

that it might be purchased for some other church and not utterly desecrated. What has been its fate I know not; but it seems that the respect which the English pay to their cathedrals is confined to the buildings, and does not extend to anything in them. At one time all the monumental figures and inscriptions were cut in brass:—a large collection of these, which were taken up from another cathedral while it was repaired, have gone the way of the eagle and have been cast into candlesticks and warming-pans.

English coffee-houses is, that the newspapers are regularly filed in them; so that they may always be referred to:—

**THE EAGLE,
FROM THE BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.**

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
At the Exchange Coffee-room, in this City,
On Thursday, the 2d of September, 1802, between the
hours of one and two o'clock in the afternoon,
(unless previously disposed of by private contract,)

A BEAUTIFUL
BRAZEN SPREAD EAGLE,

With a Ledge at the Tail,

Standing on a brass pedestal,

Supported by four lions, one at each corner.

This elegant piece of workmanship was sold, last June, by the dean and chapter of the cathedral church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, of Bristol, or their agents or servants, as old brass, and weighed 6 cwt. 20 lb. or 692 lb. and has since been purchased at an advanced price, by a native of this city, in order to prevent it being broken up, and to give the inhabitants a chance of buying it.

It was given to the cathedral, in the reign of Charles II. by one of the prebendaries, who had been there 40 years; and is supposed, by the following Latin inscription, (*which was engraved on the pillar or pedestal,*) to have stood in the choir 119 years:

“Ex Dono Georgij Williamson, S. T. B. Hujus
Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Bristol: Vice-Decani 1683.”

The monuments in the church are numerous; that nearest the entrance is the finest and the most remarkable, as being Mrs. Draper the Eliza of Sterne and of the Abbé Raynal. The rhapsody about her, in the latter's work, is as excellent a specimen of every thing that is absurd, as it would be easy to find even in his *Histoire Philosophique*. Some parts of the architecture are beautiful in their kind. At a little distance from the church is a Saxon gateway; the upper part is in admirable preservation—the bottom has been corroded by a practice as indecent as it is sacrilegious—the more to be regretted, as this is one of the finest specimens of the style.

That is,—"The Gift of George Williamson, Bachelor of Divinity, Sub-Dean of this Cathedral Church of Bristol, 1683."

The whole of the inscription, except the figures 1683, has been taken off the pedestal, without the consent of the buyer; which he has since had re-engraved.

This piece of antiquity, which is of the most exquisite shape, is made of the best and purest brass, and well worth the attention of *ministers and church wardens*, or any gentleman or lady who would wish to make a present of it to their parish church: traders, also to foreign parts, may find it worth their while to purchase, *as a like opportunity may never offer again*.

Such a handsome bird would be, as it has hitherto been, a very great ornament to the middle aisle of a church. It for many years stood in the choir of the Bristol cathedral, and *upheld with its wings the Sacred Truth of the Blessed Gospel*. The minor-canon formerly read the lessons on it, and in most cathedrals the custom is kept up to this day.

This superb image is now at King-street Hall, and may be inspected three days previous to the day of sale.

N. B. The purchaser offered, previous to any advertisement, to re-sell the eagle, at the price he paid for it, Provided it were replaced in the *choir*; which offer was rejected.

THOMAS KEFT, BROKER.

The views in the neighborhood of the city are singularly pleasing. The adjoining village of Clifton was once the most beautiful village in England, and may now be said to be the finest suburb. Here too, as well as at Bath, is the dismal sight of streets and crescents which have never been finished; the most dolorous of all ruins. It stands upon a hill above the river, which runs between high rocks and a hanging wood; a scene truly magnificent, and wanting nothing but clear water; the stream consists of liquid mud, and the banks are hideous unless the tide be full, for the tide rises here not less than forty English feet. The beauty of this scene is yearly diminishing; the rocks, which formerly rose so immediately from the river side, as only to allow room for a path, are used as quarries. The people of Bristol seem to sell every thing that can be sold. They sold their cross,—by what species of weight or measurement I know not,—they sold their eagle by the pound, and here they are selling the sublime and beautiful by the boat-load! One grand crag which has been left untouched shows what mischief has already been done. There is a cavern near the summit of this, of which the arch appeared remarkably fine as we looked up to it from the side of the river.

I tasted their famous medicinal water, which rises at the foot of these rocks; it is tepid, and so completely without any medical flavor as to be excellent water. In cases of diabetes it possesses some virtue; for consumption, which it is usually prescribed for, none whatsoever. Several unhappy patients, who had been sent here to die at a distance from home, were crawling out upon the parade as if to take their last gasp of sunshine. It was shocking to see them, and it is shocking to hear how thoroughly the people here regard death as a matter of trade. The same persons who keep the hotels furnish the funerals; entertain patients while they are living and then, that they may accommodate them all through, bury them when they die. There came here a young man from the North dying, with his sister to attend him. The disease sometimes, when it assumes its gentlest form, seems

to terminate suddenly; and one morning when the sister rose to breakfast and inquired for him, she found he was dead. He had expired during the night; the people of the house said they thought they might as well not disturb her, so they had laid out the body, dressed it in the shroud, measured it for the coffin, and given all the orders—to take all trouble off her hands. You will think it scarcely possible that this scene of disease and death should be a place of amusement, where idlers of fashion resort to spend the summer, mingle in the pump-room and in the walks with the dying, and have their card-parties and dances within hearing of every passing bell.

Half a century ago Bristol was in size the second city in England. Manchester now holds that rank, and several other towns have outstripped it in population. There is less mercantile enterprise here than in any other trading English city: like the old Italians, the Bristol merchants go on in the track of their fathers; and, succeeding to enormous fortunes, find the regular profits so great that they have no temptation to deviate from the beaten way. The port is therefore yielding its foreign trade to bolder competitors; but it will always remain the centre of a great commerce with the Welsh coast, with Ireland, and all those inland countries which communicate with the Severn; a river navigable into the very heart of the kingdom.

There is in the streets nothing like the bustle of London, nor like the business of Liverpool on the quays. The Quay, however, is still a busy as well as a striking scene; and remains a noble monument of the old citizens, who made it in the thirteenth century. On one side, the shipping, the bridges, the church towers, and neighboring hill which overlooks the town of which it now makes a part, form a fine picture. On the other there is a cathedral with the old trees in its front, and the distant country. A third view has a wilder foreground with cranes and trees, and piles of goods intermingled, shipping of larger size, a fine row of houses upon a high terrace on the opposite side, and apart from them the church of St. Mary Redcliff,

which is the finest parochial church in the kingdom, and is indeed far more beautiful than the cathedral. It is remarkable also, on this account, that it is the place wherein certain poems were said to have been found, attributed to a priest in the fifteenth century, which have occasioned as great a controversy as the Grenada Relics and with as little reason. It is now admitted that they were the production of Chatterton, the son of the sexton of the church, who poisoned himself at the age of eighteen, and is considered by the English as the most extraordinary genius that has ever appeared among them.

A few years ago, when Kosciusko came to this city on his way to America, great marks of honor were shown him, and many presents made him, both by the municipality and by individuals. Among others an honest gingerbread-baker thought, as he was going to sea, nothing could be more acceptable to him than a noble plumb cake for the voyage; he made him the very best which could be made, and a valiant one it was. It was as big as he could carry; and on the top, which was as usual covered with a crust of sugar, was written in colored sugar-plumbs—To the gallant Kosciusko. With this burden the good man proceeded to the house of the American consul, where Kosciusko was lodged, and inquired for the general. He was told that he was lying on the sofa, for his wounds were not at that time healed, and was too much fatigued and too unwell to see any one. ‘Oh,’ said the gingerbread-baker, ‘he wo’nt be angry at seeing me, I warrant, so show me the way up;’ and pushing the servant forward, he followed him up stairs into the room. When, however, he saw the great man whom he was come to honor lying on a couch, with his countenance pale, painful, and emaciated, yet full of benevolence, the sight overpowered him: he put down his cake, burst into tears like a child, and ran out of the room without speaking a single word.

Having set out on my return, a natural impatience hurries me forward. I should else regret that I have not procured letters to Bristol, and allowed myself sufficient time to see thoroughly a city which contains

many interesting objects of curiosity, and of which the vicinity is so exceedingly beautiful.

LETTER LXXVI.

Journey from Bristol to Plymouth.—Advantages which the Army enjoys more than the Navy.—Sailors.—Journey to Falmouth.

WE took our seats on the coach roof at five in the morning, and before we got out of the city received positive and painful proof that the streets of Bristol are worse paved than those of any other city in England. The road passes by the church of St. Mary Redcliff, which is indeed wonderfully fine; it is built upon broken ground, and there are steps ascending to it in several directions. I remember nothing equal to the effect which this produces. Women were filling their pitchers below it from a fountain, the water of which passes through the cemetery!—The houses formed a continued street for nearly half a league; then the views became very striking; behind us was the city, on one side the rocks of Clifton, and as we advanced we came in sight of the Bristol channel. We breakfasted five leagues on the way at Cross, a little village of inns; and then entered upon the marshes, the great grazing country of these parts.

Our next stage was to Bridgewater, where we crossed the Parrot by a hideous iron bridge. This river is remarkable because the tide, instead of rising gradually, flows in in a head; a phenomenon of which no satisfactory explanation has yet been discovered. From hence we proceeded to Taunton through a tract of country which for its fertility and beauty is the boast of the island. “Ah, sir,” said a countryman who was on the coach beside us, and heard us admiring it, “we have a saying about these western parts,

Cornwall's as ugly as ugly can be;
Devonshire's better certainly;

But Somersetshire is the best of the three,
And Somersetshire is the country for me."

Taunton is a singularly pretty town, with a church of uncommon beauty. It was the great scene of cruelty after Monmouth's insurrection against his uncle James II. the greater number of the insurgents being of this country. One of the prisoners who was noted for being fleet of foot, was promised his life, if he would entertain Kirke the general with a display of his speed. He stripped himself naked; one end of a rope was fastened round his neck, the other round the neck of a horse, and they ran half a mile together, the horse going full speed. When the general had been sufficiently amused, and had gratified his curiosity, he sent the man to be hanged. Judge Jefferies, whose name is become proverbially infamous, went round to finish his work, and condemn all whom the soldiers had spared. The rebel peasantry were hanged up by scores, their quarters boiled in pitch, and set up in the streets and highways. James would not perhaps so easily have lost his crown, if he had not alienated the hearts of the people by these merciless executions. Kirke escaped all other earthly punishment than that of having his name handed down from father to son for everlasting execration; by abandoning the master whom he had served so wickedly, and joining William. The judge received a part of his reward in this world; after the flight of the king, he attempted to escape in woman's clothes, and the mob discovered him. They were prevented from pulling him to pieces upon the spot, but before he was rescued they had so handled him that he just lived to be three days in dying. Popular fury has, like lightning, more frequently struck the innocent than the guilty; but when it does strike the guilty it comes like lightning, as God's own vengeance, and leaves behind a more holy and wholesome awe than any legal execution how solemn soever it be made.

After dinner we advanced a league and half to Wellington, where I saw a fine lad who had lost both legs by the frost in 1798,—a melancholy proof of the seve-

rity of the climate, even in the mildest part of England. Collupton, a poorer and smaller town, is three leagues farther, and another stage of the same length brought me once more to Exeter.

* * *

Whoever has once travelled the straight road from Exeter to Falmouth will have no inclination to travel it again. Plymouth lay about ten leagues out of the way, and it would always have been a subject of regret to me if I had not now lengthened my journey for the sake of seeing so famous a place. The stage was full : luckily a naval officer was inquiring for a place at the same time, so we both took chaise together.

Chudleigh was the first stage ; about three hundred French prisoners were crowded here into a temporary prison, on their way to Bristol. We saw them looking through some wooden bars at what was passing. Ashburton the next. Devonshire is certainly a fine country, but by no means deserving of the encomiums which are passed upon it ; those travellers who praise it so highly must either have come from Cornwall, or have slept through Somersetshire. Its rivers indeed are beautiful, clear, vocal ; stony streams, with old bridges dangerously narrow, and angles in them like the corners of an English mince pie for the foot passenger to take shelter in. From Ashburton we reached Ivy Bridge by another easy stage ; this is a very celebrated spot for its picturesque beauty, but why it should be so would be difficult to say.—A common little bridge, over a beautiful brook, which runs down a little glen, on the banks of which are town-looking houses instead of cottages ;—that kind of scene, of which, if you have never heard of it, you would just say it is pretty ; but which, if it has been previously praised, cannot but be seen with disappointment.

From hence to Plymouth was 11 miles, the latter part through a beautiful country. There are two distinct towns here, Plymouth and Plymouth dock, connected by a causey, and both places as ugly as can well be imagined. They are so called from the river Plym, which rises in the Devonshire hills ; and, as an Eng-

lish author says, baptizing Plymston and Plymstock by the way, empties itself here into the sea. I know not whether there be any more interesting anecdote connected with the neighborhood than the story of a dog, who daily carried food to an old blind mastiff which lay hid in a thicket without the town, regularly on Sundays conveyed him to his master's house to dinner, and as regularly afterwards escorted him back to his covert.

I could not see the docks. This jealousy on the part of government I could not blame, though it deprived me of some gratification. The streets are swarming with sailors. This extraordinary race of men hold the soldiers in utter contempt, which, with their characteristic force, they express by this scale of comparison;—messmate before shipmate, shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a soldier.

There are however some things, as I learnt from our fellow-traveller, in which the army enjoy advantages which are not extended to the navy. Wherever the soldiers go, each regiment takes with it its paymaster; but sailors and marines are never paid any where except in England, however long they may be absent. Upon the marines this is particularly hard, as there is a practice of drafting them out of vessels going home into those which are to remain upon the foreign station. This is done to keep up the complement, because, no men are forced into this, as they are into the navy service, and no addition is made to it abroad; unless any prisoners should enter which the Dutch soldiers frequently do. "I knew," said this officer, "a private marine who had been nine years in the West-Indies, and never received one farthing of pay; and he would have been drafted again into another ship still to remain there, if the captain had not stated to the commander in chief that he was quite blind at night, a common disease within the tropics." This is one reason why so many men in those seas desert from the English ships to the American.

If a regiment loses its baggage, the officers are allowed a sum for it in proportion to their rank; and the allowance is so liberal, that in many instances their loss

is a great gain. No such indulgence is granted in the navy, though there is more cause for it the baggage of a navy officer being far more valuable. The ship is his house and home; it is not with him merely the loss of a travelling portmanteau; he has his books, his charts, his instruments, and his cabin furniture; and it would require many years of economy before these could be replaced from the savings of his pay.

In another instance the English are strangely parsimonious to their navy. Other nations supply their men of war with charts, made for the express purpose; but when an English ship is ordered abroad it not unfrequently happens that no good charts of the place where it is going are on board, and the master is obliged to buy such as he can find and such as he can afford. Neither are time-pieces provided for ships of war; though few valuable merchantmen are without them.—This is strange parsimony in so enlightened a government;—assuredly it ought to provide every thing which is necessary for the ship's safety.

The organization of this tremendous navy is a subject of great interest to other maritime powers. No person can receive a commission till he has passed six years in actual service as a midshipman, and gone through an examination before a board of officers in London; who certainly reject him, if he is not well acquainted with his duty. Of late years such prodigious glory has been obtained in the English navy, and such large fortunes rapidly accumulated, that the higher classes destine their children to this profession, which was formerly left almost wholly to the people, and have well nigh monopolized it. This is not detrimental to the service in any other way than that they are appointed to a command at too early an age. The severe education which is required, and never dispensed with, makes them necessarily understand their profession; and gives them, whatever may have been their former habits of life, the true sailor character. Hence it is that they are so infinitely superior to the army officers, who are in general ignorant of any thing more than the common routine of parade.

After the shipman has passed his examination, if he has any interest, without which nothing is now to be obtained in England, he is made lieutenant ; from this rank he may at any time be promoted to that of commander, or of post-captain without the intermediate step. The post-captains become admirals according to seniority. This system of seniority ought to be reversed, to hold good in the inferior steps and not above them. It should seem more equitable, and more wise, that every officer should be sure of reaching the rank of commander ; because having passed his youth in the service, the nation owes him the means of a comfortable subsistence in his age. On the other hand, admirals should be chosen from those only of distinguished ability.

Every body regrets the necessity of impressing men for the navy. I have seen it asserted that when lord Keppel was at the head of the admiralty, it was officially calculated and ascertained that every prest man cost above 100*l*. such was the expense of press-gangs, cutters, tenders, &c. Surely if this statement approached even to truth, the evil would have been remedied.

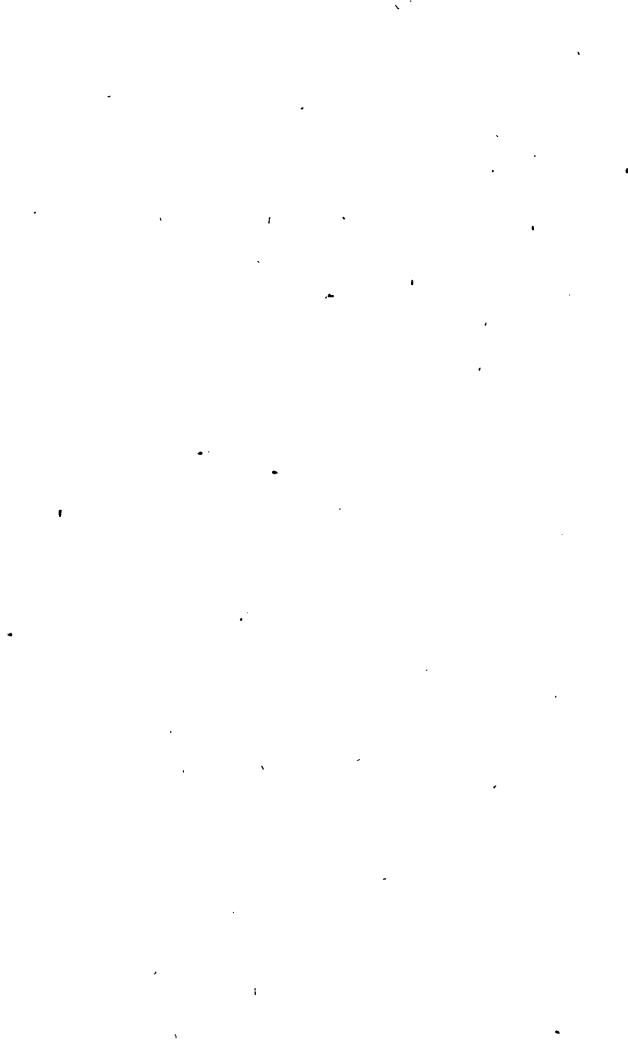
Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at sea. The natives of the South of Europe navigate smooth seas,—those of the North are Frozen up during winter ; but the English seas are open all the year, and are navigated in long dark stormy nights, when nothing but great skill and incessant exertion can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors which is almost incredible ; the greater the danger, the greater is their activity ; instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post ;—having no faith in miracles for their deliverance, they almost work miracles to deliver themselves ; and instead of preparing for death, strain every sinew to avoid it. Added to this confidence, they have also in war that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the seas. Whatever he sees is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong

pirate with the hope of gain ; and when going into action, with an equal or even a superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken.—“There,” said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force because he had a convoy in charge—“There,” said he with a groan, “there’s seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever.”—As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks : there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt—He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out,—conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole,—“D—n the fellow, I wonder what the devil he’ll do next !”



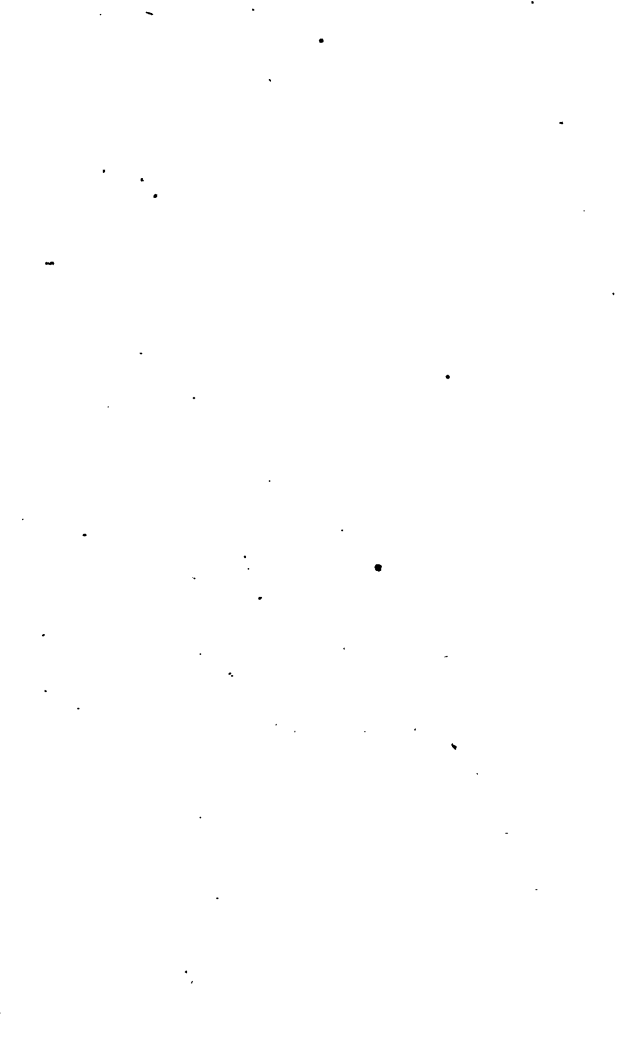
A slow and uncomfortable stage-coach carried us from Tor-point, which is on the western side of Plymouth harbor, to Falmouth, through the towns of Liskeard, Lostwithiel, a pretty place with its slated roofs and its singular church tower, St. Austel, and Truro. We are now at the same inn and in the same room in which I was lodged with J. on our arrival. I had then the delightful and stirring pleasure of expectation ; I have now a deeper joy in the hope of soon setting foot in my own country, and being welcomed in my father’s house. But I have left dear friends whom I shall never behold again, and am departing from a land in which I have enjoyed as much happiness as man can possibly enjoy in any other state than that of domestic tranquillity.

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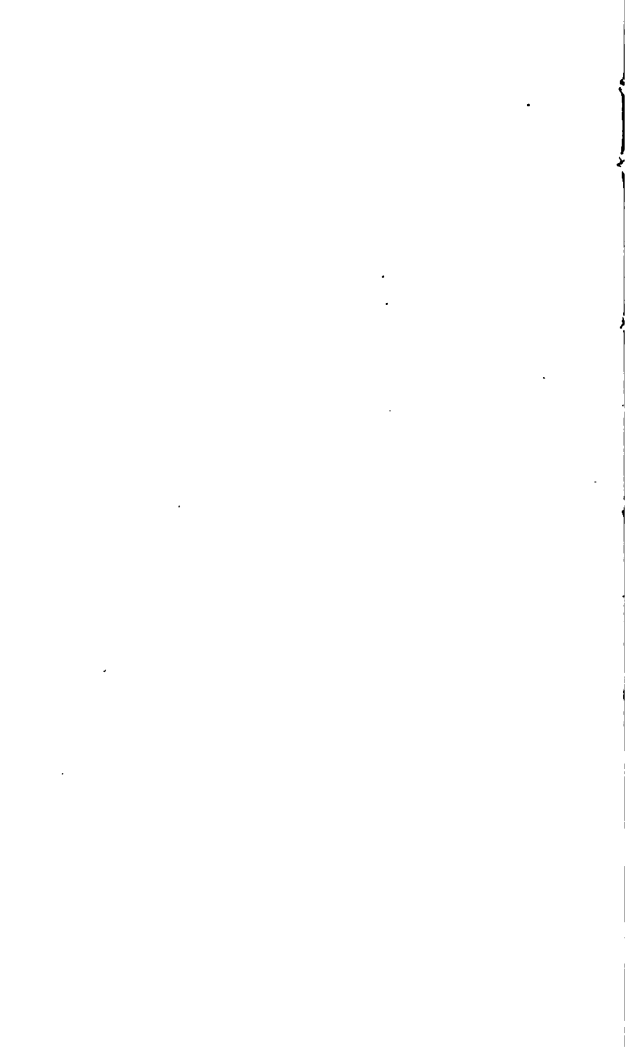


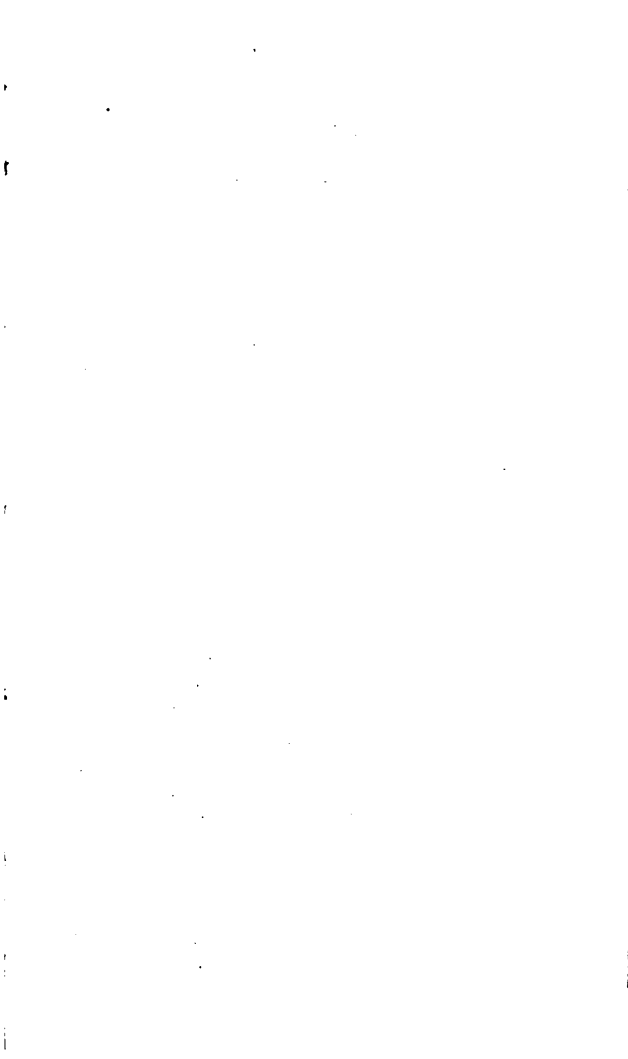


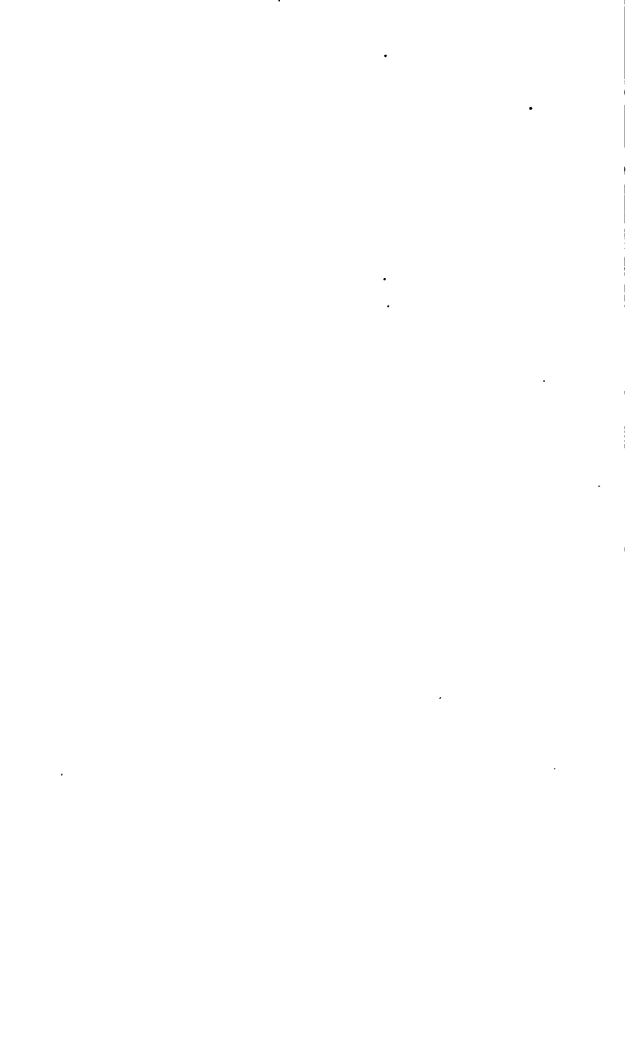
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